July 29, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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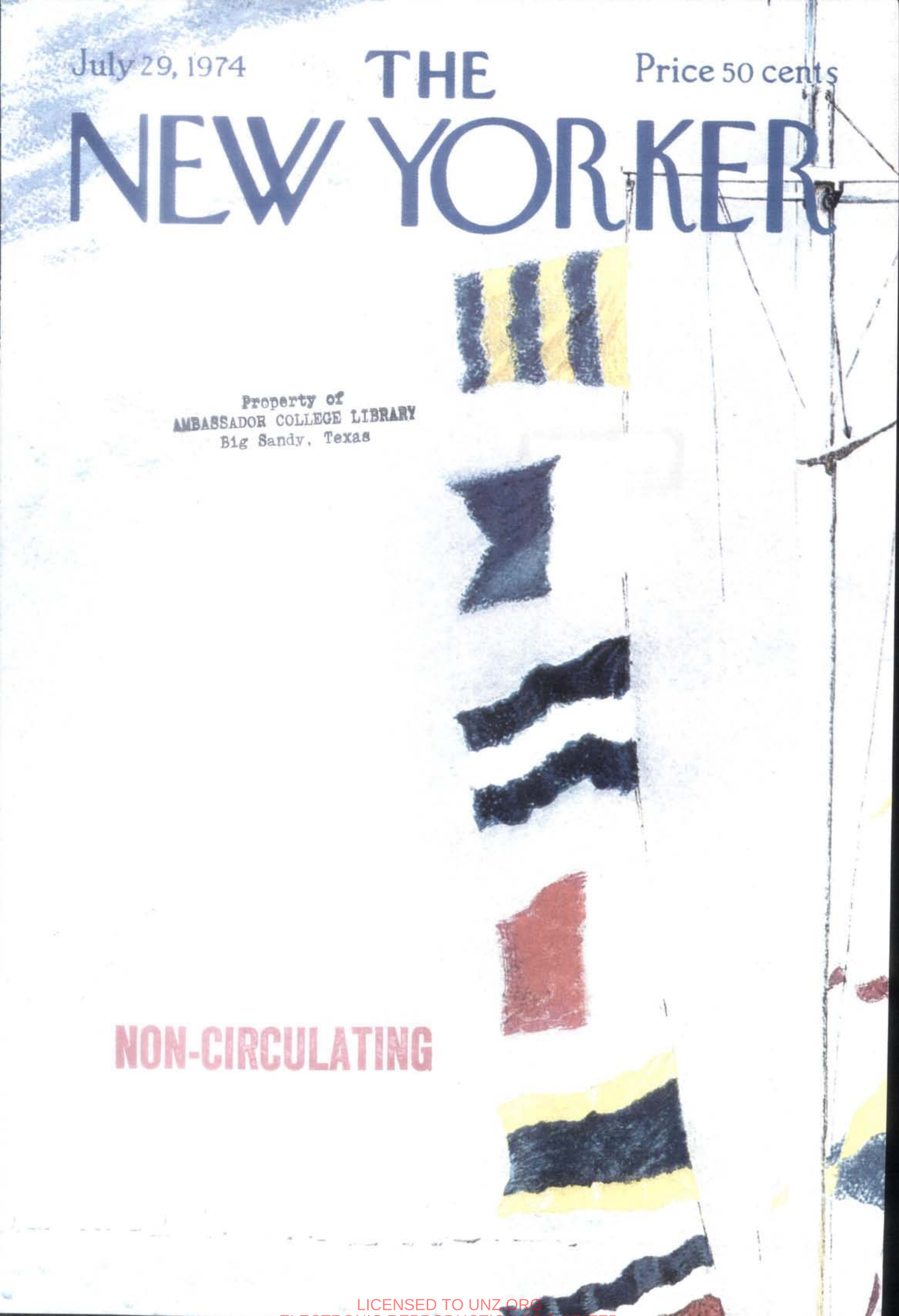

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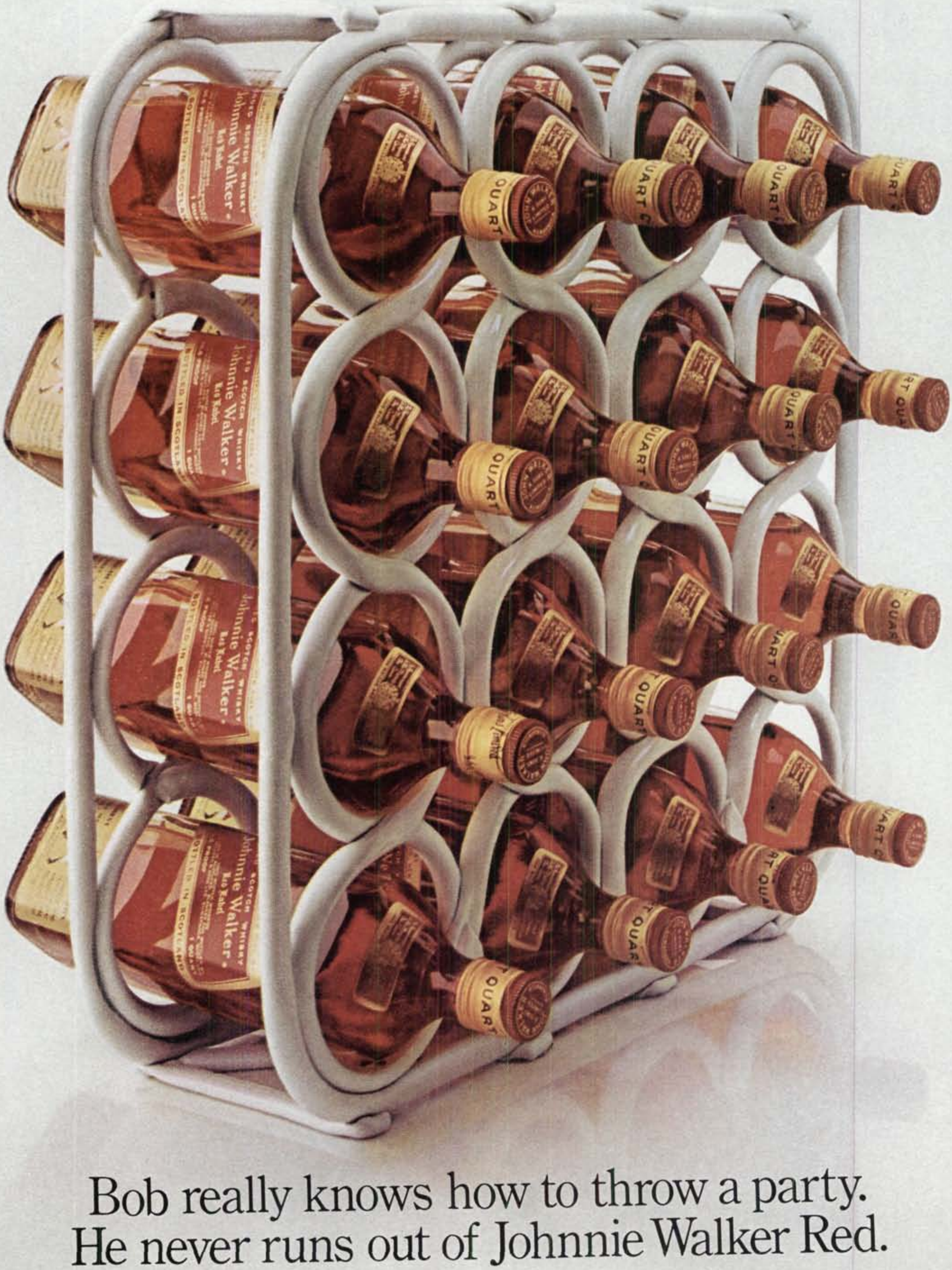
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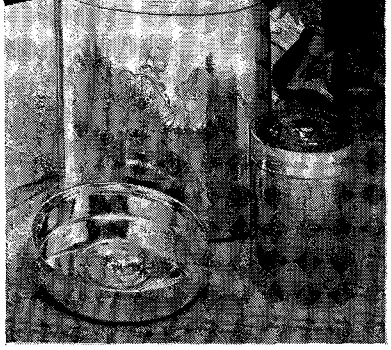

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Doris Belack and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Burnt Flower Bed—Paul Sparer and Jane White in Ugo Betti's play, translated by Henry Reed. Opens Wednesday, July 24, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 11. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen, and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and Frank Adu plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. May close Sunday, July 28.)

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Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prodigal Sister—A musical with a book by J. E. Franklin, music by Micki Grant, and lyrics by them both. Directed by Shauneille Perry. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 28. Free.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able English actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Edward J. Moore (who wrote the play) and Conchata Ferrell are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Sirens—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Gro-

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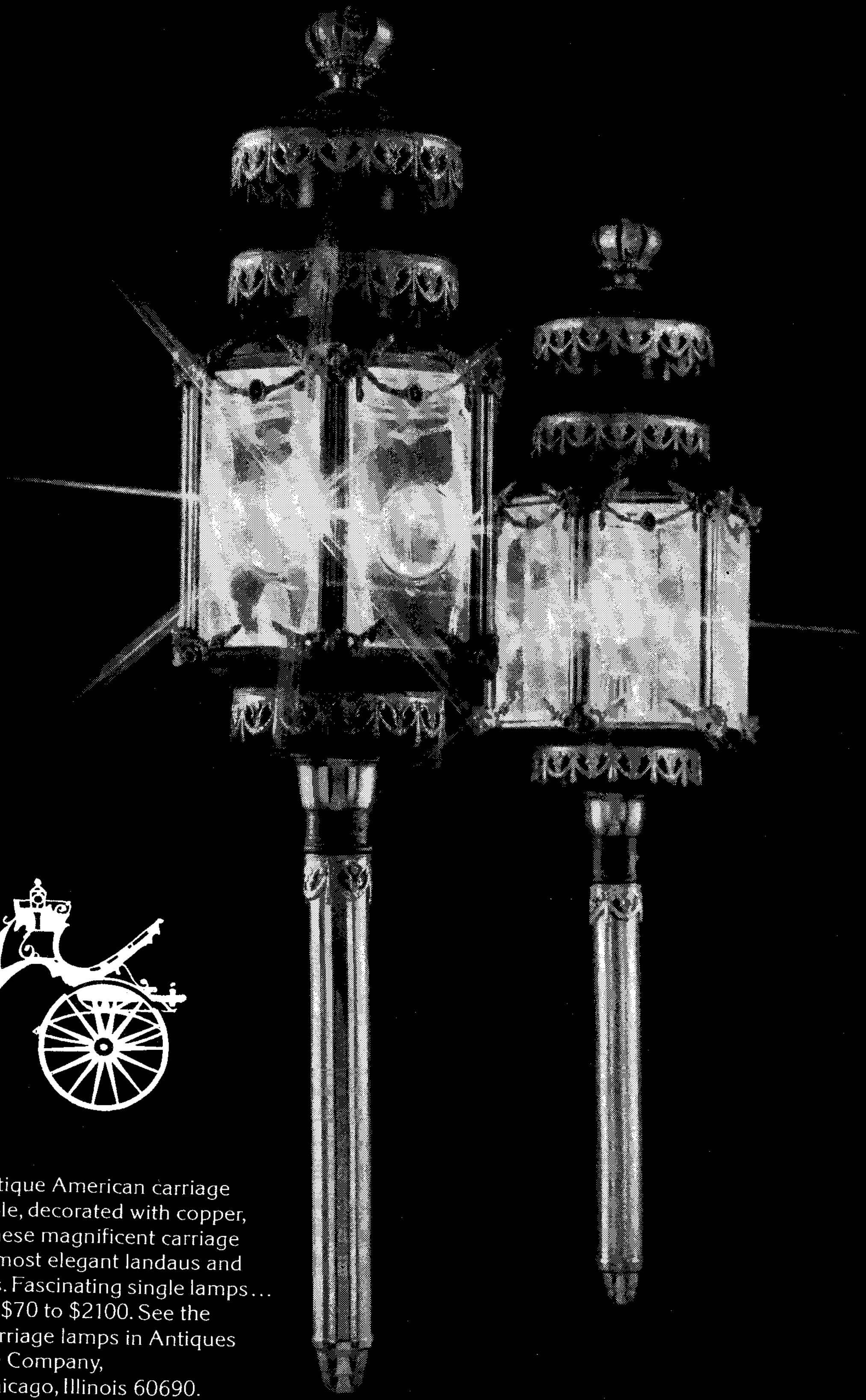

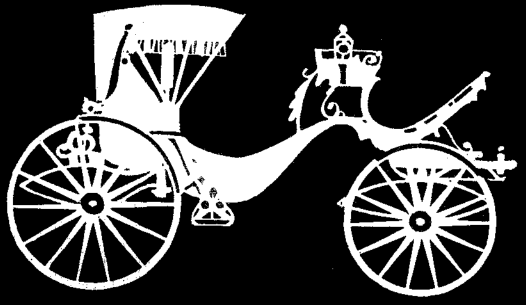

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

din. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. Elizabeth Sturges is especially good as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Words and Music—Sammy Cahn singing a couple of dozen of his own celebrated songs, with some pleasing young folk assisting him. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—don't bother me, i can't cope: A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** 5,929 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **el grande de coca-cola:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the hot l baltimore:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **irene:** Jane Powell, Hans Conried, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **a little night music:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about love-making and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **pippin:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **raisin:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, July 24: "The River," "Apollo," and "Le Baiser de la Fée."...¶ Thursday evening, July 25: "La Bayadère," "Billy the Kid," "Diana and Acteon Pas de Deux," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty."...¶ Friday evening, July 26, and Saturday matinée, July 27: "Petrouchka," "La Bayadère," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty."...¶ Saturday evening, July 27: "Giselle," with Mikhail Barishnikov, formerly of the Kirov Ballet....¶ Monday evening, July 29: "Giselle."...¶ Tuesday evening, July 30: "Swan Lake."...¶ Wednesday evening, July 31: "Napoli Divertissements," "Undertow," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty."...¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 1: "Apollo," "Undertow," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations."...¶ Friday evening, Aug. 2: "Some Times," "Grand Pas Classique," "Pillar of Fire," and "Theme and Variations."...¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 3: "Tales of Hoffmann." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 10.)

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Sunday matinée, Aug. 4.), in a three-week engagement. Through Sunday, July 28: "The Sleeping Beauty."...¶ Tuesday through Thursday, July 30-Aug. 1: "Giselle."...¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 2-4: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 10.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, with others. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Singing together, after nine-thirty. Through Saturday, July 27.

Blossom Dearie—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven. Through Saturday, July 27.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Bill Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a trio. Beginning Tuesday, July 30, at ten.

Sonny Greer/Russell Procope/Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 1-2, from nine to one.

Helen Humes—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Jazz and blues singer, with a backing combo. Beginning Monday, July 29, at nine-thirty.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio. Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet, from nine to three. Wednesday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 3.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Joe Williams—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Blues singer, with the Roland Hanna trio, except Sundays.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The hard and numbing benches at this diminutive Village landmark have been sold to a new owner, who is to take over in the fall. The summer custodians of the club are presenting relatively unknown performers. Right now (through Sunday, July 28), Fred, a six-part, free-rock, Pennsylvania-based ensemble—named for no one in particular—plays with what seems like conviction and sincere fervor. Their diverting numbers range from a bluesy "For Béla Bartók" to a Teo Macero composition to an instrumental entitled "Cathode Rays." Organ, electric piano, electric violin, guitar, bass, and drums are the right tools for this job. On Wednesday, July 31, Terri and Maggi Roche, an acoustic folk duo, start singing. Shows at nine and eleven. Coffee, tea, and soda pop are, as always, the staples. Tuesdays remain hootenanny night; closed Mondays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features pianist Ray Bryant and his trio through Saturday, July 27. On Wednesday, July 31, trumpeter Joe Newman brings in his quartet. Music from nine to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This new club seats four hundred and fifty customers at tables that are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in, and they are heavily trafficked. A goodly portion of the seating is reserved for and filled by

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Writer: Dick Treglown
Photographer: Phil Bannister

Toney Penna...
still catering to the individual

Toney Penna bounced from one worker to another, looking for a pencil with the eraser end still intact.

"Now watch this," Penna said, holding the pencil in front of him. "I'll place this club end on this pencil, right at the balance point. It won't even quiver."

While Penna was balancing the club end on the pencil, touring professional Gardner Dickinson and his son entered the work area of the Toney Penna Company holding a worn driver.

Penna huddled with the Dickinsons for less than two minutes.

"He just needed some work on one of his clubs," said Penna, once again displaying the delicate balance of his custom made clubs.

Toney Penna has come a long way since Rye, N. Y. where, at the age of 13 he was sanding clubs for $1.25 a day.

Now Penna, who is one of golf's most sought-after teachers and has gained worldwide fame as a club designer, heads one of the industry's finest facilities for producing custom made golf clubs.

"See that sign?" Penna said, pointing toward a small lacquered plaque resting over the reception area. "That's what it's all about."

The plaque reads: "We Cater to Individuality."

"Look at it this way," said Penna, "a person can go out and buy the finest, custom-tailored suit. Or buy $100 shoes or $30 ties. If he or she can do this, why shouldn't they be able to buy a set of golf clubs that fit as precisely as a tailor made suit? This is what we do . . . fit clubs to individual people."

Sitting in his plush office, its walls covered with pictures of film and golf personalities, Penna continued while examining a crude cast of a newly designed 11-iron.

"We can make any club a person wants – from a driver to an eight-wood – all we need are the specifications.

Toney Penna has earned worldwide fame as a designer of professional quality golf clubs and is one of the game's most sought after teachers.

"44 craftsmen making perfect golf clubs"

"Like I said before, there are demands for fine clothes, so there are stores that sell them. There are demands for fine clubs, and here we produce them."

Toney Penna: Born Jan. 15, 1908 in Naples, Italy. Son of a carpenter who settled in Harrison, New York.

"Golf has come a long, long way," Penna said, still tan and trim and looking half his age. "There is so much to do with the club, so many ways of improving it.

"You know, it's hard to tell the public – I mean the golfing public. Say a guy starts golfing at 20. Well at 50 he doesn't have the same swing, he's not as strong. So he should change his clubs. He's no longer the big hitter. A person changes with age and so should his clubs."

Penna, who played his first tournament at the age of 14, turned pro four years later. He won five tour events, including the Richmond and Atlanta Opens in 1946.

Always a colorful dresser and performer, Penna was in the top 25 money winners from 1944 to 1949. His best round came at Hollywood Hills Country Club where he shot an eight-under-par 64.

"But now," says Penna, "I just play friendly games every once in a while."

Penna's influence in the golf world is tremendous.

Says Mike Souchak, former U. S. Open winner: "Look, I just don't know how long it would take to tell you all the things Toney has meant to me."

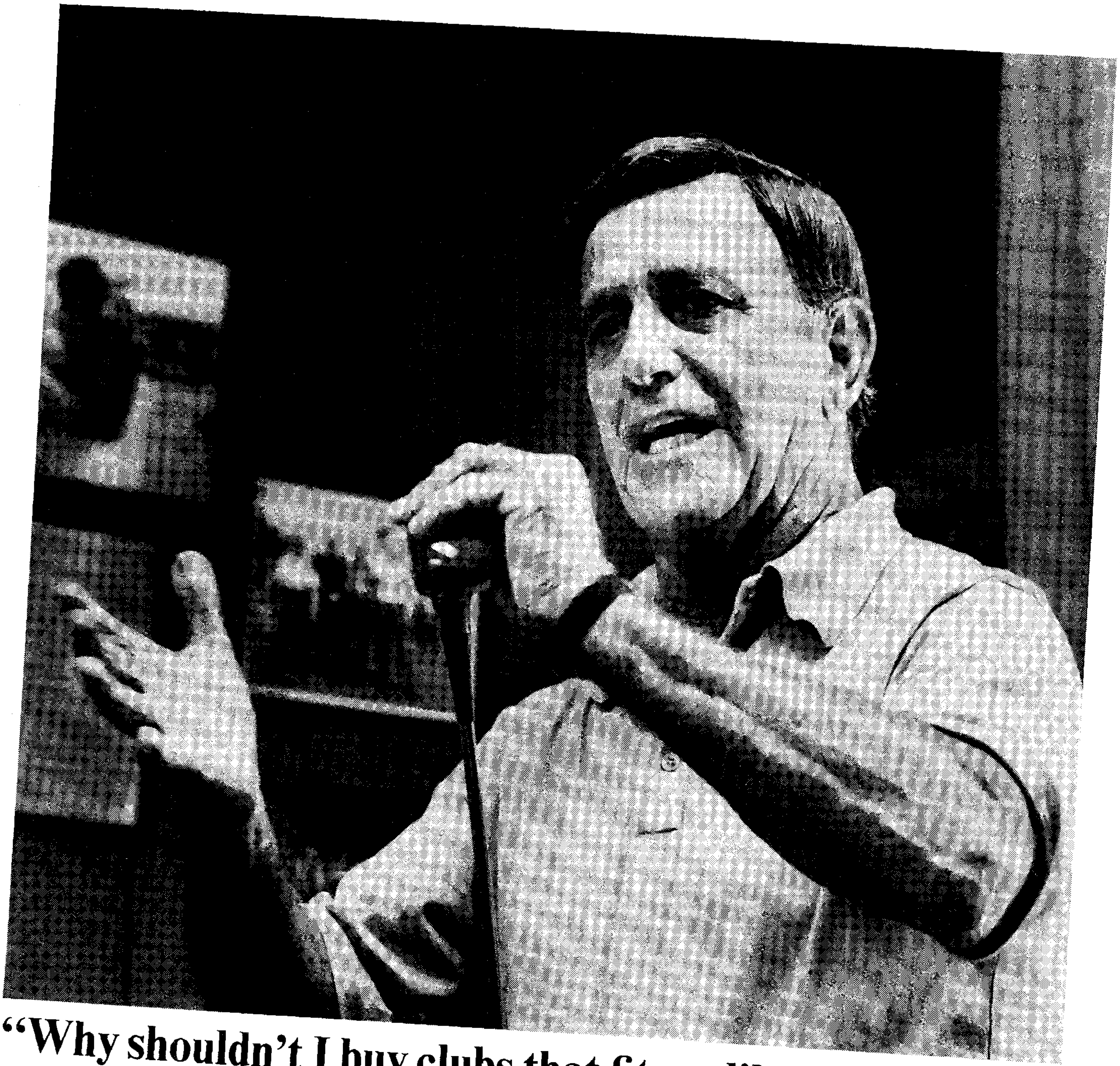
Another former tour regular put it this way. "He does it all. He can make clubs, use 'em and teach 'em."

This particular day, Penna was attired in matching purple shirt and slacks. He wore shoes that, like his clubs, were custom made.

During his early years, Penna worked with such clubmakers as Gil Nicholls, Bill Moyer, Durham Bert, George Graham and Ernie Doering. They taught him the basics; the rest he simply invented.

"Just who the hell sets standards for golf?" Penna said. "Not you. Not me.

"Look, I'm 5 feet 6½ and I wouldn't



"Why shouldn't I buy clubs that fit me like a $400 suit?"

use the same clubs you do. If I went for lessons, I shouldn't be taught the same as you. This is what's wrong with golf today.

"Take lessons for example. Most teaching pros use the old 1-2-3 step way. They start from the beginning and work up. Yet they do it the same with everyone, young kids and elderly women. It's not right."

Penna was now off his chair, the driver in his hands.

"See this club," he said, gripping it the way he did thousands of times in tournaments. "This club fits me. It doesn't fit you. That is the difference."

Penna's plant, located on Toney Penna Drive, is entering its eighth year.

"I had a good position with MacGregor, but I came to live in Florida because of my son's health."

Penna's association with MacGregor dates from the late 1920s until 1964, when, at the Masters, he was presented a golf club engraved "17,936,732" – the number of clubs made during Penna's association with the company.

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"But this," Penna said while gazing around his plant, "is what it's all about. There are 44 craftsmen involved in making our golf clubs. Our clubs are perfect."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously and unspontaneously enthusiastic audience. On Wednesday, July 24, Jobriath and his combo sprinkle some surrealistic-rock-and-roll-superstar glitter. Folk-rocker Ian Matthews shares the facilities with soul-shaker Martha Velez Thursday through Sunday, July 25-28. From Monday through Thursday, July 29-Aug. 1, the Voices of East Harlem, a sizable choral outfit, claims the stage. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 2-4, two Nashville citizens pay their respects: Waylon Jennings, an appealing country-and-Western singer, and his band, and Linda Hargrove, a young singer, songwriter, guitarist, and pianist. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and pianist Bobby Dorough with bassist Bill Takas. Through Monday, July 29. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich on the walls. The drummer himself, who, along with his exceptional septet, usually plays here, is on vacation. While he's gone, urbane bluesman Joe Williams sings ballads and laments sunsets and other trying circumstances, receiving superior assistance from pianist Roland Hanna, bassist Richard Davis, and Freddie Waits on drums. Two shows Mondays through Fridays; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools decorate this often highly animated establishment. California-based and Hollywood-influenced pianist and composer Calvin Jackson works with bassist Rusty Gilder from eight to one. On Sundays, Chuck Folds presides over the keyboard. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large, square room with wooden planks on the pillars, bright-red walls, and a central stage. Singer and impressionist Daphne Davis performs through Saturday, July 27. On Sunday, July 28, Marta Heflin sings pop, lightweight rock, and some compositions by her husband, Peter Link, who heads the backup trio. On Tuesday, July 30, singer Linda Hopkins will arrive. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A swinging threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, who worked with the late Duke Ellington from 1919 to 1951 and who looks and sounds about twenty years younger than his age; Russell Procope (on alto saxophone and clarinet), who served the Ellington reed section well from 1945; and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old Juilliard graduate and former student of Willie the Lion Smith. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd and bassist Ted Sturgis play on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is presenting the stylish jazz vocals of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral with their band. Pianist Lee Shaw alternates with the singing duo through Saturday, July 27. On Monday, July 29, singer Helen Humes, still best known, perhaps, for her work with the Count Basie band from 1938-42, starts performing with her backup combo opposite a quartet—the Alexanders the Great Quartet—co-piloted by drummer Mousey and vibist Ray Alexander. Music from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

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Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds from nine-thirty to three every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays, and singer Jane Ballentine works with Hayward on Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke cut loose. On Sundays, the Frankie Dash quartet turns up. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Luther Allison, a bluesman whose recent Motown-flavored, twelve-bar soul might offend blues purists, heads up his band through Monday, July 29. Larry Johnson, who trades sets with Allison, is a local (having moved to New York from Georgia some ten years ago) blues guitarist and singer who spent a good deal of time with Reverend Gary Davis, a legendary blues figure, before Davis died two years ago. On Wednesday, July 31, the Aztec Two-Step, an uncannily popular folk duo with a near-supercilious stage presence, climbs the stairs to the second-floor stage. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and standup comedy in a Village-coffeehouse atmosphere. Rich Lewis, a comedian from New Jersey with local allusions, goes on at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty through Sunday, Aug. 4. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Pianist Teddy Wilson and his bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., delight any listeners present and distract overintent diners with some lyrically played swing tunes. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one. Deadpan clarinettist Woody Allen usually participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Junior Mance and his trio play funky blues with gusto Thursdays through Saturdays from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Singer Lynn Kellogg does as much to advance the cause of folk and pop as "Hair" (in which she appeared on Broadway) did for rock. Alternating with her through Saturday, July 27, is singer and guitarist Michael Federal, an appealing urbanite with a buckboard-load of country music. On Tuesday, July 30, Warholian female impersonator Holly Woodlawn begins giving some torch songs a workout. Opposite Holly, Cliff Grisham, on piano (in fact, he throws himself all over it), and Sally Eaton, on larynx, get together for some good old-time Forest Hills blues, a genre of limited appeal. Shows at nine and midnight. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. In her clear, small, unembellished voice, Blossom Dearie sings here through Saturday, July 27, from five-thirty to seven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

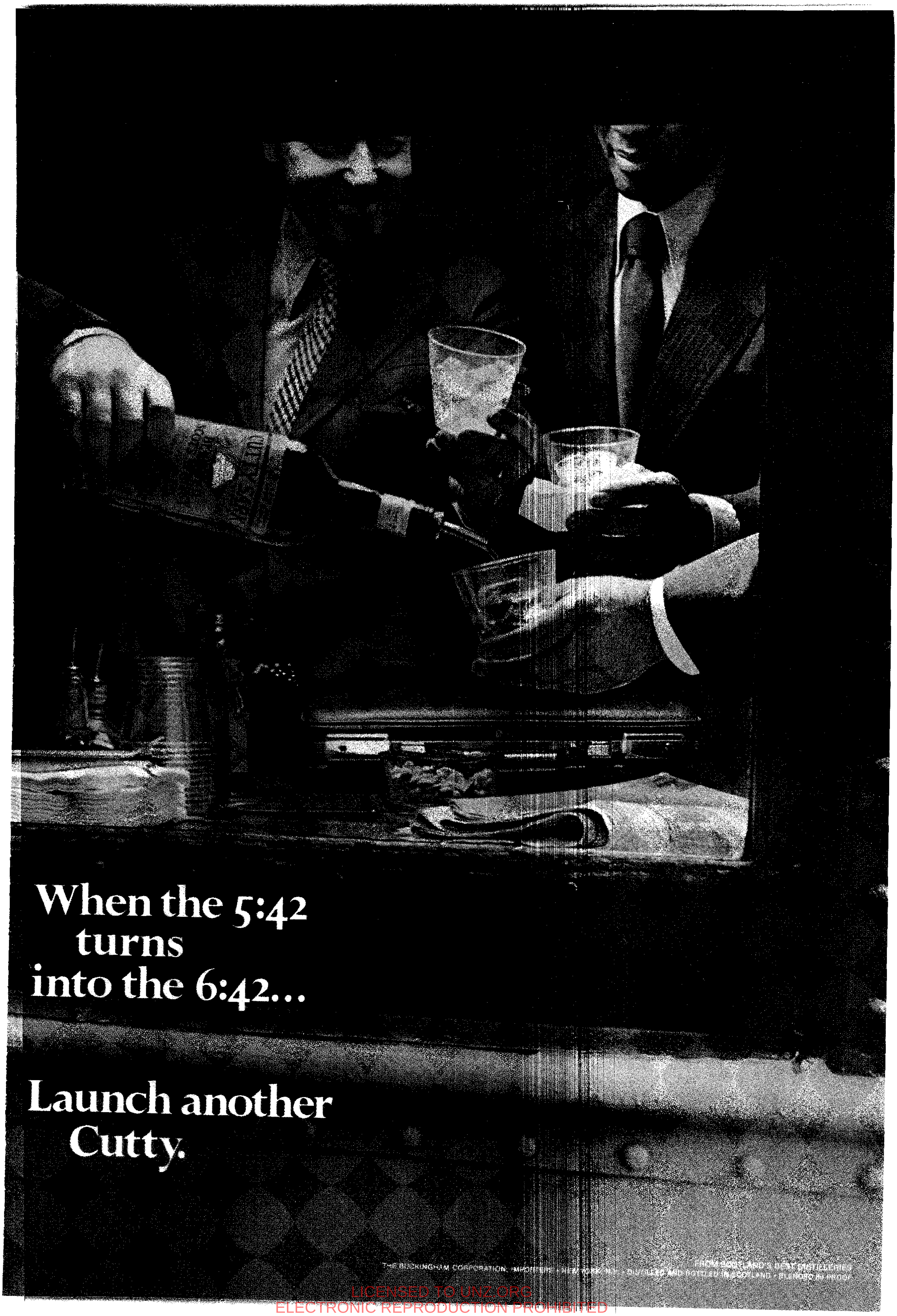
Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a town house evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, performs opposite singer and pianist Diane Leslie (who is here through Saturday, July 27) from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Wednesdays and Thursdays, placid trumpeter Chet Baker works with some musician friends. Peter La Barbera, whose vibraharp playing sounds alternately bluesy and medieval, heads a trio Friday and Saturday, July 26-27. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma trade guitar solos on Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. A quartet co-piloted by a vigorous, intense saxophonist (Joe Farrell) and a cool, inventive, wah-wah-peddling guitarist (Joe Beck) remains on hand through Sunday, July 28. On Tuesday, July 30, Bill Evans, abetted by his bassist and drummer, begins working on his keyboard introversions. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, alto saxophonist and clarinettist Russell Procope, drummer Sam Woodyard, and trumpeter Franc Williams work with Dill Jones on piano. Wednesdays and Sundays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band plays swing tunes. Mabel Godwin, singing at the piano, joins the Sunday-night session. A boogie-woogie trio, led by ex-"Texas Blusician" Sammy Price, on piano, cuts loose on Thursday and Friday, July 25-26. Gui-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tarist Tiny Grimes and his trio return on Thursday and Friday, Aug. 1-2. Now almost sixty, Grimes (who dons a pom-pomed golf cap) owes his soul to Charlie Christian (like practically every other jazz guitarist), but, unlike most, he has nurtured the Master's raw bluesiness along with his zigzagging melodies. The result occasionally sounds like B. B. King playing bebop. On Saturdays, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette and trumpeter Ed Lewis lead a quartet. Quinichette, who played with Basie in the early fifties, was so reverent a disciple of Lester Young that he was once dubbed "the Vice-Prez." Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PLAZA RESTAURANT**, violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from six to ten, Mondays through Fridays.... ¶ There is piano music by Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews in the **PALM COURT** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to midnight. Saturdays from five to midnight and Sundays from four to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting the songs of Helen Forrest at dinner and supper. A dance band commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting harpist Eleanor Fell Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Under a sky as handsome as the hand of man can make it, the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, led by Lee Castle and featuring singer Bob Eberly, plays for listening at dinner and supper, and for dancing the rest of the evening, in alternation with the Anthony Terini trio. The Dorsey band will be succeeded on Monday, July 29, by French singer-pianist-composer Michel Legrand. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Georges Lacombe (1868-1916)—An exhibition of forty-nine black-and-colored-crayon drawings by a member of the Nabi group (the name is the Hebrew word for "prophet")—a circle of Paris artists formed in the late eighteen-eighties by Paul Sérusier, whose god was Paul Gauguin and whose stylistic cement was the decorative element in Gauguin's art. Lacombe was a wood sculptor as well as a painter, and the drawings (many of them studies for sculptures) have a character of monumentality and expressionism that brings them closer to the work of Munch, Hodler, and Gauguin himself than to that of Denis, Bonnard, Vuillard, and other Nabis. The studies for a four-panel sculpture named *Lit* achieve a particularly powerful synthesis of the decorative and the expressionistic, and among these drawings is an arresting study of a birth, sketched in a maternity ward. The nonsculptural works include Brittany landscapes and seascapes, sketches of Brittany peasants, portraits, caricatures, and flower studies. Through Sept. 27 (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

William Finneran / Brian Kazlov / Avital Oz—Conceptual sculptures. / Paintings. / Sculptures. Through Friday, July 26. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed mornings.)

Edward Gorey—Twenty-five drawings used as illustrations for Howard Moss's "Instant Lives." Through Wednesday, July 31. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Saturdays.)

José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

T. Addison Richards (1820-1900)—Small, idyllic landscape drawings from the eighteen-fifties, based on the artist's peregrinations in the East and Southeast of this country. A number became illustrations for *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, for which he also wrote. Through Friday, July 26. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Stewart Waltzer—Sprayed and poured acrylic on canvas. Through Aug. 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Pennerton West (1913-65)—Paintings spanning the artist's career. Through Aug. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro, in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through Sunday, July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent acquisitions—Ernst, Magritte, Masson, Miró, and Tanguy. Through Friday, July 26.... **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings, collages, and paintings by thirteen artists emphasizing various approaches to paper (folding, cutting, spraying, punching, or whatever). Through Friday, July 26.... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of recent work in ceramics by leading members of what used to be called the Funk Art movement when it emerged in California in the late sixties. Also on view are paintings by gallery artists Philip Pearlstein, Jack Beal, Willard Midgette, and William T. Wiley. Through Wednesday, July 31. (Closed mornings.)... **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Small paintings, drawings, and watercolors by Thomas Hart Benton, Thomas Cole, Max Weber, and others. Through Aug. 30.... Drawings by Wyndham Lewis, Jules Pascin, and other European and American artists. Through Friday, July 26.... ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others, during the hiatus, pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of those open: **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5.... **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays.... **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.... **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.; open Saturdays.... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.; closed Mondays.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—A retrospective of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. Through Wednesday, July 31. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952) / **A. J. Russell** (1831-96)—Gravures of Sioux Indians. / Photographs from 1868 and 1869. Through Aug. 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Lotte Jacobi—Photographic abstractions by a seventy-eight-year-old German-born photographer known for her portraits. Through Wednesday, July 31. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—Fifty photographs, featuring early Photo-Secession works and aerial views of First World War battlefields. Through Friday, July 26. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Strand—A group of twenty gravures of photographs. The pictures, taken in the thirties, are of Mexican peasants and religious statuary. Through Aug. 4. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Group Shows—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **LIGHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show of excellent and innovative work by four young photographers—John McWilliam, Chris Enos, Robbert Flick, and Steve Salmieri. Through Wednesday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6.) ... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Fifty photographs of public institutions (hospitals, fire and police departments, schools, and the like) taken between 1890 and 1906, and drawn from the Harvard Social Ethics Collection. Through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "The Art of the Portrait Photograph": nearly two hundred examples in an exhibition that spans the entire history of photography. Through Friday, July 26.... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Works by Albert Boyance, John Hershey, Vincent Pucciarelli, and Michael Rhodes. Through Aug. 4. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large exhibition of Currier & Ives prints—landscapes, city views, genre scenes, cartoons, portraits of pet animals, and pictures of clipper ships, steamboats, and trains—that represent nineteenth-century America as a land of unspoiled natural beauty, economic security, and technological inventiveness, peopled by gentle, pastoral machine buffs and gooseberry-wine-makers. One realizes, looking at these familiar Victorian pictures, how influential Currier and Ives (who published over sixty-eight hundred titles in large editions between the eighteen-fifties and the eighteen-eighties) were in the formation of the nostalgia that surrounds this country's past, and in the pushing away of the unpleasant truths (slavery, the decimation of the Indians, rural poverty, the exploitation of factory workers, child labor, and urban slums) that loomed larger for more people in nineteenth-century America than did "The Pleasures of the Country" and "Good Times on the Old Plantation." And while one feels the charm of many of these pictures, one never loses the feeling of derision that kitsch (however antique and pretty) invites. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ Twelve quilts from the American Wing, spanning twelve decades (1800 to 1920) and illustrating twelve varieties of American quilt design and technique, have been put on view. Examples of the ornate appliquéd quilt—whose designs incorporate flowers, birds, baskets, and wreaths—are shown along with specimens of the geometric patchwork or pieced quilt that the famous quilt show at the Whitney in 1972 brought into dazzling prominence and plausible connection with modern abstract art. The geometric selections here are oddly unremarkable; better examples of this genre can be seen in almost any antique shop and on many beds. The appliquéd quilts are something else again. The earliest work in the show, the Phebe Warner coverlet of 1800-03, is a folk-art masterpiece: a rich, dense multicolored composition of a central flower-filled urn surrounded by little figures of people, flanked by oversized birds, and the whole set within a border filled with flower scrolls resembling the borders of illuminated manuscripts. Many of the birds and flowers in the coverlet are cut out of block-printed English chintzes, a technique (known as *broderie perse*) that arose from the restrictive Chintz Acts passed in England in 1700 and 1721. The Acts created a shortage of India-trade chintzes, and reduced ladies to using scraps of chintz left over from dresses for the creation of coverlets and quilts. (We owe this piece of arcana to Jonathan Holstein's book "The Pieced Quilt." The *broderie-perse*

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technique recurs in a quilt, dated about 1835-45 by the museum, in which a large central Star of Bethlehem is superimposed on a white background decorated with appliqués of cut-out chintz flowers and edged by a dense chintz flower-scroll border. The combination of geometric with floral design is rarely seen, sounds ill-conceived, and, in this instance, works brilliantly. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Sketches, models, and enlarged photographs of twenty-two public sculptures (by Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and others), erected in New York City during the nineteenth century. Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving which, somehow, doesn't enflame the visitor with the desire to read every word written by the author of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Alhambra." One of the rare items of general literary (as opposed to specialized bibliophilic) interest is a copy of the *Morning Chronicle* in which Irving's first published words appeared: a humorous letter to the editor, signed Jonathon Oldstyle, in which Irving, who was nineteen at the time, draws a "picture of a modern beau." This "sluggish animal," as Irving characterizes him, affects "the most studied carelessness and almost slovenliness of dress," and slouches "along the streets in the most apparent listlessness and vacuity of thought; staring with an unmeaning countenance at every passenger, or leaning upon the arm of some fair one for support, with the other hand crammed into his breeches pocket." Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of almost two hundred works surveying seven decades of drawing in France, beginning in the eighteen-eighties with Seurat and Redon and concluding with the death of Matisse in 1954. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on and of paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by contemporary European and American artists. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Works of cord and tape, which the spectator can enter, by Marlene Scott V. Through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Fifty-four paintings, prints, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the more than two thousand works bequeathed to the museum by the artist and his wife. Through Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

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Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

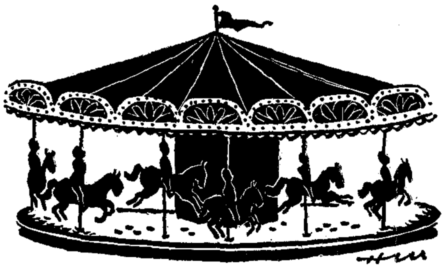
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913 (the year of his death), as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through Wednesday, July 31. . . . ¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in several instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through Wednesday, July 31. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts from the collection of Robert O. Lehman. Through Wednesday, July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Craft objects from six private collections, among them a collection of rugs, jewelry, ceramics, and sculptures by contemporary American Indians. Through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ "Toys From the Attic," a selection, never previously shown, from the museum's collection. Among the array of dolls, games, puppets, and doll houses are some fabric dolls by Dorothy Heiser, which are remarkable portraits of contemporary British royal personages. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Nineteenth-century paintings from the Museo de Arte de Ponce of Puerto Rico. William Holman Hunt, William Adolphe Bouguereau, Jaroslav Czermak, William Etty, and others. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ An exhibition of memorabilia commemorating the hundred-and-first anniversary of the birth of the German director Max Reinhardt (1873-1943). Through Aug. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)



New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibition of scenic and costume designs by Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, July 24: David Zinman conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25: The New York Chamber Soloists in a program called "The Young Mozart," with Jean Hakes, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 26-27: Anthony Newman conducting the orchestra and acting as harpsichord soloist, with Paula Robison, flute; Ani Kavafian, violin; and Susanne Shapiro and Edward Brewer, also harpsichord. An hour before the concert on Friday, Mr. Newman will give a half-hour all-Bach organ recital. . . . ¶ Monday, July 29, and Wednesday, July 31: Charles Mackerras conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Misha and Cipa Dichter, pianos. An hour before the concert on Monday, Misha Dichter will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30: The Cleveland Quartet, with Misha Dichter and Gervase De Peyer, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1: Mr. Newman in an all-Bach organ recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3: Leon Fleisher conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Lilit Gampel, violin. An hour before the concert on Friday, Mr. Firkusny will give a half-hour recital. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 24.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jackson Five—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 27, at 8.

John Coltrane Exhibit—Photographs, poetry, original art work, memorabilia, and a tape of the music of the tenor and soprano saxophonist, who died in 1967. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 26: The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Serge Koussevitzky. At 2:30, Lawrence Smith will conduct the Boston University Young Artists Orchestra. At 4, Leonard Bernstein will conduct the World Youth Orchestra. At 6, Gunther Schuller will direct the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, with Vera Zorina narrating Schoenberg's "A Survivor from Warsaw." At 7, Leonard Bernstein will conduct the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra in a program of his own music, with Randall Hodgkinson, piano. At 9:30, Aaron Copland will conduct the Boston Symphony in *his* own "Quiet City," to be followed by Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Marita Napier, soprano; Joy Davidson, mezzo-soprano; John Alexander, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Eugen Jochum conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30, at 7:30: A concert by James Taylor and Linda Ronstadt. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 7: A piano recital by Alexis Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Three all-Beethoven programs performed by the Boston Symphony. Friday, Aug. 2, at 9: Bernard Haitink conducting; no soloists. . . . Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Bernard Haitink conducting, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2:30: Ferdinand Leitner conducting, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET:** Wednesday evening, July 24:

"Illuminations," "Violin Concerto," and "The Concert."...¶ Thursday evening, July 25: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "An Evening's Waltzes."...¶ Friday evening, July 26: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Swan Lake."...¶ Saturday evening, July 27: "La Valse," "Violin Concerto," and "Symphony in C."... [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by Victor Borge on Monday, July 29, and by Fred Waring on Tuesday, July 30.] ...PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA: Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 24. Wednesday, July 31: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Russian music, with Tedd Joselson, violin. ...¶ Thursday, Aug. 1: Andre Kostelanetz conducting a varied program, with David Bar-Illan, piano....¶ Friday, Aug. 2: Sergiu Comissiona conducting a varied program, with Eugene Istomin, piano....¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Beethoven program, with Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; Claudine Carlson, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Douglas Lawrence, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: A violin recital by Eugene Fodor....¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 5:30: Francisco Aybar, piano, in a performance of Albeniz's "Iberia." (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 25. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 27: The Eliot Feld Ballet and the Mimi Garrard Dance Company....¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 3: Judith Jamison, Miguel Godreau and John Parks, and Nala Najan. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Final dance performances of the season—Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, at 8: Bella Lewitzky, Jennifer Muller, Manuel Alum, and Nancy Meehan, with members of their companies....¶ Sunday, July 28, at 7:30: The Pilobolus Dance Theatre....¶ Sunday, July 28, at 9: Laura Dean and Dance Company....¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, at 8: Nora Guthrie and Ted Rotante, the Multigravitational Experiment Group, Sara and Jerry Pearson, Trisha Brown and her company, the Pilobolus Dance Theatre, and Laura Dean and Dance Company. (New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. Montreal, Saturday, July 27, at 8:05, and Sunday and Monday, July 28-29, at 2:15....¶ Pittsburgh, Tuesday, July 30, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, July 31, at 2:15....¶ Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 1, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Friday, Aug. 2, at 8:05....YANKEES: Vs. Boston, Saturday, Aug. 3, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Whitey Ford, Mickey Mantle, Phil Rizutto, Hank Bauer, Joe DiMaggio, Bobby Brown, John Mize, and other major-league players of past years, will start at 1:15.)

BOXING—Jorge Ahumada vs. Angel Oquendo, light heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, July 29, at 8.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—New York Stars vs. Jacksonville Sharks. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, July 31, at 8. For tickets, call 355-12[illegible]3.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Tremont, Wednesday, July 24, and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 27....SARATOGA: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, July 29, through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Schuylerville, Monday, July 29; the Test, Wednesday, July 31; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 3....MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Sorority, Saturday, July 27, and the Monmouth, Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)...LIBERTY BELL, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31.

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Philadelphia Freedoms, Friday, July 26, at 8....¶ New York Sets vs. Cleveland Nets, Wednesday, July 31, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For tickets, call 581-6622.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12....SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Barnard Hughes, Cynthia Harris, and Marcia Rodd in THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. Directed by David Margulies. The second of two plays by the troupe. Free performances start on Thursday, July 25, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 25. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Sunday, July 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Andre Kostelanetz is conducting the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Wednesday, July 24, at 8:30....PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, July 25, at 8:30....VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Saturday, July 27, at 8:30.... ¶ Pierre Boulez will conduct the second program: CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW, Tuesday, July 30, at 8:30....CROCHERON PARK, Bayside, Wednesday, July 31, at 8:30....PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30....BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Outdoor Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 11. Carlos Chavez will conduct two of his own works on Sunday, July 28.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin. (Wednesday, July 31, at 7:30.)

WOLLMAN RINK—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 24, at 7: Harry Chapin.... ¶ Friday, July 26, at 7: Poco....¶ Saturday, July 27, at 7: Blood, Sweat and Tears and also Tim Buckley....¶ Monday, July 29, at 6:30: Dave Mason....¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 7: Sergio Mendes and his Brasil '77.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 7: Bruce Springsteen, Anne Murray, and Brewer & Shipley. (Through Saturday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Thursday, July 25, at 8:30: Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with John Marco, clarinet. The third in a series of four concerts.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8: A jazz concert by the Lee Shaw trio. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, July 24, at 7:30, the Onzy Matthews orchestra and the Harold Ousley quintet....¶ Wednesday, July 31, at 7:30: The World's Greatest Jazz Band and also David Amram and his friends. (Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, with Norman Atkins and Geraldine Brooks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of regular and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Wednesday through Friday, July 24-26. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 27: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" and "Tarzan and His Mate."
July 28-30: "Bombshell" and "The Girl from Missouri."
From July 31: "Lost Horizon" and "The Talk of the Town."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through July 30: "The Poseidon Adventure" and "The Great White Hope."
From July 31: "The Lords of Flatbush" and *another feature, to be announced.*

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"A Very Natural Thing."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 30: To be announced.
From July 31: "Going Places."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"My Name Is Nobody."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Mr. Majestyk."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Daisy Miller."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
July 24: "Stormy Weather." (No evening performances.)
July 25: "Birth of the Blues."
July 26: "You'll Never Get Rich."
July 27: "Sweet Charity."
July 28: "Road to Singapore."
July 29: "Gypsy."
July 30: "Bitter Sweet."
July 31: "Footlight Parade."
Aug. 1: "Dames."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Golden Needles."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"A Very Natural Thing."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Parallax View."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"Nayak the Hero."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"For Pete's Sake."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Carnal Knowledge."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The White Dawn."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 30: "Cinderella Liberty."
From July 31: "The Day of the Dolphin."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Mame."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Mr. Majestyk."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"My Name Is Nobody."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Education of Sonny Carson."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Golden Needles."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Daisy Miller."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 30: "Le Sex Shop" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From July 31: "Going Places."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 30: "Greaser's Palace" and "Trash."
From July 31: A program of films by Emile de Antonio.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"For Pete's Sake."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through July 30 at one or another of the theatres: "The Sting" / "The Great Gatsby." . . . ¶ Through July 27: "A Star Is Born" and "Nothing Sacred" / "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "The Public Enemy." . . . ¶ July 28-30: "I Cover the Waterfront" and "Of Human Bondage" / "White Heat" and "The Roaring Twenties."
From July 31: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 24: "Go West."
July 25-27: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Little Murders."
July 28-29: "The Ruling Class" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
July 30: "King of Hearts" and "The Bride Wore Black."
July 31: "The Navigator."
From Aug. 1: "Savage Messiah" and "The Conformist."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Mame" and "40 Carats."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Claudine."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Walking Tall."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Tamarind Seed."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 30: "Old Yeller" and "The Incredible Journey."
From July 31: "Mary Poppins" and "Cinderella."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 30: "The Exorcist."
From July 31: "Going Places."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Malizia."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
July 24: "Antonio das Mortes" and "Macunaima."
July 25: "Walkabout" and "Outback."
July 26: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Privilege."
July 27: "The Damned" and "Death in Venice."
July 28: "Giant."
July 29: "The Idiot" and "The Lady with the Dog."
July 30: "Nights of Cabiria" and "The Bicycle Thief."
July 31: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Man Is Not a Bird."
Aug. 1: "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Ballet of Othello."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Free Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 30: To be announced.
From July 31: "S*P*Y*S" and "M*A*S*H."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
July 24: "Rules of the Game" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
July 25-29: "Pygmalion" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."
July 30-31: "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Major Barbara."
From Aug. 1: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Magnificent Ambersons."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 30: "The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic."
From July 31: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Sting."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob." (There may be no performances on Thursday, July 25, and Tuesday, July 30.)

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"For Pete's Sake."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 30: "Le Sex Shop" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From July 31: "Going Places."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 30: "Blazing Saddles" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From July 31: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 30: "Thieves Like Us" and "Cops and Robbers."
From July 31: "Don't Look Now" and "Play It Again, Sam."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 24 at 2: "Against Reason and by Force" (1973), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Carlos Ortiz Tejeda; no English titles. . . . ¶ July 24 at 5:30: "Ukigusa Monogatari" (1934), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; no English titles. . . . ¶ July 25 at 5:30: "The Children's Hour" (1969), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Arturo Ripstein; English titles. . . . ¶ July 25 at 8: "Holy Office" (1974), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Arturo Ripstein; English titles. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2: "Victorino" (1973), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Gustavo Alatriste; no English titles. . . . ¶ July 26 at 5:30 and July 27 at noon: "Assunta Spina" (1914), an Italian silent film, *directed by Gustavo Serena; Italian intertitles only.* . . . ¶ July 27 at 3: "Calzonin Inspector" (1974), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alfonso Arau; English titles. . . . ¶ July 27 at 5:30: "Months and Days" (1971), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alverto Bojórquez; English titles. . . . ¶ July 28 at 12:30 and 3: "That Lady in Ermine" (1948), directed by Ernst Lubitsch and Otto Preminger, with Betty Grable and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ July 28 at 5:30: "The Mexican Way" (1971), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Alcoriza; English titles. . . . ¶ July 29 at 2: "Reed: Insurgent Mexico" (1971), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Paul Leduc; English titles. . . . ¶ July 29 at 5:30: "Against Reason and by Force." . . . ¶ July 30 at 2: "Underworld" (1927), a silent film, directed by

"When you're Spinnaker Riding in the Grenadines, an ill wind can bode you no good."

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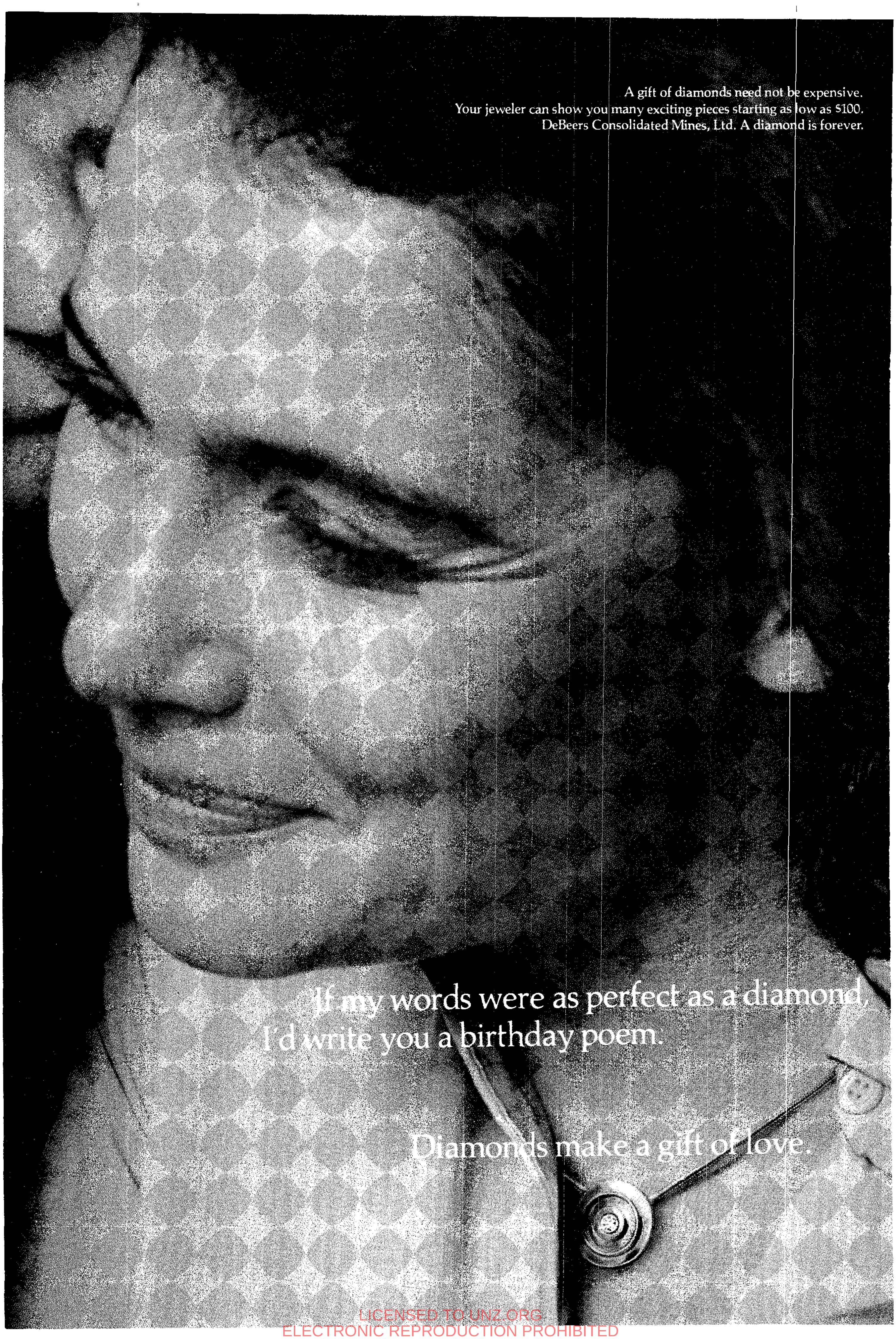
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Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent. . . . ¶ July 30 at 5:30 and July 31 at 2: “L’Age d’Or” (1930), directed by Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dali; some French dialogue with inter-titles. . . . ¶ July 31 at 5:30: “Underworld.” . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 5:30: “He Who Gets Slapped” (1924), a silent film, directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 8: “The Unknown” (1927), a silent film, directed by Tod Browning, with Lon Chaney and Joan Crawford; French inter-titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 24: “The Reckless Moment” (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with James Mason and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ July 25: “Caught” (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ July 26: “The World in His Arms” (1952), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Gregory Peck and Ann Blyth. . . . ¶ July 27: “A Woman Rebels” (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Katharine Hepburn and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ July 28: “Penny Serenade” (1941), directed by George Stevens, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ July 31: “A Free Soul” (1931), directed by Clarence Brown, with Lionel Barrymore and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Aug. 1: “The Damned Don’t Cry” (1950), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Joan Crawford and David Brian. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 4 and 6; Fridays at 5 and 7:30; and Sundays at 3 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Andy Warhol’s Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (34th St. East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like “The Cocoanuts” of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs (“Hooray for Captain Spaulding” and “Why Am I So Romantic”) are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

Antonio das Mortes (1970)—Glauber Rocha, the leader of Brazil’s *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler’s very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy’s elder brother through medical school. The word “apprenticeship” makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The screenplay is from Richler’s own novel, adapted by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings is the best thing in the film. (Reviewed in these pages 7/22/74.) (Baronet.)

The Ballet of Othello (1964)—A Russian film, directed, performed, and choreographed by Vakhtang Chabukiani. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica’s story of a poor man’s search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress’s words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This Neo-Realist classic is on just about everybody’s list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

Birth of the Blues (1941)—Harmless enough, though the trip from Basin Street recorded here is a puny, disingenuous fairy tale about a struggling band and its vocalist, demure Mary Martin, who makes the Dixieland style a public success. This is too stupid to function as an insult to history. Bing Crosby (with his clarinet playing dubbed by Danny Polo) comes off considerably better than smiling Mary, and among the cast are Jack Teagarden and Harry Barris, along with Eddie Anderson and Brian Donlevy (with his trumpet playing dubbed by Poky Carriere). The songs—a mixed bag—include “St. James Infirmary,” “That’s Why They Call Me Shine,” “The Waiter and the Porter and the Upstairs Maid,” and “Cuddle Up a Little Closer.” Directed by Victor Schertzinger, who is probably responsible for the nauseating full-choir rendition of “St. Louis Blues.” (Plaza; July 25.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—The songs are by Noël Coward, and they include “I’ll See You Again,” but not everyone has the stomach to see the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and the dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy again. By no means the worst of their love-duet films, but not one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders. (Plaza; July 30.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks’s comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks’s celebrated spontaneous wit isn’t in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (East 59th Street I. . . . ¶ Symphony; through July 30.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star. Also with Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed rather raucously, but from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 28-30.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut’s film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Elgin; July 30.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn’t do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Art, Columbia I, and Juliet 1.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw’s play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving minx who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Cinema Studio; July 30-31.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols’ cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beekman.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross, Faye Dunaway a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to track down the puzzle of her husband’s death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson’s performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful, funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Coronet.)

Cinderella (1950)—A full-length Walt Disney animated film. (Festival; starting July 31.)

Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can’t save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan’s novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn’t have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you’re wading through it. (1/21/74) (72nd Street East; through July 30.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (New Embassy.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick’s film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci’s extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet’s gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Elgin; starting Aug. 1.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake. About two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life. (8/27/73) (Olympia; through July 30.)

Daisy Miller—Henry James’s short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy’s instinct, exactly reported here,

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is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels: she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Fine Arts, and Waverly.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (Plaza; Aug. 1.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (72nd Street East; starting July 31.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

Death Wish—With Charles Bronson, directed by Michael Winner. (Loews Ciné.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Olympia; starting July 31.)

The Education of Sonny Carson—With Rony Clanton, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Playboy; through July 30.)

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Footlight Parade (1933)—One of the more celebrated early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Plaza; July 31.)

For Pete's Sake—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (Columbia II, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd St.)

40 Carats (1973)—Based on the Broadway play, with Liv Ullmann, Edward Albert, Gene Kelly, and Binnie Barnes. Directed by Milton Katselas. (23rd St. Cinema.)

A Free Woman—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Paris.)

Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this big, handsome, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel, and James Dean ran away with it. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

The Girl from Missouri (1934)—One of Jean Harlow's less memorable adventures; Anita Loos contrived it for her, and it's on the funny-tough side, with a complement of gold-diggers and millionaires, but there's too much plot and too little comic substance. In pursuit of men and money, Harlow is involved in such pranks as tossing her ice cream at her beau, landing in jail, getting out, and diving in front of the camera in her step-ins in order to throw her arms around a gent. "I have always been a good girl," she announces—the film having been made after the censors rebuked her. Since her beloved here is the chilly, urbane Franchot Tone, the announcement seems gratuitous. Jack Conway directed; with Patsy Kelly, Alan Mowbray, and M-G-M's favorite bores, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 28-30.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, Playboy, and New Yorker; starting July 31.)

Golden Needles—With Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Ashley, directed by Robert Clouse. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Go West (1925)—Unique among the Buster Keaton comedies in that it aims for intense pathos; however, it's sad and funny at the same time—which wasn't true of Chaplin's pathos. Keaton plays Friendless—a lonely, buffeted, uncomplaining drifter without home, country, or dime. Having found the city's heart cold, he hides in a freight train going to Arizona, and there among the cacti he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in a sad-eyed cow. Together they weather it through storm and sunshine. Keaton is so unembarrassed and so unself-consciously stoic in adversity that the pathos is never offensive—not even when a dog he tries to pat moves away from him. It's a strange, beautiful movie, directed and partly written by Keaton right after the breakup of the team he had been working with since his two-reeler days. There's an extraordinary finale, in which Friendless and Brown Eyes the Cow round up hundreds of steers that are bellowing through the streets of Los Angeles. (Elgin; July 24.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. None of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (8/5/72) (5th Ave. Cinema; through July 30.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton), but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good. Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Quad Cinema; through July 30.)

The Great White Hope (1970)—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 30.)

Gypsy (1962)—A thoroughly repellent adaptation of the Broadway musical based on Gypsy Rose Lee's memoirs. Rosalind Russell is the psychopathic stage mother who uses and destroys everyone within reach of her excruciatingly loud voice. Mervyn LeRoy's direction is heavy and coarse, and the script and other credits match. Natalie Wood is the daughter Russell rants at, and Karl Malden gets it, too. (Plaza; July 29.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (8/20/73) (Regency; through July 30.)

I Cover the Waterfront (1933)—Up front, this is a commonplace romantic melodrama about a wisecracking, hard-drinking reporter (Ben Lyon) who exploits his love affair (with Claudette Colbert) in order to get a good story for his paper, but the background is far from commonplace. Colbert's father (played by Ernest Torrence) is a huge wreck of a sea captain who smuggles Chinese into the West Coast; he's a moody, illiterate mercenary who throws his passengers overboard tied to anchor chains when the Coast Guard approaches. There are several strong, memorable scenes, and such unusual moments as the heroine's passing the time of day with the madam of a brothel while waiting to take her boozed-up father home. James Cruze directed; from Max Miller's book. (Quad Cinema; July 28-30.)

The Idiot (1958)—The first half of a planned two-part film; the second half was never shot. Yuri Yakovlev's Prince Myshkin doesn't make anything like the impression that Gérard Philipe's Prince did in the 1946 French version, but the film shows the considerable intelligence of the director, Ivan Pyriev, who also did the adaptation. He experimented with a theatrical style, using single sets for long sequences. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 29.)

The Incredible Journey (1963)—A Disney nature film, directed by Fletcher Markle. (Festival; through July 30.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 30.)

The Lady with the Dog (1960)—A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifits that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 29.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Elgin; July 25-27.)

The Lords of Flatbush—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (St. Marks Cinema; starting July 31.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version directed by Frank Capra, part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through

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the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-la, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 31.)

Macunaima (1972)—A satirical fairy-tale extravaganza from Brazil, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of tacky green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Beacon. There may be no performances on Thursday, July 25, and Tuesday, July 30.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 1.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable; there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded: the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison (in a role based on Gilbert Murray), Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. William Walton did the score, Cecil Beaton the costumes. (Cinema Studio; July 30-31.)

Malizia—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (6/17/74) (Little Carnegie.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Juliet 2, and 23rd St. Cinema.)

Man Is Not a Bird (1966)—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Festival; starting July 31.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Paramount; starting July 31.)

Mr. Majestyk—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

My Name Is Nobody—With Henry Fonda and Terence Hill, directed by Tonino Valerii. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich dizzy girl friend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton and Donald Crisp directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Noble Johnson plays the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears in a portrait at a porthole that petrifies the hero. (Elgin; July 31.)

Nayak the Hero (1966)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Reviewed in this issue.) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 30.)

The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat—An animated film, directed by Robert Taylor. A sequel to "Fritz the Cat," this time R-rated, and not nearly as good, because of the absence here of the brilliant creative talent of Ralph Bakshi. (Regency; through July 30.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets in this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl," and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Quad Cinema; through July 27.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Quad Cinema; July 28-30.)

Old Yeller (1957)—From the Disney studios, with Dorothy McGuire and Fess Parker. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Festival; through July 30.)

Outback (1972)—A good subject—comradeship among white men in the Australian desert, their boredom, and their erratic, senseless destructiveness. The film, directed by Ted Kotcheff, spends too much time on the melodramatic ordeals of a sensitive but arrogant male schoolteacher (Gary Bond) who hates the coarse life he's trapped in, but the material on the primitivism of the master race is vivid and authentic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. The way out here—very carefully nourishing no particular political enmity—is to attribute the assassination to a chest-beating secret brotherhood bent on a kids' manhood game of seeing who can hold out the longest. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Cinema I.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Cinema Studio; July 24.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Symphony; through July 30. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 31.)

The Poseidon Adventure (1972)—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (12/16/72) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 30.)

Privilege (1967)—A jagged vision of England in the grip of show-business idolatry and shady power games. Paul Jones is a pop singer; Jean Shrimpton, as his girl friend, fights for the last vestige of private life in a world of P.R. men, agents, and flesh-trading hacks. Startlingly photographed and edited, and directed by Peter Watkins, with an unmistakable passion for filmmaking. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Quad Cinema; through July 27.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Cinema Studio; July 25-29.)

Road to Singapore (1940)—Bob Hope and Bing Crosby sauntering along, singing and playing innocent practical jokes, while Dorothy Lamour keeps house for them on a South Sea island. She wears an expression of intense domesticity, a trim sarong, and a suitable hibiscus; a frown of chaste speculation darkens her brow when she must decide which of these two nice boys she will specifically love, honor, and obey. In spite of this problem of sentiment, it's a happy, unpretentious farce, with Jerry Colonna—grinning, wild-eyed, and manic—and Charles Coburn. Victor Schertzinger directed; the oddball songs include "Sweet Potato Piper." (Plaza; July 28.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simpleminded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Quad Cinema; July 28-30.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Cinema Studio; July 24.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (9/16/72) (Elgin; July 28-29.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (11/18/72) (Elgin; starting Aug. 1.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. Why can't they all get on? "They're all cousins!" he shouts, throwing himself face down in the sand, crying out for another scheme of things. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Le Sex Shop—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (8th St. Playhouse, and New Yorker; through July 30.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Elgin; July 25-27.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; July 25-29.)

S*P*Y*S—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Paramount; starting July 31.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. A later, box-office failure version starred Judy Garland and James Mason, and a new one is threatened; there have also been countless rip-offs in movies and on TV, and more of those are also impending. The director here, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, bigheaded husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. Maybe it's a clue to the essential phoniness of the idea that the story has actually worked in reverse: in both the big versions so far, the top women stars who played the rising young stars were actually on their way down, while the men who played the sinking-into-oblivion Norman Maine both went on to find careers. The cast here includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Quad Cinema; through July 27.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Elgin; July 28-29.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 30.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Terrible story but great performers. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Bill Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), and Eddie Anderson. Andrew Stone directed, like a stone. (Plaza; July 24. No evening performances.)

Sweet Charity (1969)—Based on what is possibly Fellini's finest film, "Nights of Cabiria," about a gullible, softhearted prostitute, this big musical, starring Shirley MacLaine, was possibly just too ambitious a project for Bob Fosse's début as a movie director. The tricky camera effects that Fosse later brought off in "Cabaret" and in the TV special "Liza with a Z" are too jangling here, and although Shirley MacLaine tries hard, it's obvious that her dancing isn't up to the demands of the role. It's a disaster, but zoom-happy Fosse's choreographic conceptions are intensely dramatic, and the movie has some of the best dancing in American musicals of the period. With Sammy Davis, Jr., Paula Kelly, Chita Rivera, Ricardo Montalban, Barbara Bouchet, Stubby Kaye, and John McMartin. Peter Stone did the screenplay, based on the version Neil Simon did for Broadway. (Plaza; July 27.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—The combined writing talents of Irwin Shaw and Sidney Buchman resulted in a script about one Leopold Dilg (Cary Grant), a factory worker falsely accused of arson and manslaughter by the management. He breaks jail and is hidden in the home of a vacationing judge (Ronald Colman) by the judge's softhearted, fuzzy-headed landlady (Jean Arthur), who is convinced of Dilg's innocence. The judge takes a more dogmatic legalistic view, but is persuaded to relax his scruples. Did the authors think they were writing a Shavian comedy of ideas? The ideas are atrocious and silly, but the people are so pleasant that the picture manages to be quite amiable and high-spirited anyway. George Stevens directed; with Glenda Farrell, Edgar Buchanan, and Rex Ingram. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 31.)

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French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (8th St. Playhouse, and New Yorker; through July 30.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They meet twice in Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Music Hall.)

Tarzan, the Ape Man (1932)—Johnny Weissmuller of the body beautiful—making his movie bow in a loincloth—and pretty, likeably coy Maureen O'Sullivan. There is something irresistibly funny about the predicament of a ladylike young lady abducted by a man who has lived like an ape, and who pokes and pummels her with the gestures of an ape. The picture, which is (and always was) great, parodistic fun, doesn't attempt to be realistic about jungle life; it's an entertaining romantic adventure—lighthearted and agreeable. W. S. Van Dyke directed; based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' durable kitsch. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 27.)

Tarzan and His Mate (1934)—Weissmuller and O'Sullivan in the second of the Tarzan series. This one is cheerful and outrageously preposterous. You are right in the heart of the craziest Africa ever contrived for your entertainment; not a wild beast ever misses a cue. Tarzan's mate has adapted herself to her husband's mode of living with true Victorian propriety; snug in her tree houses, she has a devoted gorilla for her personal maid. Everything is idyllic, though some old Mayfair friends of hers turn up and make trouble for a while. Directed by Cedric Gibbons and Jack Conway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 27.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals, starting with a montage of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in snatches from the days of "Say, let's put on our own show! That'd be different!"—all comically the same. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Olympia; through July 30.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (5th Ave. Cinema; through July 30.)

Uptown Saturday Night—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. Life is hauled up by the bootstraps, and a broad grin appears on dandily dressed rival gangsters' faces. Solid fun. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

A Very Natural Thing—With Robert Joel and Curt Gareth, directed by Christopher Larkin. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu.)

Walkabout (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicholas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Guild.)

The White Dawn—With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett, directed by Philip Kaufman. (Loews Tower East.)

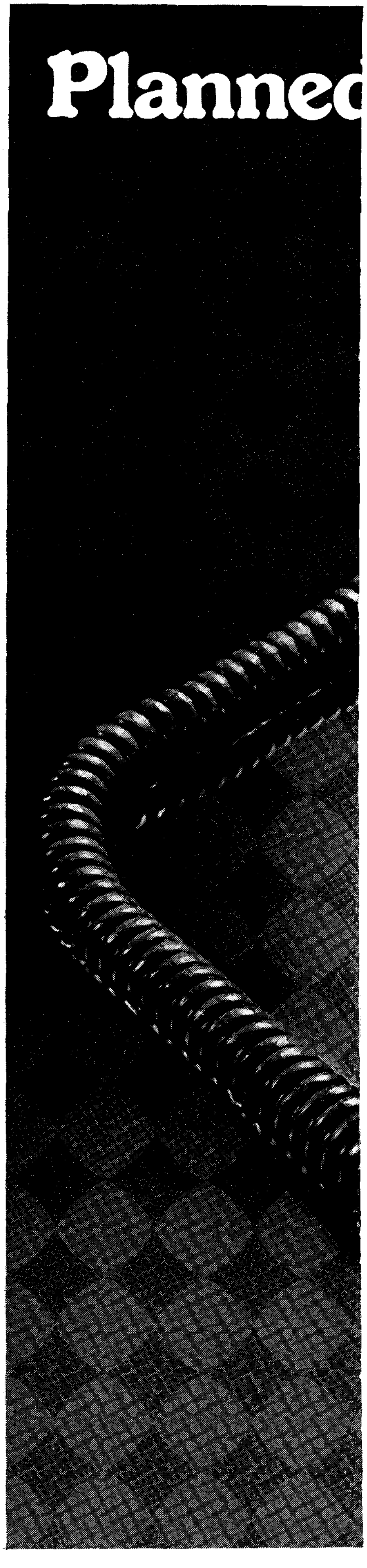
White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were rather too glaring at the time. The picture is so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems much older than it is. Tough-guy James Cagney sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and goes berserk in prison when he learns of her death. This is Cagney's most operatic performance, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Quad Cinema; July 28-30.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 1.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Quad Cinema; through July 27.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire is pressed into the military at a wretched time for getting his girl, but the show he's doing still goes on, and he manages to nab Rita Hayworth as well. Cole Porter songs. (Plaza; July 26.)



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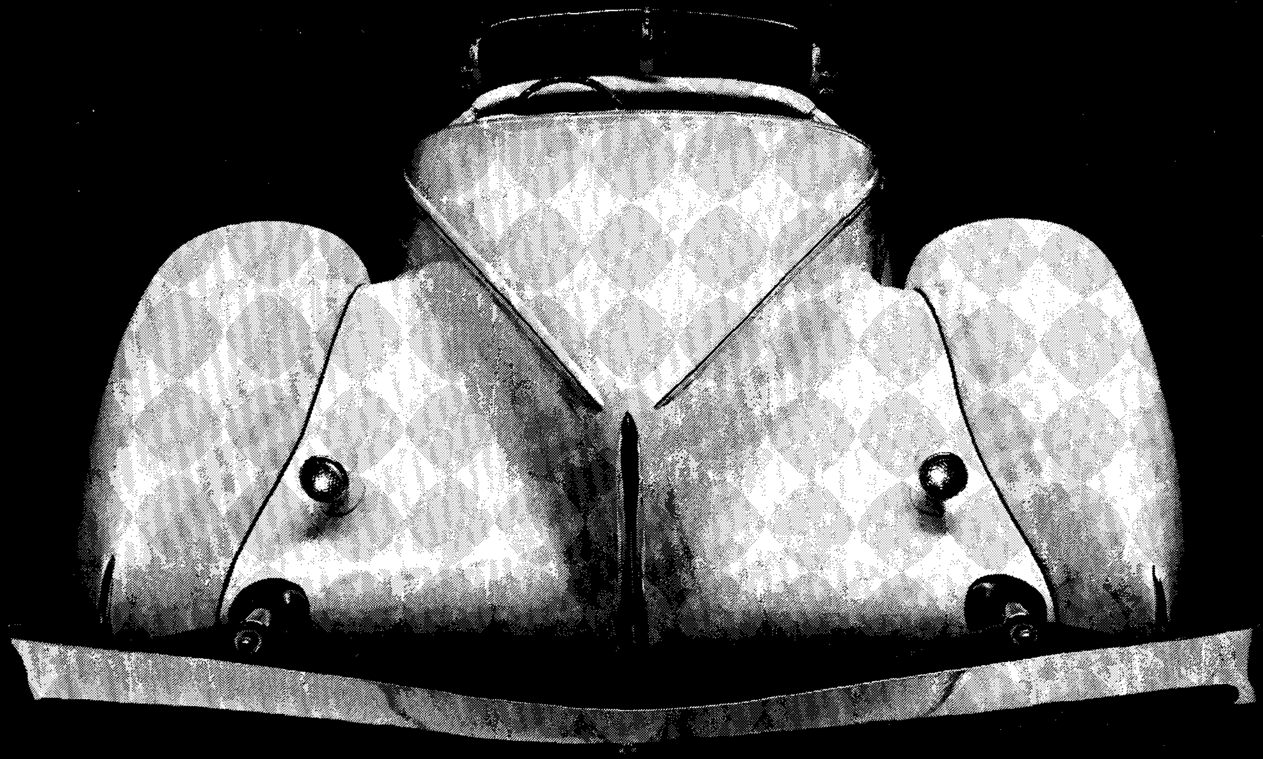

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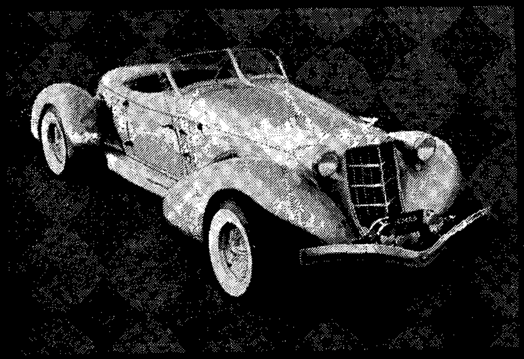

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THAT old gentleman who buttonholed us on the street to complain that two cedar waxwings were using nylon in their nest has been heard from again. He phoned from the country in a high state of excitement to report an error in his observations: on close examination, he had found that the piece of nylon cord had been seized at one end with cotton thread. "You *see*?" he yelled. "It was the *cotton* the birds were after! What a relief! Knew there must be something wrong with my earlier sightings. Birds are trustworthy; their instincts are *correct*. Give it a little writeup in your paper!" he shouted. "Important to keep the record straight. Got to have something these days you can *trust!* What else is there? You should see the nest—a *masterpiece!* Apple-green, mostly. Mosses, natural fibres, grass, and then this *cotton*. We should all be encouraged to go on."

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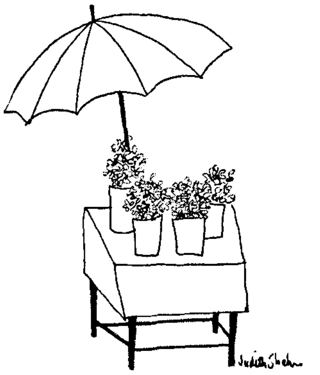
A REPUBLICAN member of the House Judiciary Committee predicted last week that he and his fellow Party members would vote in a bloc against recommending articles of impeachment to the full House, and, in a burst of determination, he added, "We're going to win this goddam thing." His remarks were out of keeping with the spirit of the impeachment inquiry as it has been conducted so far. At no time is the Constitutional responsibility of any branch of the government heavier than that of the Congress during impeachment proceedings. It has often been said that the courts are the final arbiters of the greatest issues in American politics. But the impeachment of a President, once it is under way, with the Congress constituting itself the "grand inquest of the nation," reminds us that, when all is said and done, it is the Congress that is the final repository of the sovereignty of the people. During any impeachment, the Congress is transformed. The separation of powers is partly suspended, and the Congress reaches into the other branches of government to investigate and try men, and sometimes to remove them from power. When a full-scale Constitutional crisis exists, as it does now, not the President or the Supreme Court Justices but the members of Congress are ultimately entrusted with the survival of the American form of government. They have the last, unreviewable word. (It is a measure of how far we have strayed from the Constitution that in the matter of compelling the President to produce evidence the rulings of the courts have appeared to carry more weight with the public than the subpoenas of the House of Representatives.) During Presidential impeachment proceedings, the members hold the integrity of the whole government temporarily in trust. Having taken on a quasi-judicial function, they must act with the fairness and thoroughness of the judiciary. Having placed the power of the Chief Executive in limbo, they must act with the efficiency and dispatch of the executive. They not only must decide whether to remove the President from office but must conduct themselves in a manner so scrupulously lawful and fair that the public's confidence in the government, if it has been shaken by the President, is restored by his judges. Having temporarily taken on duties associated with all the branches of the government, they must assume the virtues of all the branches. When affairs reach this point, and the future of the country is at stake, any announcement by a member of Congress that "we're going to win" is simply out of order. The issue is not one that shapes up as a contest between two sides, in which one side's gain is the other's loss; rather, everyone wins or everyone loses. In this situation, the only "we" with any standing is the entire people of the United States.



Coupla Tourists In and Out of London

A FRIEND of this department's who went to England this summer, "to see it while it's still there," keeps sending us reports on his trip. Here's a sampling:

Gala sendoff in the Princess Room, restaurant in British Airways Terminal at J.F.K., before 10 P.M. flight to London. Today's special: London broil. Room has strange, slanted double windows 6″ apart. How they clean these windows? Have a couple drinks, think about it. Writer friend named Jeff has driven out to airport to see us off—"us" is me and friend of mine name of Henry. Jeff has broken off ignition key in ignition, so now he can't turn off engine of car. Car sitting in airport parking lot, engine turning over. Wonder how he'll get home. Now Jeff gets high, suggests they must clean windows with porous worms. Entwine them inside strange, slanted 6″ crevice with bait. First batch of worms secretes soapy substance, second batch of worms secretes rinsy substance. We all order London broil, to get in mood. All get high. Another friend arrives—John, lead guitarist with rock band. Gets high, sings "Sweet 'n' low, sweet chariot."

Struggle through security, get funny look. Luggage consists of shoulder bag, tape recorder, large Zabar's shopping bag with Levi's, T-shirts, etc. Fall into 747 seat. Find magazine of British Airways, called *High Life*. Cover of *High*

Life shows British equestrienne and horse taking jump. Equestrienne and horse facing away from camera. "Bottoms up!" says my friend Henry. We are sitting on right side of giant plane, so are not going Port Out, Starboard Home. Are probably going SOPH. Stewardess demonstrates life jacket, with little plastic whistle. "That's for calling sharks," says Henry. Then he is moved to sing old British shark song:

The most chivalrous fish in the ocean,
To the ladies forbearing and mild,
Though his record is dark,
The man-eating shark
Will eat neither woman nor child.
I readily cite you an instance
Where a lovely young lady of Bream
Who was tender and sweet
And delicious to eat
Fell into the bay with a scream.
She struggled and somethinged in the water,
She signalled in vain for her barque.
And she'd surely been drowned
If she hadn't been found
By a chivalrous man-eating shark.

"Then I can't remember," said Henry, "but the shark helps her into the barque, after which 'He tipped on his flipper. And ate up the skipper. And went on his way with a'—something or other."

Fellow-passengers: 24 Southern teen-agers who say they are going to England for "some sort of program in Coventry." They run up and down the aisles. 12 of the 24 have braces on their teeth. Rented earphones offer recording of "The Gondoliers." Also one-hour tape of English humor. Sample English 1930s radio jokes: "Dad, I'm doing the crossword. What's the opposite of 'first'?" "That's easy, lad—' 'unger.' " "What's a three-letter word for a primitive beast of burden?" " 'Mum.' "

Then dinner, preceded by cold, wet towels, and followed by movie "Sugarland Express." Good. At 5:45 A.M., it starts to get light. The morning star, Venus, can be seen just over the starboard wing. Henry says, "I'm ready for England. When I was seventeen—this was in the Bronx—my father stepped on my foot. Without thinking, I said, 'Egad!' I had to sit down. I was shocked. I was in a state of shock. I tried to figure out where it had come from."

"And did you?"

"No. I never did."

At 6:40, the sun is up. Finally, we are flying over England. What is the first thing we see? Golf courses! Then we see lots of confetti fields. Then we come down. Hard. Bounce. Bounce. We see tiny little cars, tiny little trucks, tiny little vans, tiny little buildings. My God, this entire country is built in HO gauge! Looks like England has a bad case of the itsie-bitsies. Oh, well, so what? Let's have fun.

•

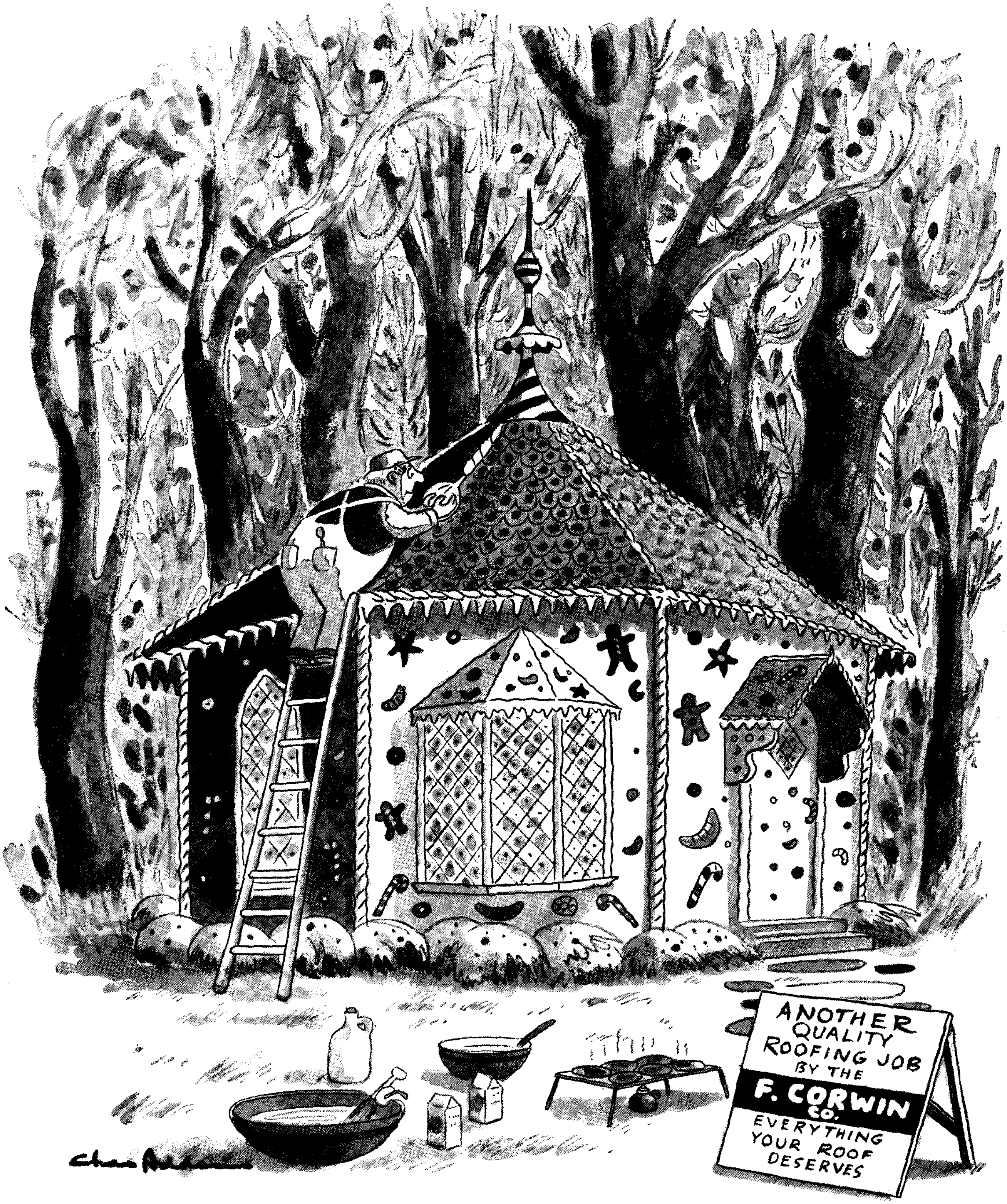
TO get to Stonehenge in time to see the sun come up on Midsummer Morning, my friend Henry and I had to leave London at 2 A.M. in the Vauxhall Viva we've hired from Budget Rent-A-Car. It's a nice little white car, 4-door, whose front seats can recline almost horizontally, but not quite. Henry, who was doing his first English driving, discovered that driving on the wrong side of the road was not terrifying, even in intersections, despite the fact that, according to the most recent brain research, he had no depth perception whatever. You see, when you're driving on the left, cars are coming at you in your *right* visual field, information that is processed by the *left* hemisphere of the brain—the one that thinks logically, analytically, sequentially, breaks things up into bite-sized pieces, and has no depth perception. Actually, the only trouble Henry had with the Viva was that when he reached for where the direction signal is in a normal car he turned on the windshield wipers. Henry turned on the windshield wipers 3 or 4 times when approaching intersections.

We wanted to watch the Druids watch the sun come up. According to the Stonehenge Official Guidebook (15 new pence at the refreshment stand across the road from the monument), "the ancient Druids had no connection with Stonehenge or any other monument of the Bronze Age or indeed of any earlier period in the British Isles," the Druids having turned up in the third century B.C., during the Iron Age. Stonehenge, according to the calculations of C. A. Newham, astronomer, is the product of 1,000 years of Bronze Age astronomical investigations. The investigations commenced in the year 2350 B.C., maybe. The stones got put up—as a permanent solar-and-lunar calendar—only after at least 600 years of intense study of the movements of sun and moon. Druids? A chatty seventeenth-century writer named John Aubrey, friend and biographer of Thomas Hobbes, of "Leviathan," got the idea that the Druids were responsible for Stonehenge. This fired a lot of imaginations, and as a result a modern group called the Ancient Order of Druids nowadays celebrates the solstice sunrise at Stonehenge every year, and draws a crowd. *Capisce?* The costumes of the Ancient Order are like what Yul Brynner wore in "The Ten Commandments," except the Druids also wear white sneakers, just like the ones the Hare Krishna kids wear. Their Dawn Ritual is mystical, sort of, and includes lines like "It is well! Let the Sacred Circle be remembered as ye lay your offering upon the Sacred Fire!"

There are 16 hours of sunlight in southern England on Midsummer Day, which means that false dawn comes at 3 A.M. The birds are up by 3:25. Driving down the M3 motorway while the sky got bright, we turned the car radio on at about 3:50 and heard selections from the sound track of "Alice in Wonderland," followed by an episode from the serial "The Loves of Lord Nelson," then a report on the nuclear-power capacities of various nations.

We got to Stonehenge, which is very pretty and rather dainty-looking, as a matter of fact—not massive—just before sunup. The monument sits in the middle of the rolling fields of Wiltshire. We found it populated by: 40 Druids, 20 reporters, 16 uniformed members of the Wiltshire constabulary, 1 police dog, 2 military policemen in red caps and armbands and jungle camouflage jackets (there are a lot of Army camps nearby), a crowd of 3,000 people, several other dogs. The crowd was mostly post-hippies, some tourists. The monument, the Druids, the police dog, and most of the policemen were surrounded by 2 barbed-wire fences and 1 roll of barbed wire. The rest of us were outside the perimeter. It was a beautiful morning—cloudless, just a little hazy. The grass was strewn with empty cans of Tartan beer, Courage light ale, Foster lager. A military jet flew across the eastern sky and left a brilliant white plume just above where the sun would rise. Henry said, "Four thousand years ago, someone predicted that a horizontal white light would be seen in the sky this morning. No one knew it would be made by an airplane."

I talked with a friendly bobby whose cheeks were as ruddy as the dawn. We stood in front of a blue-and-orange pup tent, which bulged when post-hippies squirmed inside. A girl said to a boy, "Krishna will come and save us all." The boy said, "It's all right." The bobby said that the crowd was mostly local; that it was very orderly, no incidents; that the barbed wire was the result of previous crowds, with incidents; that this was the first solstice in three years without rain or mist; that Stone-


ANOTHER QUALITY ROOFING JOB BY THE
F. CORWIN CO.
EVERYTHING YOUR ROOF DESERVES

henge took in more money than any other English monument; and that a post-hippie named Wally Free had arrived during the night with a generator and some odds and ends, announced that he was about to start a pop festival, and hoisted his flag, the Union Wally. The *Union* Wally is the Union Jack with a smiling yellow happy-face in the middle of it.

Then the sun came up—red through the haze, and quite spectacular—and the crowd began to disperse. 4 young guys started to play leapfrog. The Druids proceeded beyond the perimeter, past a sign that said "Press-Card Holders and Druids Only," toward the buses in which they had motored down from London. They carried iron crosses, oak staves, occult regalia. A post-hippie tried to pick up a girl Druid. I had a cup of coffee and a sausage roll. A boy said to his mother, "What happens now, Mum?" She said, "I'll tell you what happens. We're going home." An American girl Druid said she's had trouble keeping her head on straight during the last ½ hour of the ritual, which had lasted about 2 hours. The Druids submitted to interviews in front of their buses. A boy with a Dudley Moore voice asked a serious-looking young Druid whether being a Druid helped in everyday life. The Druid looked offended.

Later, we visited the monument

and, after that, Wally. Birds live in the cracks between the standing stones and the capstones of the monument. Wally had 3 Moog synthesizers set up in a field. A lank youth in a breechclout played weird loud music on one of the synthesizers while Wally complained about a press blackout on his activities. "The press," said Wally. "They sure get up my nose." Wally was wearing khaki shorts and had an excellent tan. "Every day is sun day," said Wally. "Everybody is Wally."

So then we drove 10 miles to Salisbury and saw the cathedral and had fish and chips for lunch. The cathedral's doors are unexpectedly small, very nice.

England is full of roundabouts, which are small traffic circles that slow driving down. They are here because the architects who built Bath in the eighteenth century were obsessed by Druids and therefore built a roundabout at Bath in homage to Stonehenge, which is small and circular. The idea caught on.

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YOU learn a lot at the Carvery. Get a seat facing the carving table. The Carvery is a restaurant in the Regent Palace Hotel, just off Piccadilly Circus. It's ½ of a great big dining room that looks like a first-class saloon on the Queen Mary. Columns in Egyptian moderne, scalloped ceiling lights made of white herringbone glass. You can almost feel the throb of giant engines beneath the feet, and by the time you finish lunch you're certainly swaying. For £2.35, you get a prawn cocktail, meringue gâteau or strawberry fool, coffee, veg., salad, and all the meat you can hack off giant roast prime ribs of beef, loglike roast legs of lamb, towering roast legs of English pork, brontosaurian cold roast joints. All the ribs, legs, and joints have little white chefs' hats on. Only thin men eat the cold joints.

Red-faced English businessmen on expense accounts stalk the carving table, their tongues running around the insides of their mouths, between lips and teeth. They stick their hands in their pockets and rock back and forth on their heels a couple of times, eyeballing the meat. Then they grab freshly sharpened carving knives and a fork or 2 and go to work, the blood rushing to their faces. Some hew, some chop, some dart like d'Artagnan. The master carvers dance around the roasts slicing a snip here, a snoop there with their snickersnees. Will anyone stick a fork into a roast and hoist the whole thing onto his plate? Alas, no. But everyone takes a heaping plateful and returns beaming to his seat. And—in only a few minutes—seconds, thirds, fourths.

I interview Mr. Philip, Carvery maître d'. He says that business is much better at dinner. On a good night, he will feed 400 people. That means 20-25 ribs, 10-12 legs o' lamb, 8 porks. Henry has a vision of the kitchen. The chefs, he says, are little, wizened boys. They are allowed out once a year, on the shortest day. They are indoors the rest of the time, roasting meat over a small volcano.

The meat at the Carvery is first-rate and well cooked. Open for lunch 12 to 2:30 and dinner 5:15 to 9. Closed Sundays.

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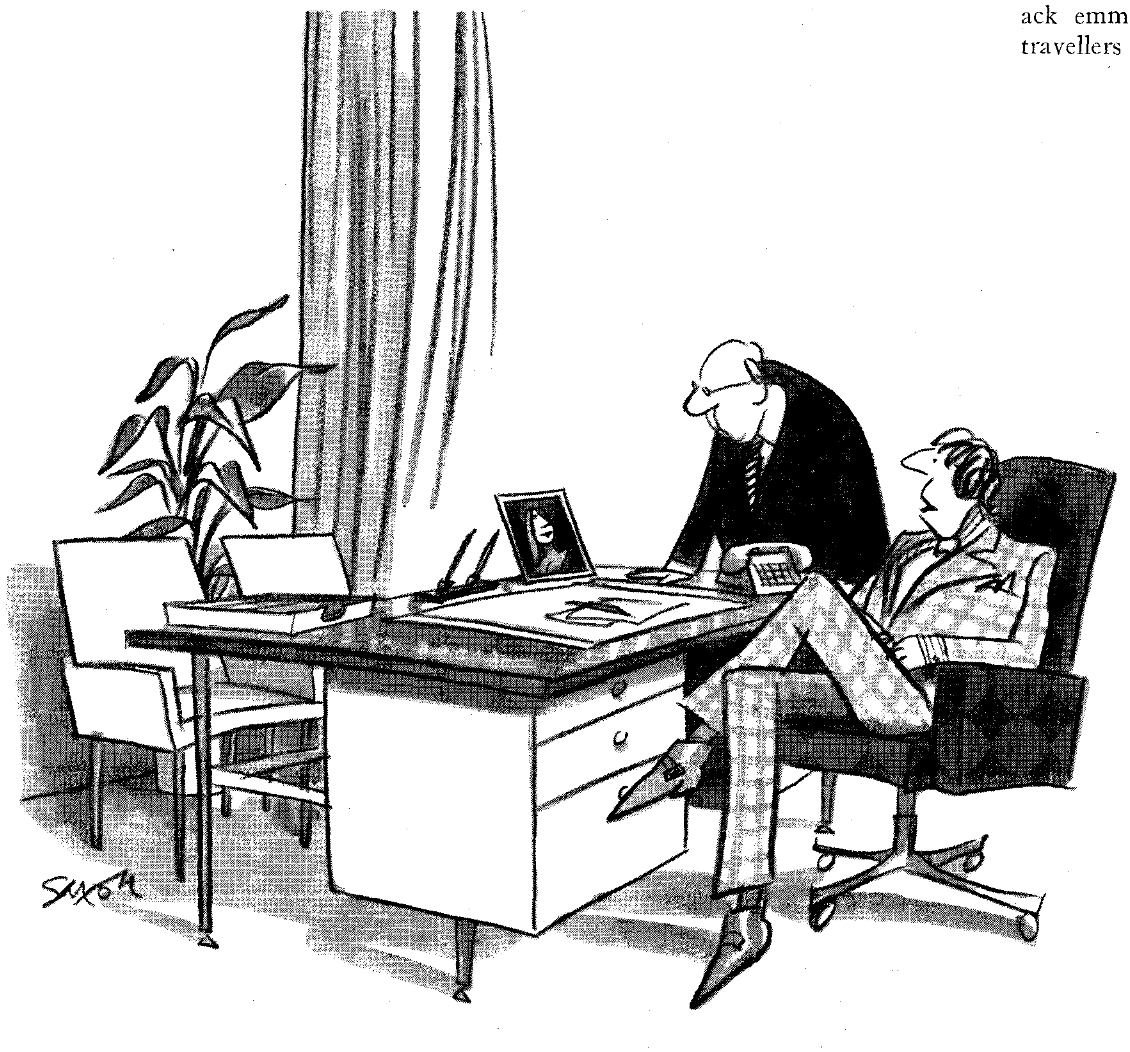
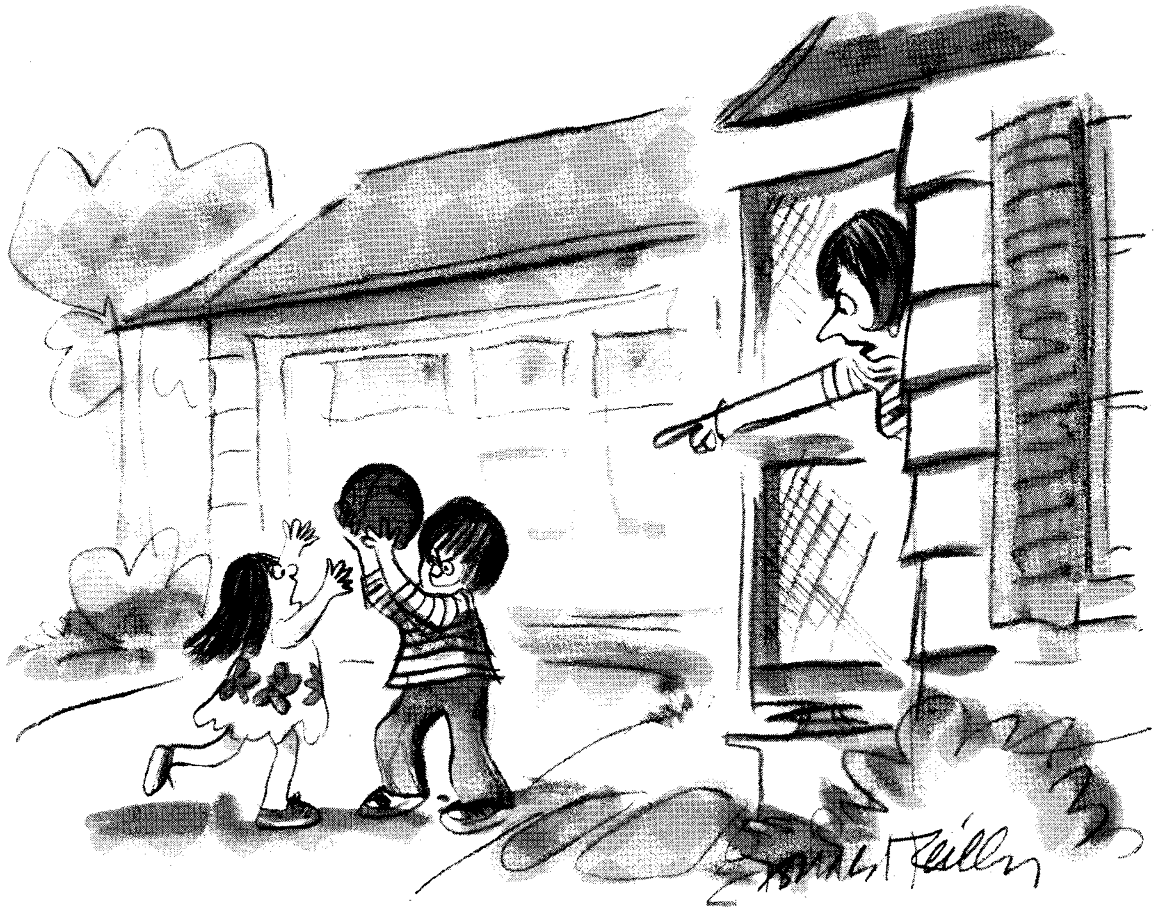
OFF to musical Ostend for the weekend to see my friend Henry's Belgian friends Hubert and Maritza Decleer. *Good* jaunt. Hubert's a Tibetan scholar. 36-hour-excursion tickets. Train from Charing Cross at 6:10 ack emma. Gray morning, brr, few travellers abroad. Silence on the platform, the occasional click-CLUNK when people open and close the train doors. Pigeons soar under the iron-and-glass train shed. The guard's whistle blows. Ta-ta-bump, ta-ta-bump, rattling over the points, a slow canter through South London. Cold on the train, brr, brr, bundle up, nap. Sleep last night: 2 hours. Frroush into long tunnel. Other side: Kent. Kent gray. Oasthouses, rabbits, sheep who look up from their naps. Station stops: Headcorn, Pluckley. Most haunted village in England, Pluckley. 7 ghosts just in church, including 1 dog ghost.

White cliffs of Dover gray. Coffee and ham rolls at the station buffet. Passports: queue up, take bus, queue up, stamp, stamp, queue up, take bus, queue up. At last at the boat—the Belgian car ferry Princesse Astrid. Welcome aboard—in Flemish, French, English, and German. Ship full. English weekenders, Scots


"*Oh, that's Helga—the chick who shares my pad.*"

boys with rucksacks, large Cockney families. Cameras and giggles. High spirits. Buy Belgian francs. Buy duty-free Havana cigars. Buy "English breakfast": bacon, egg, bread, butter, juice, coffee. 3 hrs. 40 mins. to Ostend. Nap. Wake up: sun out, Ostend off starboard bow—Oostende now, not in England anymore. See from boat: new skyscraper, flags, children, dogs on beach, fishing boats. Henry looks forward to eating Oostende mussels.

Taxi to Kaaistraat, Hubert's street, center of town. No one answers bell. Did they get our telegram? Oh, well, we've got a day in Oostende. Then adjacent door opens, man with bushy Flemish mustache emerges and says, "Are you looking for Decleer?" It's Hubert! "Henry, you haven't changed a bit. Come up. It's on the top floor." (We have mistaken door.)



"Stop oppressing your sister!"

Hubert has whole top floor, sunny, of old apartment house. Apartment full of tankas (pictures of Tibetan gods, demons), books, Persian carpets. We greet Maritza. We eat salad, bread, and cheese. We sit on a terrace, drink tea, smoke Belga cigarettes, look at rooftops, gardens, a church, a tower. Henry and Hubert and Maritza haven't seen each other for 8 years. Hubert tells of job he got as guide on tourist bus, Oostende to Katmandu in 10 weeks. There was the American tourist who said one day, "Hew-bert, is this Eye-ran or Eye-raq?" Hubert also talks about the English translations of Tibetan classics he is working on: the life of Padma Sambhava, saint and presumed author of "The Book of the Dead;" prophecies, called *lung-bstan;* a meditational and ritual text called "Diamond Terror." Hubert speaks English, French, Flemish, German, Italian, Turkish, Persian, Tibetan; reads, besides, Latin, Sanskrit, classical Greek, classical Chinese.

Big, beautiful bells peal in the church, the sound ringing you as you listen. A carillon plays Handel on the hour and Beethoven's Ninth on the ½ hour. Car ferries *hooouip* in the harbor (Flemish car ferries). Birds carol. A black-and-yellow parakeet chatters and swoops. Hubert's stereo plays ragas in the living room. Henry met the Decleers in India 10 years ago.

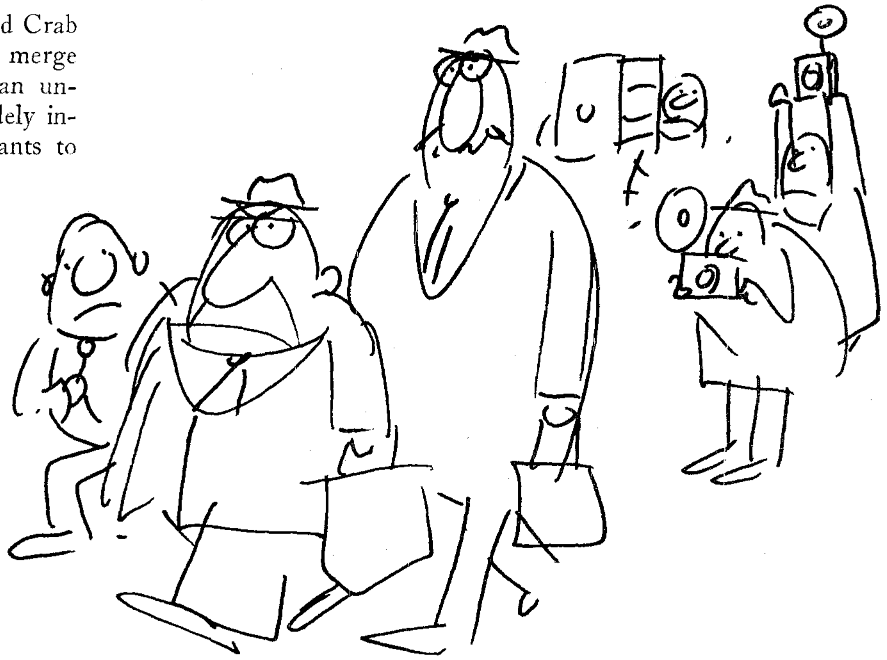
Kashi, almost-2-year-old Decleer daughter, awakes from her nap. She is most beautiful, and she flirts with us all. We flirt back. Her name is the old name for Benares. Hubert says it means "city of light." We also meet Tashi (means "good luck" or "blessings" in Tibetan), 7-year-old Lhasa Apso dog. Tashi wants to tussle. Hubert puts Kashi's new toy, a cloth snail from Spain, on his own head. "*Monsieur l'Escargot sur la Tête,*" he says. Kashi laughs. "Papa!" she says.

We take Tashi for a walk along the Albert I Promenade. Tashi, on a leash, barks at all the bigger dogs, at some cars, at several people. "Tough, aren't you?" Henry asks. "Gr-raph," says Tashi. Oostende delightful—part Coney Island, part "Meet Me in St. Louis." We pass trams, horse-drawn carriages, buses, scooters, bicycles, funny little pedal-pushed boardwalk cars. A long line of bathhouses along the beach, just under the promenade. Dopey the Dwarf painted on back of one bathhouse. Big casino, little bistros, fancy shops, salt air. Hubert talks of coming to New York for a few years. Henry thinks it's a good idea and says he personally couldn't not live near the ocean. Later, when Kashi's in bed, the 4 of us go out for eels (Oostende mussels are out of season; no "r" in the month) at Chez Richard, on Adolf Buylstraat, best eel house in Oostende. We have *anguilles beurre d'ail* (eels in butter and garlic), we have *anguilles hongroise* (eels Hungarian style, with red peppers and paprika), *anguilles aux fines herbes* (herbs and cream), *anguilles au vert à la crème* (the Belgian national dish)—eels with cream and diced-up parsley. Just the way Maritza's grandmother used to make it. Absolutely delicious. Then around the corner to Chez Omer for *Brusselye wafel,* the Belgian national dessert. Fluffy waffles with powdered sugar and whipped cream. In Flemish, when you mean "Simmer down," you say "Keep your waffle on." Hubert and Henry and Maritza tell Indian jokes. "This is one pukka waffle I am eating, isn't it?" says Henry.

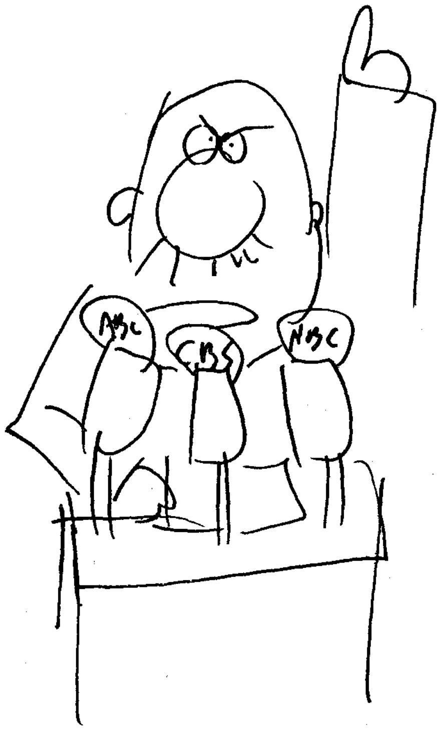
Suddenly very sleepy, we go back to the apartment, and when I get into bed I can see on the wall the flash of the beam from the lighthouse in the harbor.

THE BREAKFAST-LUNCHEON MERGER CAPER

Ranch Ham and Eggs Any Style and Crab Louis today announced that they would merge with other, unnamed items to form an unprecedented daytime meal. This is widely interpreted as a move by the menu giants to dominate the early-evening hours.



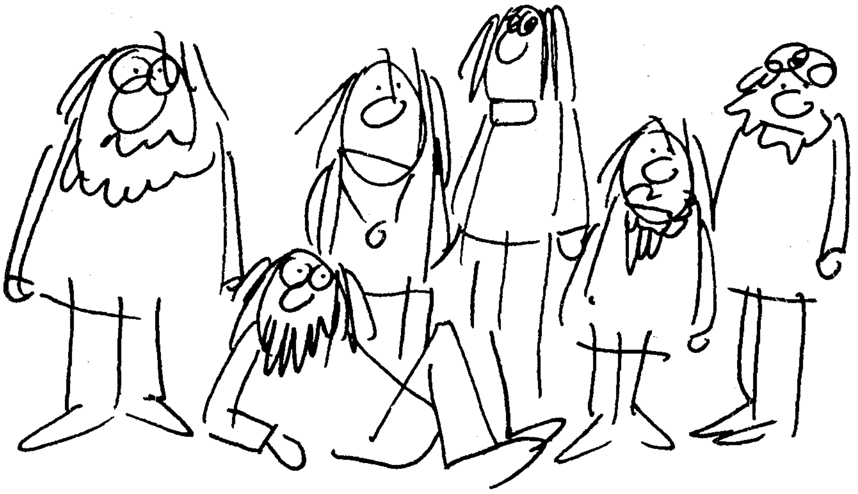
Crab Louis and Ranch Ham and Eggs Any Style
leaving meeting



Spokesman for Filet of Sole Sandwich with French Fries

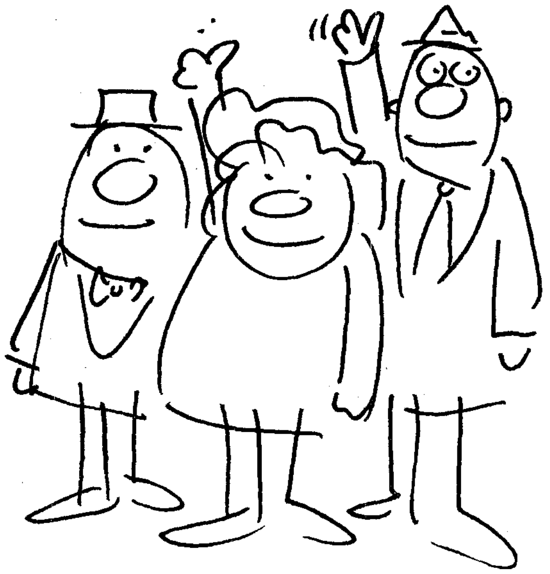
Dry Cereal, Yogurt, and Hashed Brown Potatoes are suspected of being in on the deal, but a spokesman for Filet of Sole Sandwich with French Fries denied any connection with the merger.

Government meat inspectors, together with the F.B.I., the U.S.D.A., and the Sunday Evening Buffet Committee are investigating for possible anti-trust violations.



The Wyoming Six

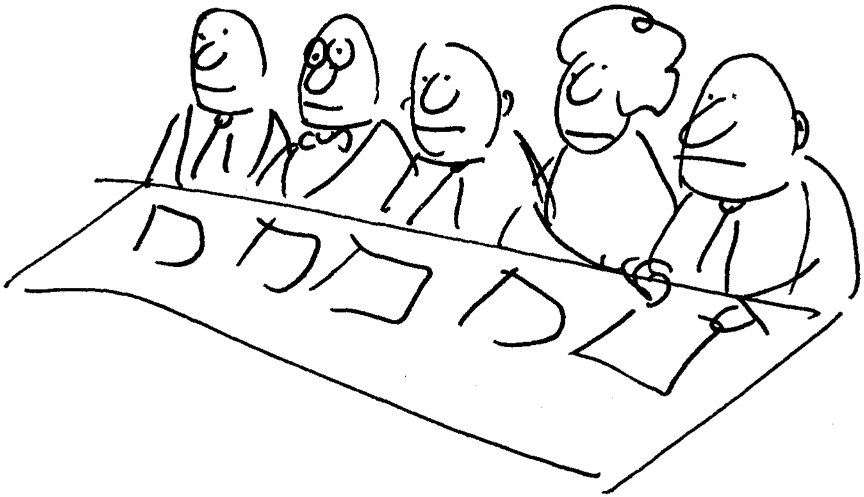
In Superior Court, the Wyoming Six (six ounces of ground beef on a sesame bun) asked for a mistrial as a result of today's announcement.



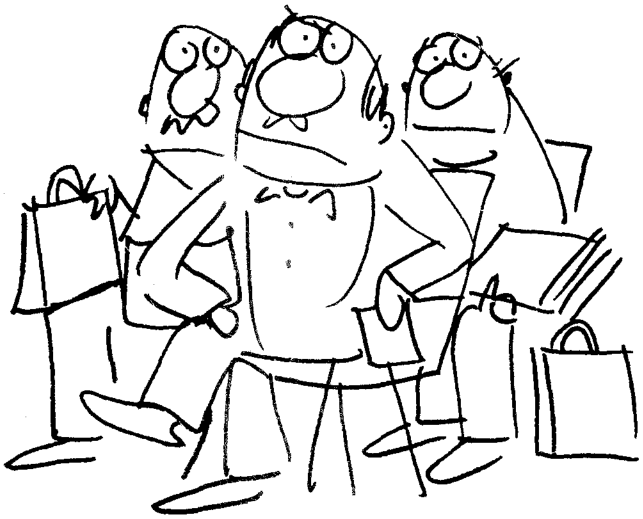
Peach or Pear with Cottage Cheese Salad
saying goodbye

C.B.S. News reported that Peach or Pear with Cottage Cheese Salad had announced their retirement.

On the West Coast, meanwhile, a countermove is developing. Sandwich Platter, a board composed of Ham, Liverwurst, Cheese, Egg Wedge, and Potato Salad, met in secret session for three hours. It is widely believed that they are negotiating with the Denver Omelettes. Coach of the Omelettes, Texas Grits, could not be reached by reporters.

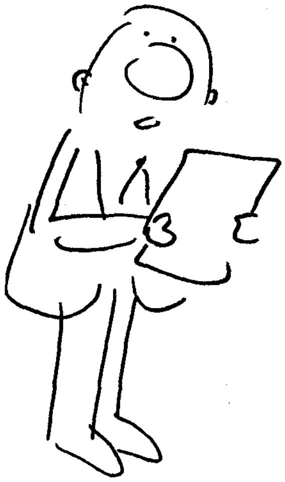


Sandwich Platter
L.R.—Ham, Liverwurst, Cheese, Egg Wedge, Potato Salad

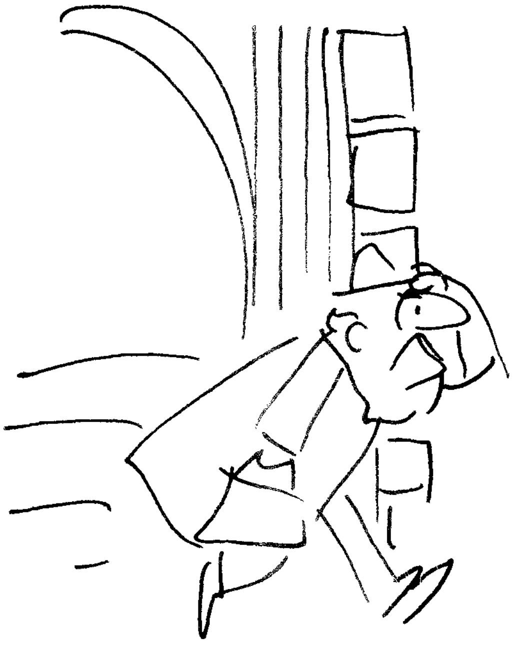


Clam Chowder
with his lawyers

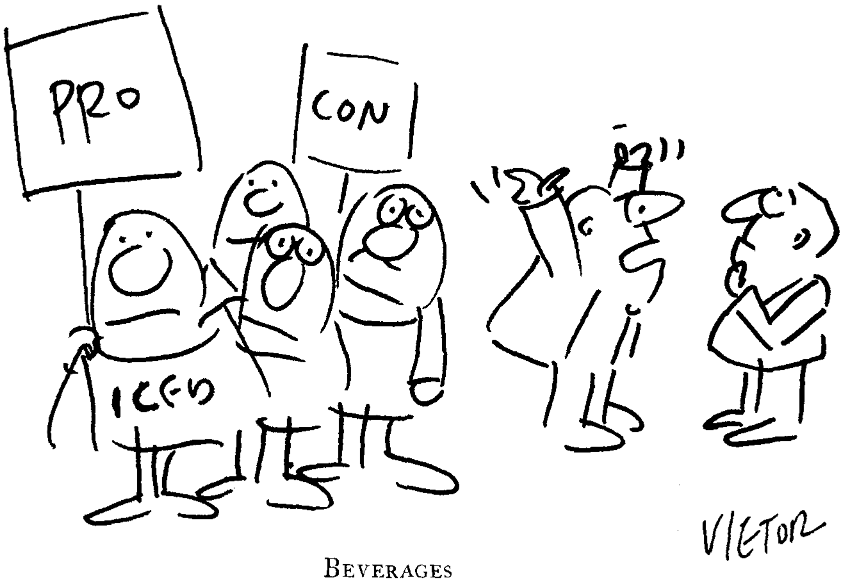
At a news conference in Washington, Clam Chowder and Soup of the Day said the action by Crab Louis and Ranch Ham and Eggs Any Style was a clear violation of their (the Soups') civil rights, and they would fight. Shrimp Sandwich on French Bread had no comment.



Soup of the Day
reading a statement



Shrimp Sandwich on French Bread
glimpsed leaving the embassy



Beverages

The beverage scene is confused. Pro-merger drinks at this hour appear to be in the majority. They include Coffee, Tea, Buttermilk, and Sanka. Anti-merger forces are led by a Carafe of House Wine and a Half Litre of Rosé.

Soft-drink sources say they are polling their members, while Ovaltine and Tomato Juice can't seem to make up their minds.

HONEY~MOON

I FORGET and remember with no will or intention; is that so very strange? I will not be parsed or analyzed, but why should I suddenly think of these two people I knew not very well, nor for very long, and draw closer to them than to my neighbors, my friends, my own family? How can I account to myself for bringing them back—Curly May Salmon and her husband, Sammy?

That wasn't her real name, but it was close. I don't suppose we were ever formally introduced. More likely, I heard someone speak her name and called her what I thought I had heard. Nobody corrected me, but with certain glances at each other that I did not comprehend—quick gestures of hands to trembling lips, and a little shoulder-shaking—my mother and aunt and their friends echoed what I had said, and they called her that from then on.

I was nine years old when Curly May came into my life, and after that I do not think I ever saw her again. It was a hot summer in the little town where my grandmother had been born and had gone to die, a time of "blistering heat," I think it was called, the kind of summer in small Midwestern towns when time stands still, when on the farms that sprawl out to the horizon from the town limits—the railroad tracks on the north, cemetery on the south, fairground east, and the new country club west—crops baked and ripened, when farmers put on straw hats and wrapped handkerchiefs around their necks to go into the fields, when their wives turned thankfully from the big black range in the kitchen to the four-burner coal-oil stove to fry their chickens and boil their potatoes and corn and bake their cream pies and angel-food cakes; none of them cared, in that heat, whose angel food was the tallest and lightest. In town, the little houses dozed all day, blinds drawn, swings on the front porch still, the family dog flung lifelessly along a worn, bare patch in the lawn close to the cool foundation. Twice a day, morning and evening, the doodlebug one-car shuttle screamed at the K.C. depot; every fifteen minutes, the town clock insisted that evening was on the way and it would be cooler. Then, at five o'clock, my day was done—in the evening in little towns, girls must have their baths and put on white dresses and sit on the porch or on the steps until suppertime. During the day, however, it seemed that only two things moved—one was me and the other was Curly May.

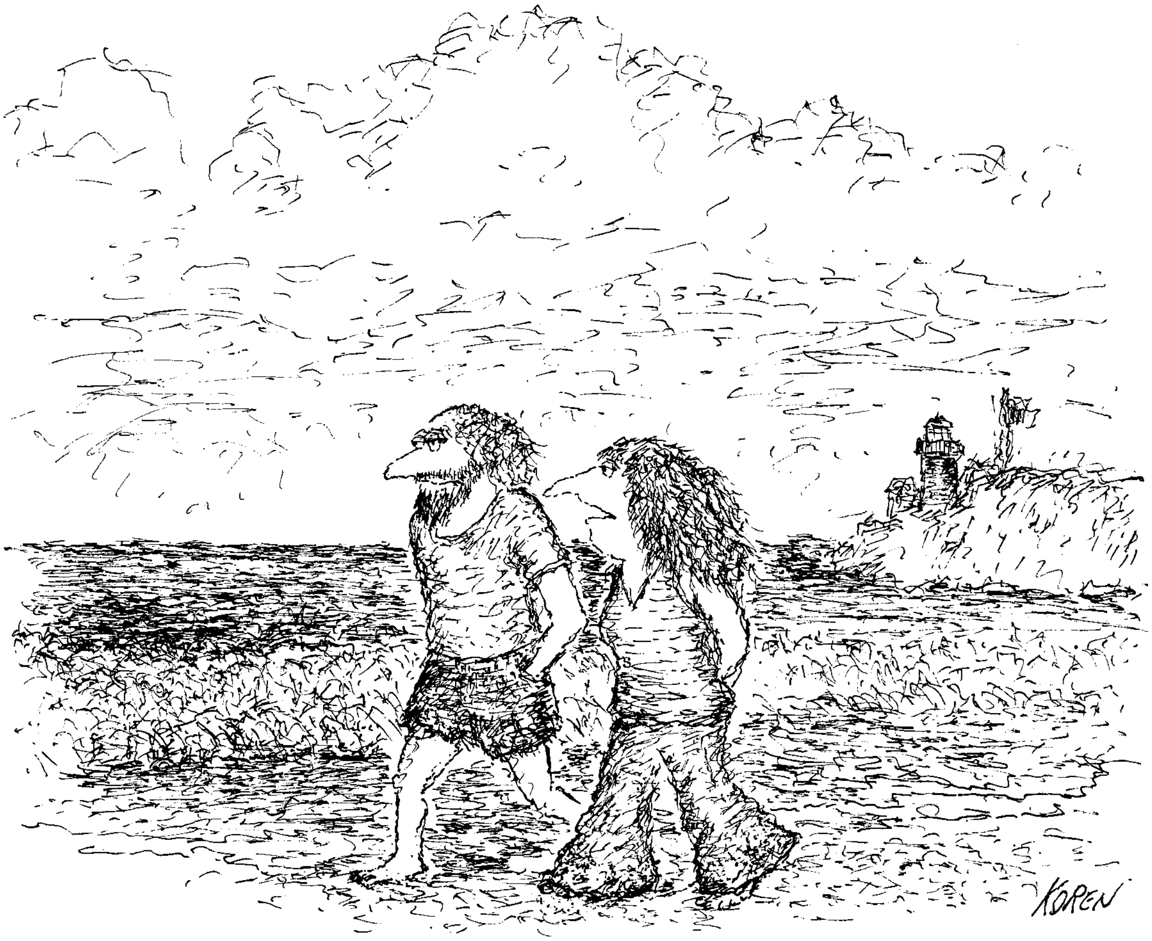
She was a society reporter for the town papers, the *Republican* and the *Democrat*. She was a gatherer of news, a gleaner of extraneous information from the world she scurried about in, a world in which she tabulated the comings and the goings and the doings of other people. Her life and her livelihood depended on something she had no part of—other people's lives—and she recorded what she heard.

It was June when I first saw her, and not yet very hot. The grass was still green, cool and soft under my bare feet. The yards were draped with sweet-smelling bridal wreath, and the ground beneath was white with tiny blossoms that fell like confetti. My grandmother's house teemed with us, her family, and her visitors. In the fashion of small-town people who pay calls on invalids, they brought jams and jellies, cakes, salt-rising bread and nut bread, pies and puddings and home-cured hams, thick buttermilk and tangy soft butter from their frosted churns. Farmers' wives arrived with a mess of beans or young peas, and sometimes a baked hen swimming in its own fat and thick, coarse golden noodles. God, how I loved it, a city girl who at home was limited to things that were good for her—lamb chops and sponge cakes, prune whip and apple snow. And then one afternoon there was Curly May, no one I had ever seen before, who padded into the parlor carrying over one arm stalks of big purple flowers, which she thrust at my grandmother, who sat quietly in her wheelchair in the midst of that prattling crowd.

"Flags," Curly May said lightly, and the chattering died away for a minute. "Flags from Sammy's garden."

My grandmother exclaimed over the irises and gave them to somebody to put in a vase. I took in Curly May.

She had a sweet voice, not of the cultivated sweetness that made me suspicious of some of my grandmother's visitors, as if they put on a certain voice with their fancy afternoon dresses, but the kind that made me wonder if she sang in the church choir. (I found out later that she did not; she



"I do think your problems are serious, Richard. They're just not very interesting."

sat alone far in back of the church, and looked to me as if she didn't know where she was.) She was soft and plump and panting. She sat—or, rather, collapsed—onto the edge of the chair. She might have been composed of different-sized balloons, as if she had been assembled by an amateur artist who had begun his sketch by drawing a small circle for the head, a larger circle for the torso, and proceeded from there wherever his fancy took him. Her face was dappled with heat; faded red hair swooped over her little round head to a messy bun in back; what she wore had not been recently ironed. Why did all the ladies in my grandmother's parlor disappear into the background, a murmuring, inconsequential chorus, a flutter of dotted swiss, of voile, of georgette? Where are they now? Legs apart, Curly May sat puffing for a minute and then reached to the floor to pick up her big scuffed pocketbook, bulging with heaven knows what. She fished out a man's handkerchief, a pencil, and a notebook. She ran the handkerchief over her face and neck and under the bun in back, settled her glasses on her nose, and opened the notebook, which she put on one knee. Wetting the pencil on her tongue, she peered at me. "You the girl from Chicago?" I nodded. "Eva's girl?" I nodded again, hopelessly; when would I ever be me and not someone else's property! She started to write, and as she wrote she said aloud, "Miss Betsy Fairchild arrived here recently from Chicago, Ill., to spend the summer with her grandmother, Mrs. B. Hardy, of this city. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. . . ." When she finished, she looked at me again. "Land, I know about you," she said. "Cats!" I heard my mother sigh; I felt my aunt shudder. My grandmother smiled and touched the flags that poked up from a crystal vase on a table by her chair.

"CATS" was right. Or, rather, kittens. I never did anything in Chicago except go to ballet and piano lessons and have friends over or go to their apartments to play. But I could not go anywhere by *myself*. I had to be picked up and delivered, like a package. I often wondered if I had been born C.O.D. And I wasn't allowed to have pets. When we got to my grandmother's, instead of being cooped up all the time I was turned loose. I strolled the town in complete freedom, idly, in overalls and unshod. But leisure is freedom for just so long; you need a project—at least, I did—and one soon presented itself. It so happened that many of the cats in town were having kittens; there would be a boxful somewhere and then they would be gone. I at last discovered what I could hardly believe—when the kittens were old enough to leave their mothers and become a nuisance, if they hadn't been spoken for they were *drowned*. I set to work to find catless people who wanted a kitten.

The young man next door was a mail carrier for the rural free delivery. I often went with him on his daily rounds, and he sometimes took cigars for the men at the county poor farm. In return for my help in handing out the cigars, he built a pen in my grandmother's back yard. Next, I needed transportation—it is easy enough to carry one or even two kittens that are five or six weeks old, but three kittens is another story. My birthday was early in July, and I wrote to my father in Chicago asking him for money. It came promptly. I went up to the square to Mr. T. O. P. Benson's Hardware Store and bought a dandy little red wagon with a nice deep rim. Even if you don't have kittens, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows are good things to have; I don't know why.

Well, the kittens wouldn't stay in the wagon; I never saw such climbers and scramblers. I had ten of them in the pen, and some were growing bigger than I had planned. I saw drowning or mysterious disappearances in my mother's eyes. I went to my friend next door for help, and he had just the thing—a crate, on whose open side he hammered a hinged top. And so, with three or four kittens in the crate on the wagon, I began to canvass the town. At first, I could not get over how many people did not want any kitten at all, free and everything. Living in nice houses and with all that room and a yard, how could they not want to give a kitten a home? Although I was successful in placing four or five after long hot walks through the summer days, I still had a few left, and they weren't getting any younger.

TRAILING my wagon one afternoon, bake-oven hot, I met Curly May again. We had often passed each other, but on opposite sides of the street. I had thought of waving to her after our first meeting, but she never saw me. She always looked straight ahead and she always trotted, her head poked forward like a duck in flight, following a straight line. I knew a little bit more about her by now, having asked and overheard. She and her husband lived in a small house at the edge of town. Like many small-town people, they had inherited their house, and, like many small-town people, they were poor. Curly May's money from the paper was probably the only income they had. Sammy took care of the house and garden and the chickens, and did the canning and preserving that kept them through the winter. This gave me a background, and when we met that afternoon on the same side of the street I knew that in knowing what I did I wanted to know more. We drew close. I had to raise my head and tip it back slightly—because of the hot sun, I was wearing the paper cap with the transparent green visor that a friend at Johnson's Hay, Grain and Feed had given me. She stopped. I stopped, too, uneasily—it is better to keep going if you have bare feet and the sidewalk is white-hot.

"Well, Betsy," she said. "Any news for me?"

She took off her glasses, opened the pocketbook, which hung from a bent elbow, pulled out the big handkerchief, and began to mop her glasses. She stared at me, and I noticed that her eyes were rather pink and that the lower lids held little puddles of water that seemed about to spill over but never did.

"We went to Ottumwa," I said, shuffling but thinking hard.

"Who?" she asked. "How many? Who went? Why? When?"

"Tuesday," I said, picking up one foot at a time. "My mother, Aunt Flo, and the Harvey girls. We went shopping. We brought back some lamb chops. My mother thinks they have better ones than here."

She had her notebook out and was writing on it as she held it in one hand. She held the pencil in her fingertips rather than along the side of the middle finger, as I had been taught to do in school. I tried to sort out the things in my head, but my feet were burning.

"My second cousin Frank went to Keokuk," I said. "When we asked him why, he said he was going to have a dam good time. In Keokuk," I explained, "there is a dam for water."

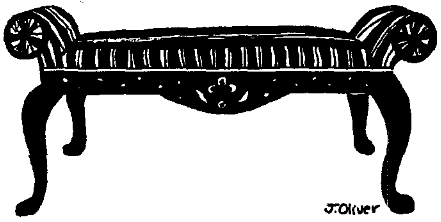
"Keep on," Curly May murmured.

"We are expecting a visitor from Sioux City," I said desperately. "I forget her name."

Curly May sighed. She closed the notebook and fanned herself with it. "I'm hotter than a little red wagon," she told me. "Well, there isn't much travelling this time of year. Mostly, people stay home or go to the lake or picnics at the country club. But the weddings are over; not much marrying now. No more honey-moons. I had a lot of honey-moons this year. Kept me real busy keeping track. You know about honey-moons?"

I shook my head and feet. She took off her glasses, dabbed at them, and stared at me with eyes that were like old marbles.

"A honey-moon," Curly May explained, "is after you get married. You take a trip away from home to someplace where you have never been. When you grow up, you will probably have a honey-moon. I'm going to have one someday. I never did before."



"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh, no time," she said. "And they cost money. But I'm saving. And someday . . ." Her voice trailed off. "You've never been to call on me," she said suddenly. "Want to come along now? It's not far, and Sammy will be pleased to meet you. You don't know Sammy Salmon, do you?"

"No," I said. Then I glanced at my wagon and felt discouraged. "But I've got a kitten left. And my mother said not to come home with it if I knew what was good for me."

"You just come along," Curly May said. "Plenty of time for that." And she started away, trotting down the street, always in a hurry, always on the go. I *did* want to meet Sammy. There was still time for a few more calls that afternoon, and I could easily persuade my mother that one more night with this kitten wasn't going to kill her, that I would surely find a home for it the next day, as I hadn't even started on the north side of town yet. So I followed Curly May, turned a corner, and saw her waiting for me in front of a tiny little house that sat squarely on the ground, right on the dirt. It was a yellow house, with no front porch at all but lots and lots of hollyhocks in front. "Right around

MORNING, NIGHT, AND VERY LATE

1

So vulnerable the merest
Water drop
Could kill a song cycle,
The birds have taken up
Their posts, the first
Subversives of the day,
Who chirp the light
Into position,
Instinct on a thread . . .

2

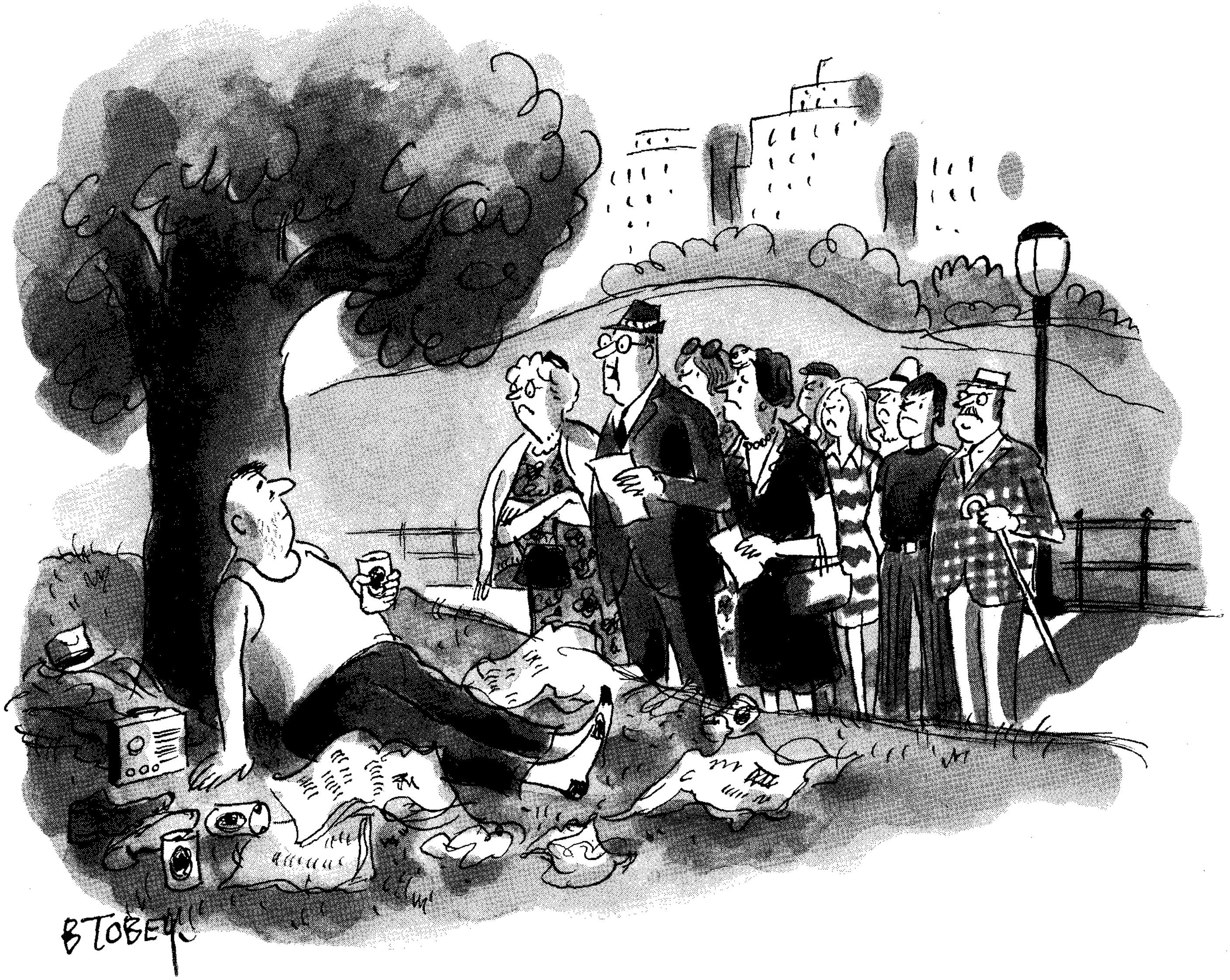
Cutting the lamps off, flicking the radio
On, or off, the blinds attended to,
Something is building up in the empty
Fireplace, something that long ago burned there—
Is it the old love that no longer answers
The phone, a mail key dropped through a sewer
Grating, the address on a packet of matches
You're wild to find but cannot remember?

3

I'm in a bar I thought I'd forgotten,
The wings of the jukebox flying, flying,
Trumpets—is it blood that is silver?—
In a dance palace, down by the river.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •



"I'll tell you who we are! We are the Friends of Central Park."

• •

here," Curly May said. "Sammy'll be in back. If he's not working in his vegetable patch, he's looking at it."

I followed around the side of the house and saw a man sitting in the back yard on an old kitchen chair. He wore white pants and a white shirt with long sleeves. He did not move or turn his head. Curly May stopped.

"Maybe you don't know about Sammy Salmon," she said. "He's what they call a deaf-mute. He never was able to hear—born that way—so he can't say words. But it don't bother him." And then Sammy turned his head and saw us.

He got up slowly but not very far. He was not much taller than his wife, but he was still taller than I was. I noticed that Curly May was making signs with fingers and hands. Sammy watched her and then spread out his arms and came over to me. He put both hands on my shoulders and nodded and smiled, as if he had been waiting for me all along. His eyes were so blue I could never forget them—the blue of my favorite crayon, which wouldn't last much longer, because I liked to color skies. His hair was thick and white and wavy and made little ringlets around his neck; his skin was golden brown. He pressed my shoulders. Then he took his hands away and made some signs to Curly May.

"Sammy is happy you are here," she said. "He says he's heard tell of you."

I looked helplessly at my hands, then up at Curly May. "I don't know how to do that," I said. "I want to tell Sammy that I am pleased to meet him, but I don't know how." I was fearful that she would tell him for me, and I wanted to be able to say it myself. She seemed to know that.

"Just say it to him," Curly May told me. "He can read your lips, you know."

I turned to Sammy. "I am very pleased to meet *you*," I said. He took my hand and shook it. Then he led me to another kitchen chair and nodded for me to sit on it. Curly May had gone over to a little stool and was now resting, her big pocketbook on its side in the grass. "My, talk about hot," she said, puffing. "Hadn't you better run that little old wagon under a tree to give that little old kitten some shade?"

I hadn't thought about that, but I did so now. Sammy had gone into the house. He came out presently carrying two small jars of iced tea with sprigs of mint, and gave them to Curly May and me. After we had rested a few minutes, Sammy pointed to his garden and then looked at me, raising his eyebrows. I glanced uneasily at Curly May, who was flipping the pages of her notebook and frowning. So I pointed to the garden, then to myself, and nodded hard up and down. Sammy clapped his hands and beamed at me. I got up. He took my hand and led me out to the vegetable patch. Stopping at some rows of corn, he touched a roasting ear, pointed to me, and raised his eyebrows. Without even thinking, I rubbed my stomach. This was fun. We went over to the tomatoes, and he went through the same motions. I rolled my eyes wildly. Instantly he stooped over, rummaged through the plants, and brought out a great red one, which he rubbed on his shirtsleeve and held out to me. I took it and bit into it; it was warm and juicy—the first tomato I had ever eaten right out of a sun-soaked garden. We went all through the vegetable patch. More than seeing all the good things to eat, I was thinking of how easy it was—I couldn't wait to tell my mother that you don't have to be able to hear and speak to talk to people.

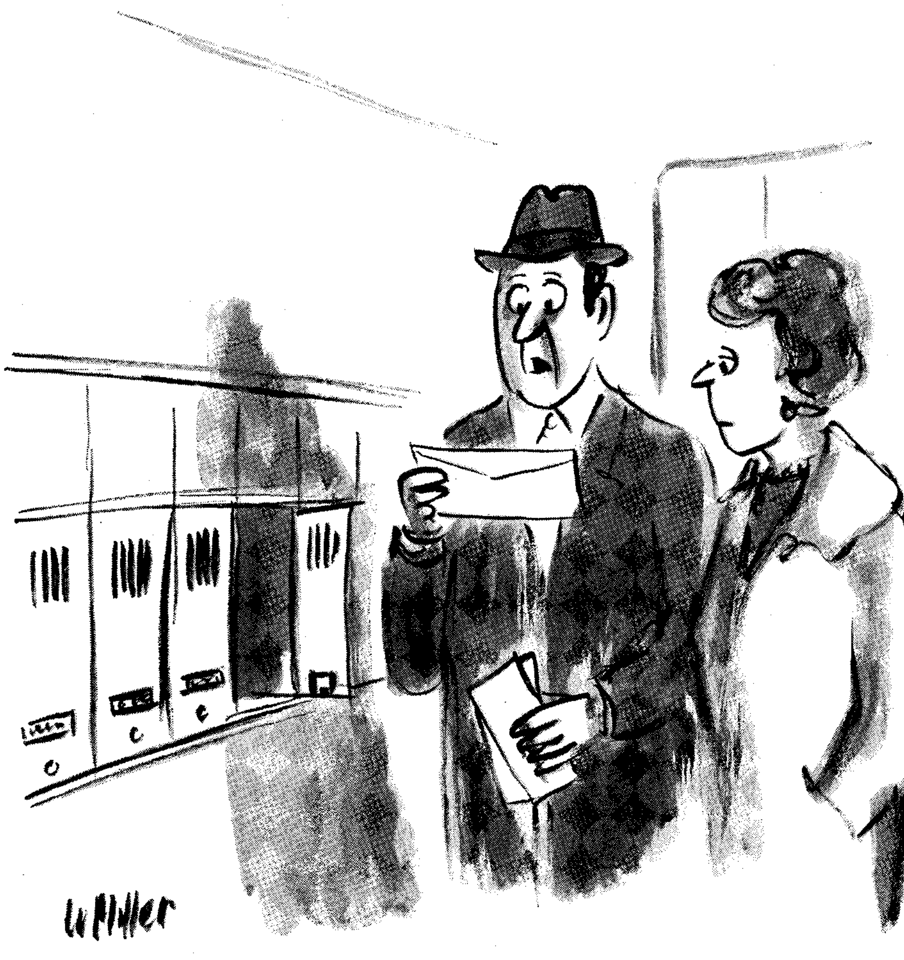
Remembering my mother, I knew it was late and I would have to be going along. Anyway, the kitten was beginning to be quite noisy, mewing loudly and scratching. I told Curly May, who nodded, agreeing, and then she made some signs to Sammy, who stood smiling at us. He walked over to the tree under which I had parked my wagon. He opened the top of the crate and flung both hands into the air as if he had never been so surprised in his life. Then he reached in and brought the kitten out. It happened to be one of the plainest of them all, being mostly gray with a white spot on its face, which gave it an uneven look. He held it before him on his two hands; it stopped fussing and looked at him with little round eyes. He put it up to his neck under his chin and rubbed his chin on its fur. Then he turned to me. Holding the kitten close with one hand, he waved the other at the garden and slowly shook his head. He waved toward Curly May, winked at me, and made a terrible face. He made a half circle from one shoulder to the other over his head, including the sky, and shook his head again. Finally, he took the kitten in both hands again, pretended to begin to cry, and looked at me with his head on one side. I nodded. He reached for my hand and squeezed it. Curly May said, "He surely thanks you. He'd rather have that kitten than anything else in the whole wide world."

PERHAPS I went back to call on them, for I was a noted visitor that summer, but I don't know. I don't remember seeing Sammy again. Maybe I did. Or Curly May, either. But why does she trot into my present life here, now, staring straight ahead, never looking at me, not even aware that she lives on only in my mind? Will she never rest? Is there nothing for her to stop for? Is there no more news from me that she needs?

At the end of the summer, I happened to be passing through my grandmother's parlor one afternoon, quickly, to pick up something I had left there before I should have to stop and talk to any of the visitors—or, rather, be talked at—when I heard a name that made me scurry on through and then hide behind the door to listen further. I peeked inside. Someone in a flower-sprigged sheer with ruffles was trying to read something but also trying not to laugh. Only my grandmother was not smiling. I believe she knew I was there beyond the doorway, listening. At last, the voice said, "Mrs. Curly May Salmon of this city departed on Friday for a honey-moon in Kankakee, Ill. Mr. Sammy Salmon remained at home to take care of the garden."

I imagined Curly May sitting on the Burlington train out of Ottumwa as it raced between fields of corn and timothy and alfalfa, past Chief Wapello's grave at Agency, whistling through Indian country into the evening; would those old ghosts of Sac and Fox be listening out there in Keota, Keosauqua, and Oskaloosa? Would she have dinner in the dining car as bells clanged and lights flashed at the crossing gates and in the dusk lamps flickered like fireflies in the little houses and children took off their roller skates at the doorway to home? Would the train stop at Fort Madison, near the Sheaffer Pen works? Would she change trains at noisy, smoky Burlington and cross the scary old Mississippi into Illinois? Then I was sad. Was I homesick? I slipped cautiously into the dim hall, humming and saying to myself the words of the song we sang in school: "By thy rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois,/O'er thy prairies verdant growing, Illinois, Illinois . . ." Or was it that I knew I, too, would go on a honey-moon someday, just to be able to travel by myself for a change, and that I didn't have the slightest idea of where I would go?

—KATINKA LOESER



"Well, now, here's a new approach. It's addressed to Troubled Citizen Occupant."

•

I paid $70 a week ago to have my TV repaired and now it is not working at all. I've called repeatedly to have them come and fix it and no response. I'm waiting to go to the hospital so need the TV for company or I'll lose my mind.—H. H., Parma Heights.

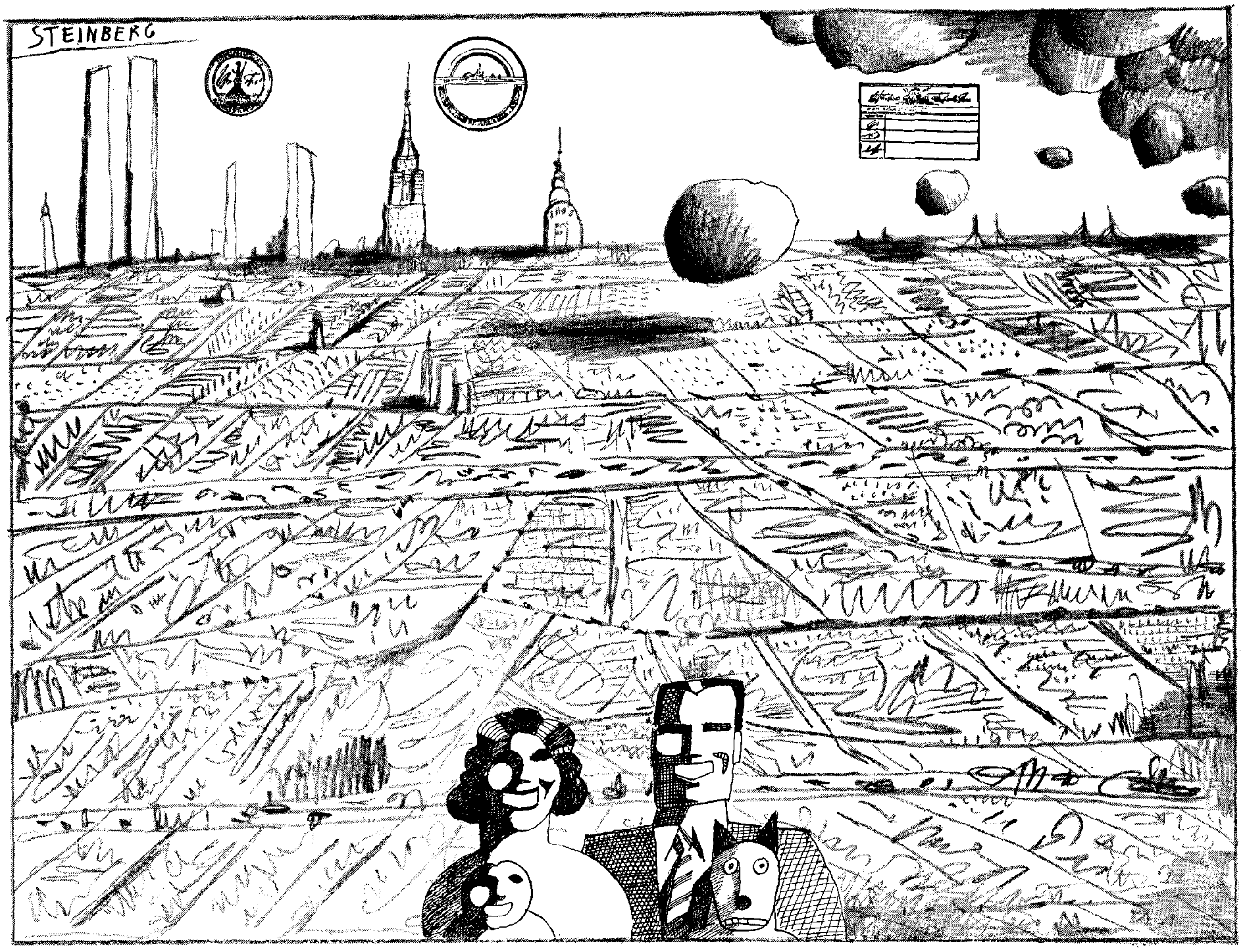
Glad to hear you have your set fixed. Happy watching and good luck. —*PDQuickline in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Next problem.

ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE POWER BROKER

II—IF THE END DOESN'T JUSTIFY THE MEANS, WHAT DOES?



WHEN, at the age of thirty-five, Robert Moses assumed his first two public posts—the presidency of the Long Island State Park Commission and the chairmanship of the State Council of Parks—in April of 1924, he had a park program but no money with which to carry it out. The program—the establishment of a system of parks and parkways on Long Island and throughout the state—was to be financed by a fifteen-million-dollar bond issue, which the Legislature had agreed to submit to the voters in a referendum. But the referendum was still seven months away; even if the vote was favorable, the money would not be legally available to Moses until the 1925 Legislature made specific appropriations out of the proceeds of the bond sale. However, at Governor Alfred E. Smith's request, the 1924 Legislature appropriated two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars from general state revenues to allow Moses to begin work.

With some of this money, Moses rented a suite on the fourteenth floor of the Vincent Building, at 302 Broadway. He reserved a large corner room for his own, laid down expensive carpeting, and hung expensive draperies. He bought for his own use one of the most expensive automobiles in America, a black Packard limousine, and hired a chauffeur. He filled the office with his friends, including Henry F. Lutz, who became the executive secretary of the State Council of Parks, and Raymond P. McNulty, who became the commission's counsel. And then Moses, who had spent four years of his life arguing that no personal consideration such as friendship should ever be allowed to influence civil-service appointments and that no civil servants should be exempt from competitive examinations, worked quietly through Smith's office to exempt his friends from civil-service examinations. He was so lavish in buying automobiles for his friends' use and furnishings for their offices that by summer he had spent more than sixty-three thousand dollars of the two hundred and twenty-five thousand.

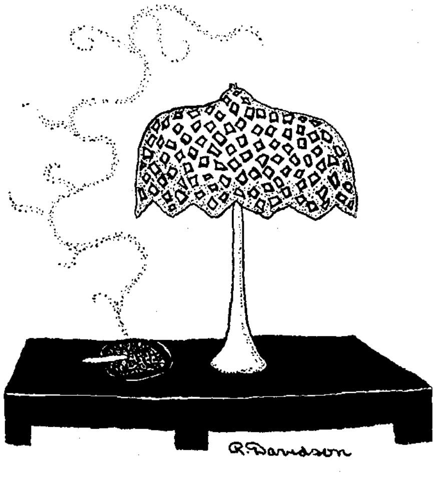
Harold Phelps Stokes, one of Moses' Yale classmates, was an assistant to Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover. During Moses' first week in his new post, he dashed off a letter informing Stokes of a discovery he had made at the Fire Island Coast Guard Station. Since the last maps had been drawn, the ocean had piled up six hundred new acres of sand on Fire Island's western end. Moses asked Stokes to persuade Hoover to release the new acres as an addition to the adjoining two-hundred-acre Fire Island State Park. When Hoover agreed, Moses had in a single step quadrupled the state-park acreage on Long Island. That same week, with Al Smith's help, he persuaded the New York City commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity to release twenty-two hundred acres of city water-supply properties north of Merrick Road, in Nassau County. Moses also had discovered this forgotten city possession, and he wanted to use the land as part of the route for his Southern State Parkway, which would connect the city with beaches and parks he planned to establish at Jones Beach and elsewhere on the South Shore of Long Island.

Much of the remainder of the route envisioned for the Southern State Parkway was farmland. Moses quickly learned not to visit farmers during the day, when they were occupied with chores. In the twilight of Long Island spring evenings, the big black Packard with its uniformed chauffeur would be standing in the front yard of one or another neat little farmhouse in Valley Stream, Rockville Centre, or Merrick while inside, at the kitchen table, Moses sat, jacket off, tie loosened, and shirtsleeves rolled up, drinking what he later remembered as an endless succession of glasses of beer and trading an endless succession of loud jokes with an endless succession of jovial but canny German and Dutch farmers, trying to bargain them down to the price—twelve hundred dollars per acre—that he had set for the right-of-way. Soon he had obtained options from a dozen farmers from whom he needed only land that was infertile or on the very edges of their farms and for which twelve hundred dollars per acre—payable in June, 1925, out of the anticipated legislative appropriation—was a good price.

A piece of property that Moses was especially interested in for parkland was the estate of the late George C. Taylor, in East Islip. When Moses approached some of Taylor's heirs, he received a pleasant surprise: they had already been thinking of selling. Talking to them earnestly and winningly of the public service they would perform by selling the land to the state, he persuaded them to accept two hundred and fifty dollars and give him an option, subject to approval by the other heirs, to buy the estate for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, payable in June. Next, he worked on the owners of land he coveted at Hampton Bays and Sunken Meadow, and they gave him similar options. Owners of land that Moses wanted at Montauk Point and Lloyd Neck seemed ready to follow suit. By the end of the summer of 1924, he seemed well on his way to establishing a state-park system on Long Island through the exercise of charm alone.

The charm could vanish swiftly, however. He joked and laughed with the farmers, but when one made clear that he would not sell his land Moses could change in an instant to quite a different approach, as he did in dealing with John Jacob Rasweiler, a Brooklyn-born farmer of German ancestry who, with his five sons, had gone broke trying to raise lettuce, spinach, cabbage, and cauliflower on a farm in Valley Stream and then had sold it and bought another one in Malverne. "We all six of us broke our backs to make that farm pay," one of the sons, P. G. Rasweiler, recalls. He still remembers the day the "parkway business" started. "The farm was doing good," he says. "Then Moses came one day. He introduced himself as 'I'm Robert Moses, representing the State of New York. We're going to put a parkway through this section of Long Island.' He was very polite, very diplomatic, at first. But when he saw my father wasn't going to sell, he stood up in our kitchen and he said, 'You know, Mr. Rasweiler, the state is all-supreme when it comes to a condemnation proceeding. If we want your land, we can take it.' Father wanted to make an agreement with him—he didn't want to have to go to the lawyers—but Moses wanted to take twenty acres from us. The whole farm was only eighty, eighty-five acres. The twenty acres was the choice of the whole farm. It had been woodland; we had worked hard to get it cleared off. We had just gotten it cleared, and it was just about ready to begin making money for us. It was right in the middle of the farm; if he took it, all our rows would be cut in half—how could you plow? And he was offering us twelve hundred dollars—the same price he was offering for bad land on the edges of other farms. That wasn't fair. But when we tried to explain that to him, he wouldn't even listen to us. Father asked him to go on the north boundary line instead. Father said if he'd take it from the boundary and not from the middle, he'd give it to the state for nothing. But Moses said, 'No.' His whole attitude was: 'This is where we're going, and that's it.' "

The next day, as Rasweiler and his five sons were in the fields, a young engineer Moses had hired, Sidney M. Shapiro, drove up with a surveying crew. "They just walked on the property and set up their things without asking permission," P. G. Rasweiler says. "Father asked them if they had papers from a court, and they didn't." The elder Rasweiler walked into his house, came out with a shotgun, put it against Shapiro's chest, and said, "I'll blow you to hell if you don't get off my land." Shapiro left and telephoned Moses, who said, "Get the state troopers and go back there."



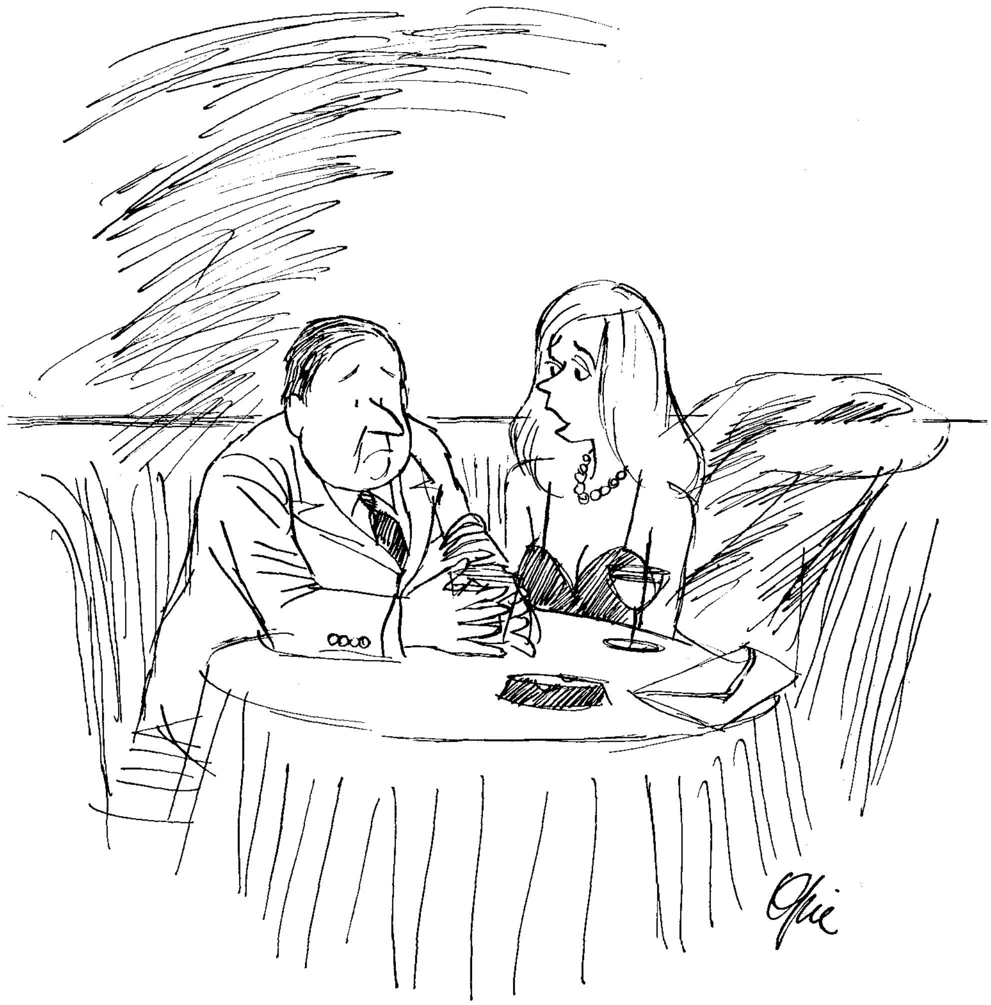
"They wanted to scare you, I guess," P. G. Rasweiler says. "But Father asked the troopers if the surveyors could go on our land without papers, and the troopers asked the surveyors if they had papers and they said no, and the troopers said to them, 'You can't go on this man's property without papers,' and they went away. So we thought we had won, but the next day they set up their things on the next farm—Moses only wanted land on the edges of that, so the farmer was friendly to him—and got the survey lines they needed from there and they condemned up the piece of our property they wanted. We went to the Court of Claims and got twenty-seven hundred dollars an acre—more than twice what Moses offered us. We kept what was left of the farm, but it wasn't the same. I went into the trucking business—worked for my brother-in-law."

The charm could vanish just as quickly with a financier as with a farmer. Members of the Timber Point Country Club, which adjoined the Taylor estate, were shocked when they learned that Moses planned to turn the estate into a public park. Two of them—Horace Havemeyer and his young brother-in-law, the stockbroker W. Kingsland Macy—had even more reason to be disturbed than the ninety-eight other Timber Point members. Anxious to attract more of "the right kind of people" to East Islip, the two men had recently decided to buy the Taylor estate themselves, divide its 1,468 acres into fifty building lots, and sell the lots, at prices ranging from fifty thousand dollars on up, to fifty persons so right that they would even be invited to join the Timber Point Country Club. The proposition promised to be highly rewarding financially as well as socially. Now, to forestall Moses, they hastily persuaded their friends in the Deer Range Corporation—which had been formed by Taylor's heirs for the purpose of turning the estate into a hunting preserve—to overrule their officers, deny Moses the option he had been promised, and instead sell the estate to them for the same two hundred and fifty thousand dollars he had offered, plus fifty per cent of any profit they made on subsequent resales. Learning of these machinations, Moses asked Macy to drop around to his office. When the stockbroker arrived, Moses bluntly ordered him not to consummate the deal. Macy refused to agree. What happened next he later testified to under oath: "Mr. Moses told me he could take my house away from me. . . . Mr. Moses told me he could decide the disposition of these cases all by himself. Furthermore, he added, they were going to take that place away from us and nothing we could do would stop it. . . . He told me personally that his power was such that he could seize my house, put me out of it, and arrest me for trespass if I tried to get into it again. . . . Mr. Moses told me . . . that he was able to control the press of New York City, so as to hold me up to such obloquy that I would not be able to stand it." And Moses was as good as his word. No sooner had Havemeyer and Macy actually bought the Taylor estate than, without even a pretense of negotiating with them as the law required, Moses directed Park Commission attorneys to draw up a notice of entry and appropriation covering the property and to serve it on the Patchogue Land Corporation, which the two men had formed to develop the estate. And while the notice was being served, he stationed armed state troopers on the estate and instructed them not to allow anyone concerned with Patchogue to enter it even to remove personal property they had left there.

The route that Moses had planned for his Northern State Parkway, which would connect the city with public parks and beaches that he hoped to establish on Long Island's North Shore, ran, west to east, through the estates of Mrs. Henry Phipps, E. P. Whitney, Winthrop Williams Aldrich, Henry Carnegie Phipps, Harry Payne Whitney, Francis P. Garvan, E. D. Morgan, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Bronson Winthrop, Mrs. C. C. Rumsey, and Otto Kahn. The Phippses, Whitneys, Aldriches, Garvans, Morgans, Vanderbilts, Winthrops, Rumseys, and Kahns refused even to discuss the parkway with Moses. One summer weekend in 1924, as they relaxed in the manor houses that they had so carefully secured against the public, they noticed outside their gates surveying crews setting up their telescope-like levels—and pointing the levels in their direction. When they dispatched servants to inquire what the surveyors were doing, the servants returned with the information that the surveyors were "laying out the route for the parkway." In some cases, before the guards could chase them away the surveyors laid out a line of red and white flags to mark the exact route of the parkway, and the flags marched straight across the lawns and right by the front doors of the astonished barons.

The barons dispatched their lawyers to Moses, and Moses did not treat the lawyers with the deference to which they were accustomed. One lawyer told Moses that there was enough power in Wheatley Hills, where many of the barons' estates were situated, to insure that no parkway would ever run through there. "Well," Moses replied, "we're going to teach the Wheatley Hills people a lesson." For all the barons' lawyers, he spelled it out bluntly: If their clients were willing to donate land for the parkway, its route could be shifted away from their houses to the borders of their huge estates. But the commission had the power to appropriate the land right next to their houses, and if they weren't coöperative it was going to do so.

"Appropriate?" the lawyers asked one another. What did that mean? In law offices all along Wall Street, lawyers hastily turned the pages of the act, drafted by Moses and passed by an unwitting Legislature, that had established the Long Island State Park Commission. Buried deep within it they found a clause empowering the commission to acquire land "in the manner provided by Section 59 of the conservation law." Section 59 of this forgotten law, they found, empowered the state to acquire land not by condemnation, which was a slow process, but by appropriation. "Appropriation" was defined as a procedure in which a state official could take possession of land by simply walking on it and telling the owner that he no longer owned it, and that if he wanted compensation he would have to apply to a condemnation commission. The appropriation method had never been used anywhere except in remote forests, and hadn't been used at all for more than thirty years. One attorney, after studying the law that Moses had drafted, wrote a friend,



"Gee, Mr. Martinson! Determining which issues have growth potential while simultaneously working to provide your clients with a reasonable annual yield is most certainly creative."

• •

"The powers most innocently expressed in Sections 8 and 9 are, in my opinion, when read in conjunction with Section 18, sufficiently broad to permit this Commission to take over the whole of Suffolk County."

And even while the lawyers were studying the powers conferred by the act, Moses was giving evidence of his intention of using them. In August, the owners of the Montauk Point land Moses wanted learned that Carl G. Fisher, the developer of Miami Beach, was planning to transform Montauk into a similar resort area. If he succeeded, their land would become immensely valuable. They notified Moses that they would not sign the option agreement. He responded by appropriating the choicest portion of their land—an eighteen-hundred-acre tract called Hither Hills. Then he appropriated twenty-two acres on Lloyd Neck. The lawyers told their clients that they were in for a fight.

The skirmishers made contact first over the Taylor estate. The attorneys for Havemeyer and Macy's Pauchogue Land Corporation told their clients that the powers given to the Long Island State Park Commission by the act that had established the commission were broad but that, broad as they were, Moses had overstepped them. He may have written the law, they said, but he had also broken it. Section 59 of the conservation law gave the commission the power to appropriate land, the attorneys said, but Section 59 also said *that the power could be used only after* negotiations with property owners had failed, either because no price could be agreed upon or for some other reason. Moses had never negotiated; he had never bothered to mention a price to any representative of Pauchogue. Moreover, the state constitution forbade any state agency to buy, condemn, or appropriate land unless it had enough money on hand to pay for it. Moses had appropriated the Taylor estate on December 4, 1924. The park bond issue had been approved in the referendum, but under its provisions none of the fifteen million dollars was available for the acquisition of land until each specific acquisition had been approved by the Legislature, and the Legislature had, of course, given no such approval. The Legislature hadn't even met since the referendum. Even if Moses contended that the two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars allocated to the Long Island State Park Commission by the 1924 Legislature could be used to acquire the Taylor estate—a contention of extremely doubtful legality—the Taylor estate was worth more than two hundred and twenty-five thousand. And Moses didn't have even that amount anymore. Before the appropriation, he had spent sixty-three thousand on "overhead expenses," and then there was the money he owed the owners of the land he had appropriated at Montauk Point and Lloyd Neck. The Taylor-estate appropriation, the attorneys said, was clearly illegal. They could surely demonstrate this to Governor Smith, they said, and before an appropriation could take effect Smith had to sign the appropriation form.

It had been obvious to Smith's advisers that he was uncertain about signing. One factor in the Governor's deliberations was his friendship with Moses, which had grown closer and closer since the Governor, who had taken such pride in his reputation as "the best bill-drafter in Albany," had discovered in Moses a bill-drafter even better than he. Often, after dinner in the Executive Mansion or in New York City, Smith would say, "I wonder what Bob's doing tonight—let's get him." Someone would call Moses. When he arrived, Smith would say, "Bob, let's go to Dinty Moore's," and the two men would sit for hours in a back room specially reserved for the Governor, drinking beer, cracking crabs, and talking. Sometimes the Governor and Moses would delight their listeners by going into a sort of rapid-paced comic dialogue on the Albany scene. Or if there was a piano handy, Smith would jump up, walk over to it, and say to Moses, "Come on, Bob, let's show these people what we can do." One of the men who watched Smith and Moses harmonizing on such occasions says, "There was a tie there that was beyond business or politics." As for Moses, with acquisition of power in his own name, his last restraints had vanished; he did not hesitate to mock to their faces men of wealth or influence. But he treated Al Smith with a respect that was unforgettable to those who saw the two men together. "When Moses was with Smith, he would always be spouting out ideas, pacing, gesticulating, talking," Carlos Israels, an attorney who knew both men, has said. "But it was the talking and gesticulating of an enthusiastic boy with his father, a father whom he admired and to whom he was very respectful." And one of Smith's aides has recalled, "He acted to Smith as he acted to no one else, with deference and respect." Smith was always "Governor" to Moses. Moses never addressed him—either in letters or in speech—as anything but "Governor." And this was a fact more significant with Moses than it would be with other men. During the forty years after Smith left Albany, Moses served under five other governors. He never addressed them—in letters or in speech—except by their first names. He never called any one of them "Governor." For Moses, there would always be only one Governor.

Another factor that Smith had to consider was the efficacy of parks as an issue, which had been proved again in his 1924 reëlection campaign. Running against the popular young Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., he had turned his campaign tours into appeals for approval of the park bond issue. Although the Republican Presidential candidate, Calvin Coolidge, had carried New York State, Smith had run nearly a million votes ahead of his ticket and won reëlection. And, noting that the bond issue had carried by about a million votes, he felt that no small part of his victory was due to his identification with parks. Nonetheless, the question of the legality of Moses' appropriation still bothered him. The appropriation form that Moses was asking him to sign began with the words "I, Alfred E. Smith, Governor of the State of New York, *being satisfied that there is available a sum representing*

fair compensation for the land to be entered and appropriated, do hereby approve . . ." How could he possibly be so satisfied? His advisers, listening to the Governor think out loud on the subject, believed he probably would not sign.

After the election, the Governor scheduled a closed hearing on the Taylor-estate appropriation, to be held in an apartment that he kept in the Biltmore Hotel. Havemeyer and Macy were confident when they arrived at the apartment with their attorneys. Moses, arriving with Raymond McNulty and another commission attorney, was not. But the outcome of the hearing did not hinge on legalities. Smith, anxious to learn for himself the basic position of each side, conducted the hearing informally, bantering, telling jokes, encouraging the principals as well as their attorneys to talk. And Havemeyer talked. Explaining why he didn't want a park in East Islip, Havemeyer said that he feared the town would be "overrun with rabble from the city."

In later years, Smith's biographers, describing the hearing, pictured the Governor as laughing at the remark and saying, with a grin, "Rabble? Why, that's me." The words Smith actually used were similar, but there was no grin. When Havemeyer used the word "rabble," Smith looked up at him. The laughter in the room died away. "Rabble? That's *me* you're talking about," Smith said. He reached out a hand and seized the appropriation form.

Trying desperately to turn his remark into a joke, Havemeyer said quickly, "Why, where's a poor millionaire to go nowadays if he wants to be alone?"

"Try the Harlem Valley Hospital," Smith said. The Harlem Valley State Hospital was a mental institution. As Havemeyer flushed, the Governor signed the form.

THE Taylor-estate fight transformed a quiet, conservative stockbroker and connoisseur of antiques into a major New York State political figure. The stockbroker was W. Kingsland Macy, a tall, slender former Harvard *Crimson* editor, a year younger than Moses, who invariably wore starched high, round collars and dark-blue suits with vests, and often pince-nez. Not wealthy, but well off, Macy seemed, with a seat on the Exchange and a modest but well-tended East Islip estate, the very model of the country gentleman—except that, unlike his brother-in-law Horace Havemeyer and the other members of the Timber Point Country Club, he was noticeably uninterested in making money. One observer of his career later wrote, "All the while he had a vague idea that he would like to enter politics, but he did not know how to go about it." And since he was an unsmiling man, with the thin, tight-pressed lips of the ascetic, very reserved even with friends, it seemed unlikely that he would find out. But, as that observer also wrote, "No man living excels Macy in the capacity for appreciating an outrage that has been perpetrated against his rights. He cherished and cultivated his wrongs as other men worship Old Masters." And now Macy felt that Moses had wronged him.

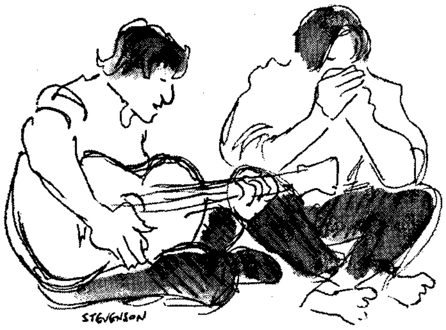
The day after the appropriation, new fuel was heaped on Macy's outrage. His lawyers had notified Moses that an appeal was planned, and Moses' lawyers had agreed that the matter was still in abeyance and that therefore a hunting party that had been planned for the next day could be held on schedule. But the next day, stationed on the property were men in uniform carrying revolvers—state troopers, who refused to allow the members of the party even to remove hunting equipment they had previously left there, which had certainly not been included in any appropriation. Pheasants and mallards that the millionaires had raised were rounded up by Department of Conservation workers and put in trucks to be hauled away. Within days, Macy was receiving reports that crews of workmen had begun cutting down trees and demolishing buildings on the property.

Havemeyer was a businessman. Smith's actions had cost him an opportunity for a large profit, but at least he could, through the Court of Claims, get his money back, with interest. He saw no point in throwing good money after bad by fighting the state. But Macy no longer viewed the situation strictly in business terms. "There is a question of importance . . . because of certain fundamental principles of this Government which are being ruthlessly overthrown by the Long Island Commission," he told his partner in a letter. If Moses could do this to us, Macy said, he could do it to anyone. "No one's home is safe." The principles were too important to be surrendered without a fight, he said. He tried to persuade Havemeyer to invest in a legal fight to oust the commission from the property. Havemeyer agreed to pay half of all legal expenses up to twenty-five thousand dollars but said he would not spend a cent beyond that.

On December 30, 1924, Pauchogue's lawyers began the fight by asking the Suffolk County Court to enjoin the Long Island State Park Commission from altering the property *until a trial could be held to determine* if the appropriation was legal. Judge George H. Furman issued the temporary injunction on the day it was applied for, allowing the state troopers to remain on the property to insure that its condition was not changed before the trial but prohibiting them from interfering with its use by Pauchogue for whatever purpose the corporation wished, including hunting. And Furman added to his order a line that seemed to confirm Macy's contentions. The appropriation, the Judge said, was clearly illegal.

Hastily striking an alliance with the robber barons of the North Shore, Macy agreed that the best strategy was to cut off all Park Commission funds until new laws could be passed taking from the commission the right of acquiring land by appropriation. Because of the barons' control of the Legislature, there seemed little doubt that the strategy would succeed. But Macy was handicapped by principles. When a reporter from the *Times* asked Macy to show him around the Taylor estate, so that he could see if, as Macy had asserted, it was really inaccessible and, in any case, too marshy for use as a park, Macy disdained to seize this opportunity to sway the press. No, he replied, he did not want to influence the reporter's thinking. He was sure the truth would be obvious. He would not accompany him. "Macy," Moses said later, "was the amateur in politics." Once, Moses had been the amateur, but he wasn't any longer. And he knew how to take advantage of someone who was—as became apparent on January 8, 1925, on the front page of the *Times*.

"A FEW RICH GOLFERS ACCUSED OF BLOCKING PLAN FOR STATE PARK," the headline said. "R. B. MOSES OF LONG ISLAND COMMISSION TELLS OF FIGHT FOR SITE ON SOUTH SHORE. INFLUENCE USED, HE SAYS." The story began, "Robert B. Moses, President of the Long Island State Park Commission, charged yesterday that a little group of wealthy men was obstructing the commission's plan to create a state park on the South Shore, five miles east of Islip, and that legal action had been taken by them only when every avenue of social and political influence had failed." The next two paragraphs were a restatement of that theme. The "wealthy men" were allowed one paragraph—the fourth—for rebuttal; they were not heard from again until paragraph twenty-six, by which point the *Times'* readers had had spread before them, almost verbatim, Moses' press release. The release harped on the fact that his opponents were "wealthy residents," "rich residents," "rich people," possessed of "every sort of political and social influence." Nowhere did the release mention the fact that a judge had found Moses' action illegal. And nowhere in the story, which ran for thirty-one paragraphs, did the *Times* see fit to mention it, either. Unable to avoid mentioning the injunction, Moses said that it had been granted by a "local judge"—a phrase with implications. "We will fight it," he said. "Upon its outcome depends whether the public or a small group of rich people can have a playground there."



Any reader who persevered until paragraph twenty-six began to notice that there was another side to the story. Contrary to Moses' statement, Macy said at that well-buried point, it was not just "a few rich golfers" who objected to the park but a large majority of the residents of Islip Town and Suffolk County. And the point of the injunction, he said, was that Moses had violated the law and seized property without due process. "If the commission can do this, it can, by passing a resolution and getting the mere formality of the Governor's signature, seize any man's home, dispossess him and put state troopers there to prevent his re-entering," he said. "It is for that

A DEATH IN THE MARSH

1

Crammed into orange vests,
their faces burning with wind
and whiskey,
hunters were popping off
on rabbits hills away,
but the dogs were below the house,
then on the marsh
where a skinny creek
staggered out through
winter *Spartina*—
two mongrels,
a black and a gold,
yapping across opposite banks,
harrowing something,
a sleek head between them
in the water. Muskrat?
But binoculars took in
the eyestrip,
the claws raised to incisors.

2

The gold mutt yelled behind it,
hackles stiff as quills,
blocking a way;
and neck deep, the raccoon
swiping, backpedalling;
the black one bridging water
to the gold;
coon flashing into empty grass,
both of them
on the grizzled hump.
Gone.
Whanging a ladle and pan,
I made trees shiver.
Grass flailed up growls
and the whole triptych
again, coon in the creek,
spitting into the jowls
of the black dog worrying it,
overleaping them.
Then the grovels of low business.

3

And the petty thief's shadow
scuffling on quilts of mulch,
its owl quaver
and funnel of cries down the dark?
Dispatched
to omnivorous heaven
to throw back the bolts
of swill sheds,
to ramble the spectrum of eats?
Between us and other deaths
always some distance.
Always this question
in the minutes no one owns.
Even the grosbeaks paused
at haggling seeds,
and the dogs,
small in a lull of wind:
occasional earflop,
spot of grass turning gold
as though from a quick
patch of sun,
whimper of licked cuts.
On all those acres
not a bleached spear out of place,
and they crawled to firmer ground,
blood seeded with wandering,
while I counted seventeen houses
on the hills.

—Brendan Galvin

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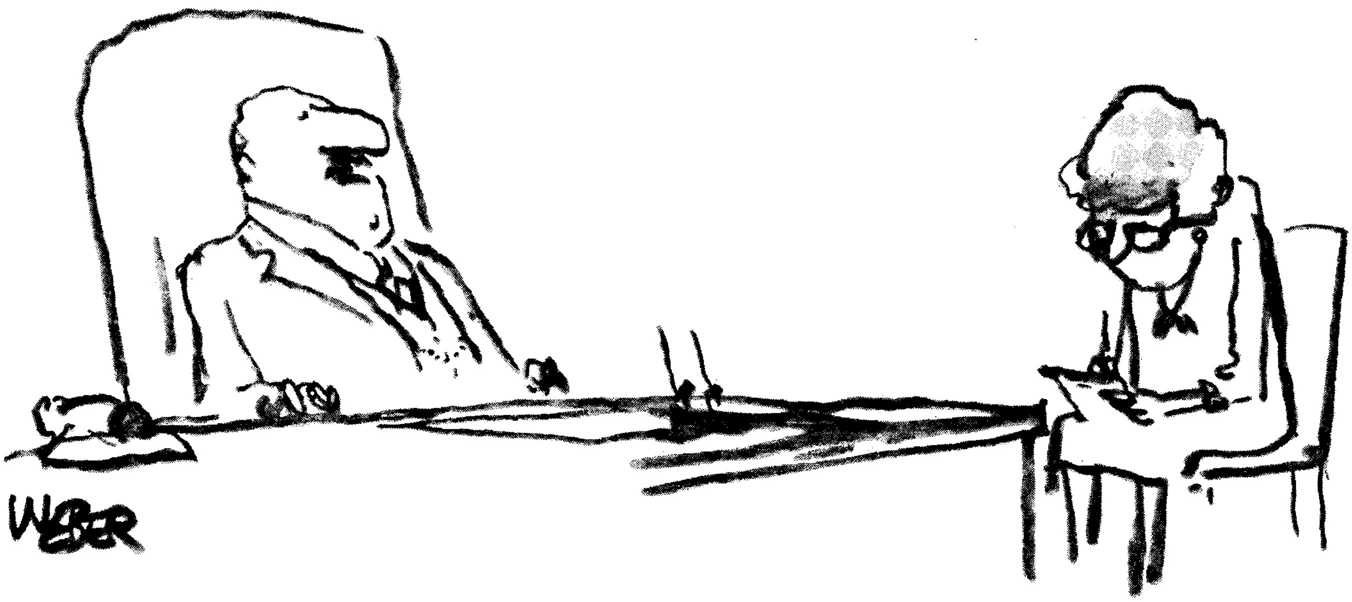


"'Yours very truly.' Underline the 'very.'"

• •

reason that we have taken the issue to court." But when the *Times* finally gave him a chance to talk, Macy talked too much. Far from trying to dodge the "influence" issue, he sought to defend it. "We did use influence," he said. "But we could not go round and see every citizen in the state about the matter. We saw various representative men. And we did go to the Governor. Mr. Moses went to the Governor, too. Well, I am a citizen of the state of New York and I have as much right to see the Governor as Mr. Moses." Such public-relations naïveté, combined with the *Times'* slanting, made Moses' début in a headline on the front page of the nation's most respected newspaper a triumph. While Macy had won the first round in a court of law, Moses had won the first round in the court of public opinion.

In the former court, Moses could not evade the facts that the *Times* had relegated to paragraph twenty-six. When, as he had promised the *Times'* readers, he did "fight" the injunction issued by the "local judge," asking the State Supreme Court to invalidate it, Supreme Court Justice James C. Van Siclen refused. The injunction would remain in force until a full trial was held. Such a trial, Judge Van Siclen made clear, could result not only in the return of the Taylor estate to Pauchogue but in the assessing of substantial damages against the Long Island State Park Commission, against the individual commissioners (including Robert Moses), against New York State, and even, conceivably, against Governor Smith. To indicate his own feelings in the matter, Van Siclen ordered the commission to pay Pauchogue a symbolic ten dollars in court costs.

Now Moses' only hope was the Legislature. If it appropriated—"segregated" was the legal term—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the bond-sale revenues for purchase of the Taylor estate, he could argue that the commission had seized the estate in anticipation of the segregation. This was a weak defense, but at least it was a defense. If the Legislature did not segregate the two hundred and fifty thousand, the commission, and Moses, would have no legal defense at all. There would be no money to pay for the land that Moses had taken. The Legislature, however, was controlled by the state's Republican Party, which was dominated financially by the barons, philosophically by a concern for the rights of private property, and politically by its desire to embarrass Alfred E. Smith, the man who had shattered its control of New York State. In the Republicans' view, one of Smith's appointees had broken the law and Smith had, by signing the appropriation form, helped him do it; thus they saw an ideal chance to embarrass the Governor by publicizing the facts of the case.

On February 11th and 26th, the Senate Finance Committee and the Assembly Ways and Means Committee held joint hearings on the appropriation in Albany. Throughout the hearings, despite the efforts of the Senate Finance Committee chairman, Charles J. Hewitt, to gavel him into silence, Moses was on his feet berating witnesses. "I never knew of persons to come before a legislative hearing with dirtier hands than the people of East Islip!" he shouted at one. But shouting could not drown out the facts. To refute Moses' contention that only "a few rich golfers" opposed the park, more than a dozen elected officials testified that the majority of Suffolk's hundred and ten thousand residents and Islip Town's twenty-one thousand opposed it. When Moses himself was summoned to the stand, the questioner was F. Trubee Davison, a young assemblyman who had learned a great deal about asking questions since the day, a year before, when he agreed to introduce Moses' park bills without first finding out what was in them.

"Did you have the money available at the time [of the appropriation]?" Davison demanded.

"That is a question for the courts to decide," Moses replied.

"Well, did the commission believe it had the money available to pay a reasonable value on this property?" Davison demanded.

"Yes, we did," Moses said, explaining that he was referring to money appropriated to the Long Island State Park Commission by the 1924 Legislature.

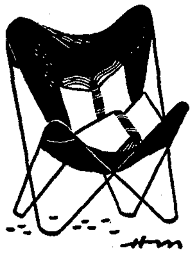
"Well, let us see about it," Davison said. "The Legislature last year appropriated two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the Long Island Park Commission. Did you spend any of that money before the Taylor estate case came up?"

"Yes, some of it," Moses admitted.

"Then," Davison said, "how does your arithmetic work out? You had only two hundred and twenty-five thousand to start with and you admit that you spent some of it. How could you have enough to cover the Taylor case?"

"We think we had it," Moses said.

Davison had made his point. After the hearings, Moses printed up "transcripts" of them—with his own damaging admissions omitted—and mailed them to state officials and legislators. But the officials and legislators had themselves been following the hearings. "I am . . . opposed to the illegal practice of appropriating lands when no funds are available to pay the owners," said the state's chief legal officer, Attorney General Albert Ottinger, a Republican. The state had "an obligation" to people whose property it took "without their consent." Assembly Speaker Joseph A. McGinnies said that the Legislature would strip the power of appropriation from the commission. And other Republican legislators said that the Legislature would certainly not segregate any money at all—ever—for the purchase of the Taylor estate.



The Republican majority in the Legislature drafted a bill segregating six million dollars of the bond issue for the acquisition of various parks but no funds for the acquisition of the Taylor estate, and stripping the Long Island State Park Commission of all its powers. The Legislature passed the bill. Smith vetoed it. The veto did not help Moses or Smith. They needed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. If the money wasn't segregated, Moses' acts would be declared flatly illegal in court, and no governor would be able to put a good face on such a development—especially not a governor who was involved, even if only peripherally and only because he had been misled by an appointee. Early in April, Smith told his advisers that he would summon the Legislature back into special session to try to force it into the segregation.

Moses' only hope of not having to appear in court without the money, or the promise of money, for the appropriation was to stall court proceedings until after the special session. Frantically, the commission's attorneys employed every legal stratagem available. They moved to strike certain clauses out of Pauchogue's complaint. Judge Van Siclen denied the motion. They appealed his decision to the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court. The Appellate Division denied the appeal. They appealed the denial to the Court of Appeals. Then they went back to Van Siclen's court and moved to strike out other clauses. Van Siclen denied the motion. They appealed the decision. April dragged into May. The case, Van Siclen commented, should have been tried long since. But the commission attorneys filed new motions. Then they sought "judgment on pleadings," a device that required the filing of a long series of briefs by both sides. Then they appealed the decisions to the Appellate Division. Every appeal was denied, but every one used up time. Macy raged at the delays, but Moses kept stalling.

So did Smith. All through April and May, Moses was gently nudging the Governor to call the special session. So, for less personal reasons, were his other advisers. Since he had a great issue, they said, wouldn't it be best to press it while it was still fresh in the public's mind? Wait, Smith said. He had thought of something his advisers hadn't. New York City wasn't hot in April. It wasn't hot in May. New Yorkers weren't yet desperate for a bathing beach such as the one the Taylor estate would provide. On June 1st, a Monday, the first of the summer's inevitable heat waves settled over the city like a soggy blanket. By the weekend, the temperature was in the nineties. The city's people fled. Traffic jams on Long Island were worse than ever. Policemen barring the gates to a town park in Huntington were assaulted by frustrated motorists.

On June 10th, Smith announced that the special summer session would open on June 22nd. The next day, in a speech that was carried on a statewide radio hookup, Smith presented the argument for parks. "There are people in this state who are opposed to parks," Smith said. "There are people in this state who are opposed to parks, to the park program, because they do not desire public parks or parkways too close to their private estates, golf clubs, and foxhunting and polo fields." In other speeches before the special session, he kept pounding on the theme of the few against the many, of wealth, privilege, and influence against the masses, of parks against the millionaires' golf clubs. In 1925, the mailboxes of legislators were situated near the "midway," the corridor between the Senate and Assembly chambers, on the third floor of the capitol. Each morning, as reporters headed for the legislative chambers, they could see those mailboxes. After each of Smith's speeches, the mailboxes were overflowing with letters and postcards supporting Smith.

And the press didn't help the Republicans. In their editorials, all the city papers—with the exception of the *Herald Tribune*, which was notorious during the latter part of the nineteen-twenties for its espousal of the upper-class viewpoint—seemed to be vying with one another in whipping up public support for the Governor's stand, and the support for Smith and Moses spilled off the editorial pages into the supposedly impartial news columns. The paper in which this tendency was most striking was the *Times*, both because the paper strove so diligently for objectivity on other issues and because it had such a high reputation. Part of the explanation for the *Times*' attitude was the friendship of Adolph S. Ochs, the self-made man from Knoxville who had become the newspaper's owner and guiding spirit, with Governor Smith, the self-made man from the Fourth Ward. During the twenties, Smith regularly spent summer weekends at Ochs's summer home on Lake George. Another part of the explanation was that the entire Ochs family—Ochs himself; his wife, Effie; his only living child, Iphigene; and Iphigene's husband, Arthur Hays Sulzberger—were all intensely interested in parks. This interest was reflected in the news columns of the *Times* probably not as a result of any direct orders to editors or reporters but as a result of the understandable sensitivity of editors and reporters to their bosses' feelings.

Whatever the reason, the daily press coverage of the park fight made Smith and Moses look very good and the Republican legislators look very bad. The legislators realized this. Faced with an election in November, many of the assemblymen from New York City and other downstate districts began to panic. But in 1925 the Legislature was controlled by upstate New York, which was a stronghold of Prohibitionism, of Protestantism, of Ku Klux Klanism, and of Republicanism. The idea of spending millions for parks had appalled upstate voters in the first place. Opposing Smith's park policies could only help upstate Republican legislators, not hurt them. As the legislators arrived in Albany for the special session, bitter against being called to the capital in the summer heat, reporters asked them if there was any chance of a change in their position. "We'll melt in our seats first," one said. By a straight party-line vote in the Senate and with only three Republicans defecting in the Assembly, on the fifth day of the session the G.O.P. passed virtually the same bill that Smith had vetoed. The roll call was completed in the Senate at 5 P.M., in the Assembly at 6:30. At exactly 7 P.M., the Governor vetoed the bill, in a sequence that, a *Times* reporter wrote, was "likely to set a mark in legislative history for the record-breaking speed with which it went the route from legislative approval to executive condemnation."

The facts that confronted Smith and Moses after the special session were bitter. Not a cent had been appropriated for park acquisition or development. The option on the two miles of beachfront at Hampton Bays was lost, and the land was immediately bought by three developers, who divided it into lots and began to erect bungalows on them. The option on Sunken Meadow was lost, and though the land was not sold, its value had obviously been tripled or quadrupled by the publicity. Other property on Long Island that Moses had coveted was being swallowed up by real-estate developments. More important—politically, at least—there was still no money to apply even a veneer of legality to the Taylor-estate appropriation. An angry Judge Van Siclen had scheduled the Taylor-estate trial for September 1st, and had said that no further delays would be tolerated. On that date, Macy was at last going to get Moses on the witness stand, and Moses was going to have to admit that he still didn't have money available to pay for the property he had taken.

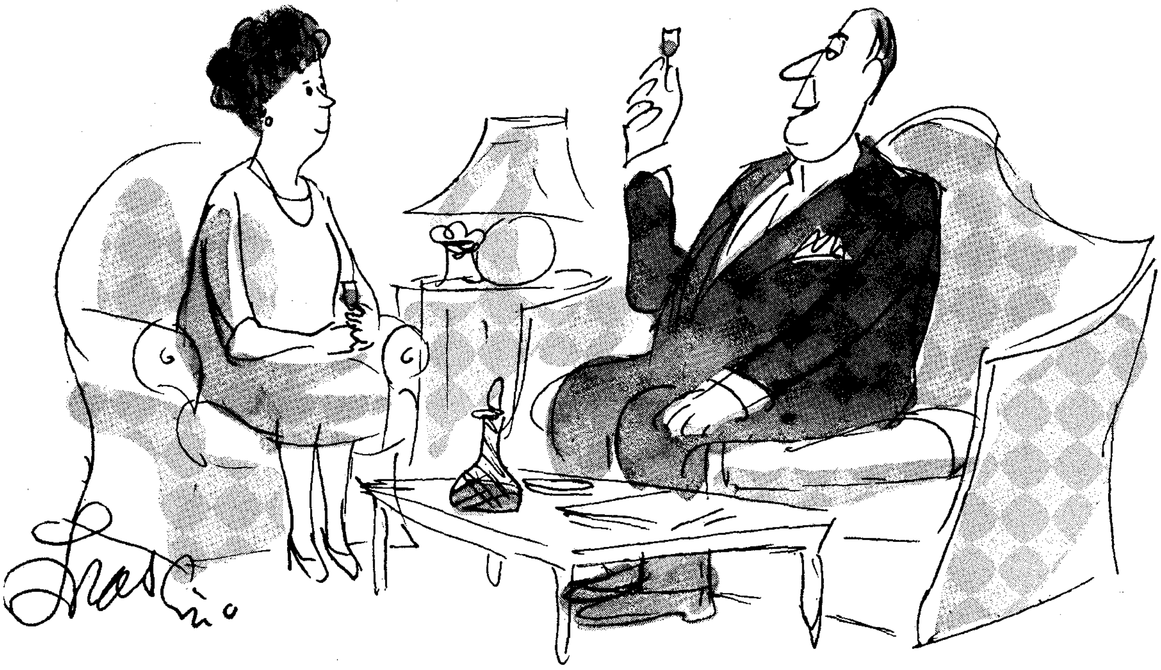
"Well," Smith said to Moses one afternoon when the two men and Belle Moskowitz, the Governor's most trusted political adviser, were alone in the Biltmore apartment, "can't you get someone to give you the money to make the thing stick?" The kind of money they were talking about was too much for Moses' own family even to consider; real wealth was required, and the people with real wealth were the people who were angriest at him. No, he said, he didn't know anybody. And they couldn't take a chance on a turndown; if they asked someone who refused, and the story then spread that they were desperate for funds to legalize the seizure, the Republicans would make capital of it, and so would Macy's lawyers. They could place only one phone call, and they couldn't be wrong about the person it would go to. The two men turned to Mrs. Moskowitz, who had been sitting quietly in a corner. "August Heckscher," she said.

Smith was doubtful. He knew that Heckscher, a seventy-six-year-old multimillionaire philanthropist, was a recreation enthusiast and had already donated a playground in Central Park. But a playground cost a few thousand dollars; what was required here was a quarter of a million. Heckscher was an elf of a man—so short that when he sat on a chair his shoes dangled several inches above the floor—with a snow-white goatee, a snow-white fringe of hair around a bald pate, spectacles, and a perpetual serene little smile. Giving the money would probably involve him in the lawsuit, and he hardly seemed the type of man who would voluntarily enter so savage a fight. But Mrs. Moskowitz, who had worked with Heckscher on various charities, thought he would, and she telephoned him. He agreed immediately. If it was true, as Moses' opponents were to charge, that the little millionaire demanded in return that the park be named after him, Moses must have considered this a small price to pay for the opportunity to be able to say in court that he had the money to pay for what he had taken.

Even with Heckscher's contribution, the court fight did not go well. Macy's attorney, Charles H. Tuttle, said that if Moses used the Heckscher money to reappropriate the land, he would be confessing that the first appropriation had been illegal, and Macy and his partner would be entitled to damages for that first appropriation. And the second appropriation would be as illegal as the first, he said, because state law required that the money for a land appropriation come from legislative segregation, not from some other source. Moses apparently feared that Tuttle was right. Smith tried privately to persuade Macy to accept Heckscher's two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, plus twelve thousand more that the millionaire had donated to take care of accrued interest, for the first appropriation and drop the fight. Macy indignantly refused.

At times, Moses seemed almost desperate to avoid being put under oath. On the day he was scheduled to be examined, he didn't show up in court. Tuttle asked Judge Selah B. Strong to cite him for contempt, but Strong accepted a commission attorney's explanation that Moses had believed that ar-

"They either have more taste than money or more money than taste, but I can never remember which."



"To you, my dear. In twenty-seven years you've never stepped out of character."

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rangements had been made for him to be examined at his office. When he did finally take the stand, in an examination before trial, he did not make an impressive witness. Testifying under oath, he swore that he had never been advised by anyone that the Taylor-estate appropriation would be illegal unless the Legislature segregated money for it. Had he not been advised precisely that several times, orally and in a written memorandum, Tuttle demanded, by Deputy Attorney General Irving I. Goldsmith? No, Moses said. Tuttle thereupon produced the Goldsmith memorandum to that effect and waved it in front of Moses as he sat in the witness chair. Before the start of the actual trial, Moses, apparently convinced that the first appropriation would be declared illegal, took the step of reappropriation, and his attorneys began a new series of delaying actions, in an attempt to stall the proceedings until January, when a new Legislature would convene in Albany and would conceivably segregate bond money for a reappropriation of the land. Assailing the commission's "dilatory tactics," Norman S. Dike, the latest in the relay of judges sitting on the case, said that the trial would begin October 19th without fail. On October 19th, he called the case—and Moses was not present. Tuttle asked that he be punished for contempt, but Judge Dike accepted a commission attorney's explanation that he had told Moses it would not be necessary for him to appear. The commission attorney then moved for a jury trial, and when Judge Dike granted the motion the start of the trial was delayed until December. On December 7th, the commission attorneys filed more than six hundred pages of briefs asking for dismissal of the case, but Brooklyn Supreme Court Justice John MacCrate peremptorily denied the motion, and there was a note in his decision that the commission could only have considered ominous. The *Times* reported, "In his decision yesterday Justice MacCrate . . . ruled that the commission had not [had] at the time the Taylor estate was seized the funds necessary."

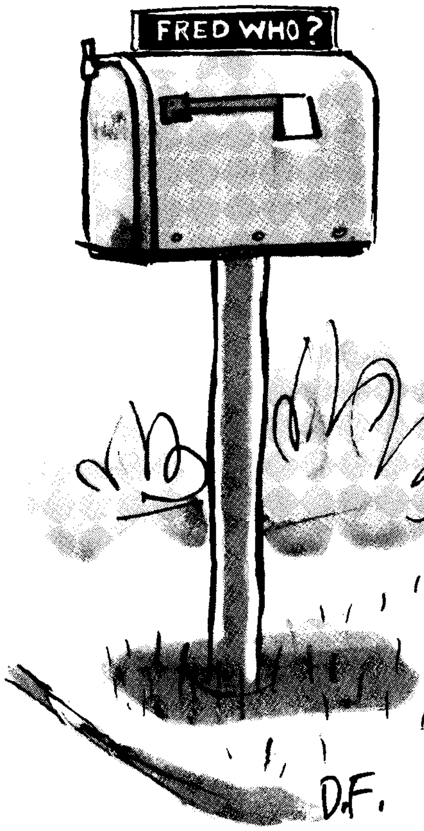
There had already been ominous developments on another front. Jones Beach, the barrier beach that stretched along the South Shore of Long Island, was owned by the townships of Hempstead, Oyster Bay, and Babylon, and although the Long Island State Park Commission could buy, condemn, or appropriate land owned by private individuals, state law provided that property owned by a township could be transferred to other ownership only by a vote of the township's residents. Moses had decided to try Babylon, where he spent his summers, first. On July 17, 1924, he had appeared in the Babylon town hall and asked the town board to hold a referendum. The five board members just stared at him. They had been elected, placed in their seats at the board table, by the votes of the baymen, and they knew that one way to make sure they would not be reëlected would be to demonstrate anything less than complete vigilance over the priceless heritage of the sacred bay bottoms. Within two months after Moses' request for a referendum, not only the Babylon town board but the governing boards of other Suffolk County municipalities—and their chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and civic associations as well—were lined up against the proposal, and Judge James B. Cooper, editor and owner of the Babylon *Leader*, could proclaim with satisfaction that "the project at present has as much chance of carrying as a Great South Bay clam has of growing teeth." When Moses turned to Oyster Bay, furious Oyster Bay citizens formed a Save Our Beaches Committee, and within days it had a membership of thousands. In desperation, Moses turned to Hempstead, although he knew that votes in Hempstead Township—as, indeed, in all of Nassau County—went whichever way the county's ironfisted Republican boss, G. Wilbur Doughty, wanted, and he had been unable to persuade Doughty to want the Jones Beach development. Doughty allowed the proposition to be placed on the ballot in the November, 1925, election, and the vote against it was 12,106 to 4,200.

At the end of 1925, Moses might well have thought he had lost his entire dream of parks and parkways. It had been almost two years since he announced his revised and broadened park-and-parkway plan, a plan that included parks and parkways not only on Long Island but throughout New York State—along the Niagara Frontier, in the Genesee Valley, in the farmland of the Taconic region, and among the peaks of the Alleghenies, the Catskills, and the Adirondacks. Now the parks and parkways were still nowhere but on the map of Moses' imagination. After all the talking, all the planning, all the fighting, they simply didn't exist. And on December 31, 1925, there seemed little possibility that they would come into existence in the near future. If one looked ahead a decade, even a generation, it appeared unlikely that any substantial part of the dream would be a reality. Within three years, almost all of it was a reality.

THE reasons for the realization of Moses' state park-and-parkway plan were many and complex. But the key reason was simple: the further evolution of Robert Moses.

The construction of parkways, like the construction of conventional highways, was a potential source of great wealth to politicians. Parkways meant construction contracts. Politicians who had a say in which firms received those contracts could expect financial remembrances from a successful firm—if, indeed, they, or a relative, or a trusted associate known in political terminology as a "bagman" did not actually own a piece of it. Parkways meant real-estate transactions—generally either purchase or condemnation, both of them methods under which landowners could expect to do well financially. State public-works officials, eager to begin construction and not deeply concerned about price, because the money they were offering was not their own, were traditionally more generous than private buyers. If politicians were the landowners—if they bought the land that had been selected for the parkway route at pre-parkway prices, from owners who didn't know that the parkway was coming, and then sold it to the state at right-of-way prices—they could expect a large profit. And parkways meant development: areas long static because of their inaccessibility, sleepy countrysides of farms and little general stores, suddenly became desirable locations for factories and housing developments when a parkway brought them close to a city or a large town. A politician who bought land in such an area at pre-parkway prices and developed it himself could reap a fortune.

To take advantage of the financial opportunities provided by a parkway, politicians needed foreknowledge. And politicians had a weapon they could use in obtaining it: if they were not given the foreknowledge, they would not approve the building of the parkway. The young Robert Moses, the idealist of Yale and Oxford and the Bureau of Municipal Research, would not even have considered trading contracts or information for approval. Even the older Robert Moses who submitted his referendum to the voters of Hempstead in 1925 was unwilling to play that game—witness his three-to-one defeat—although he must have known what it took to get things done in Nassau County. Hempstead was controlled by G. Wilbur Doughty. "Today they talk about political bosses," says former G.O.P. national chairman Leonard W. Hall, who during the nineteen-twenties was a Nassau County assemblyman. "They don't know what a real boss is. Doughty was a real boss. When he spoke, the discussion was over. He always kept his word; he was known for that. But cross him and you were finished. There's no one like him today. We used to call him the Last of the Mohicans." Doughty, a square-faced man with a walrus mustache, had an almost visionary concept that rural Long Island would one day be a populous suburban area; he was always interested in suggestions for public works that could help open the Island to development. But his vision was heavily mortgaged to practicality: he ran one of the most corrupt political machines in the state ("In Nassau County," one observer said, "zoning was bought and sold like potatoes"), and much of the corruption revolved around public works. Doughty's brother-in-law, Uncle Andy Weston, was president of Both & Weston, the largest contracting firm in the county; along with Hendrickson Brothers, another firm with which Doughty had close ties, Both & Weston habitually received the lion's share of county contracts. And since many G.O.P. county committeemen happened to be on the payrolls of the two construction firms, the firms helped Doughty keep them in line. The link between Nassau politicians and contractors had come close to surfacing in 1922; in that year, a State Supreme Court justice had begun an investigation that turned up a loan from Both & Weston to Assemblyman Thomas A. McWhinney. But McWhinney persuaded the Legislature to pass a bill establishing a commission to investigate the justice—a move that effectively stymied the justice's investigation. Moses had followed the case in the *State Bulletin*, a reform publication that he edited; calling the bill "legislative brigandry," he had nominated it for his "Worst Resolution of the Session" award and had castigated the Nassau G.O.P. machine and McWhinney, whom he termed "the creature of the machine."



But then in late 1925 Moses held a series of private meetings with Doughty. There is, of course, no record of what took place at these meetings, and no proof that any deal was entered into. But certain developments ensued:

(1) On December 11, 1925, Moses announced that future planning for Jones Beach would be conducted in conjunction with a delegation from Hempstead Township, which would, of course, have access to commission plans showing the precise route of the proposed Meadowbrook Parkway to Jones Beach. The chairman of the Hempstead delegation turned out to be Assemblyman Thomas A. McWhinney. And Moses was soon meeting regularly and on an extremely friendly basis with "the creature of the machine."

(2) Within two months after Moses and McWhinney began meeting, a lawyer who was a member of the Nassau G.O.P.'s inner circle formed a corporation with a group of associates. The only business the corporation ever transacted was the purchase and sale of land, and the only land it ever purchased and sold was two hundred and sixty-five acres of undeveloped, all but worthless meadow and swampland, ninety-nine and a half acres of which would become the right-of-way for the Meadowbrook Parkway, and the remaining hundred and sixty-five and a half acres of which would, when the parkway had been completed and the land's value enhanced, be sold by the corporation to private developers.

(3) When the contracts for Park Commission projects on Long Island were awarded, a substantial

number went to Uncle Andy Weston and to Hendrickson Brothers.

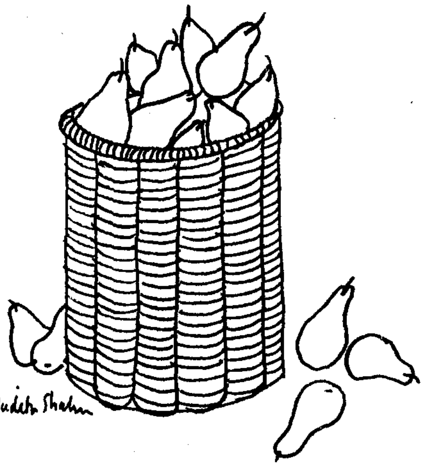
(4) The Last of the Mohicans abruptly left the tepee of the commission's opponents and smoked the peace pipe with Robert Moses, supporting every one of Moses' Long Island proposals.

Doughty's friendship gave Moses his first real hold on Jones Beach. After the meetings between the two men, the Republican boss told Moses to resubmit, with some minor revisions, the proposal so roundly defeated in the November, 1925, referendum. Moses did so in November of 1926, and the three-to-one margin against the proposal magically became a three-to-one margin in favor of it—Hempstead Township voting, 18,872 to 5,076, to cede to the Long Island State Park Commission "all right, title, interest, and jurisdiction . . . to all that certain town land . . . commonly known as . . . Jones Beach." More immediately, the Moses-Doughty friendship altered the balance of power in the over-all state-park fight. On December 21, 1925, ten days after Moses announced his plans to coöperate with McWhinney and the Hempstead Township delegation, the Suffolk County Board of Supervisors passed a resolution asking the Legislature to abolish the Long Island State Park Commission. They sent it to the Nassau County Board of Supervisors, expecting that body to concur in the request, as it had the year before. To the shock of the Suffolk officials, Nassau declined to do so. The two counties in which the Park Commission was operating were no longer united in opposing it.

Upstate Republican legislators might be insulated in their rotten boroughs, but it wasn't only legislators whose names would be on the ballot in 1926. Al Smith would be campaigning for reëlection, and the Republican strategists were determined to knock him out of the governorship. They had already persuaded the man they regarded as their strongest candidate, Ogden Livingston Mills, to leave Congress and run against him. There was a United States Senate seat up for grabs, too—a seat then occupied by James W. Wadsworth, the former Assembly Speaker and one of the most powerful Republicans in the state. No sooner had the Legislature convened, therefore, than Wadsworth summoned the legislative leaders to an Albany hotel suite and told them that a compromise on the park fight was in order. The compromise could not be over the Northern State Parkway, he said—the interests of too many of their friends were involved there. But the Taylor estate was a different story: Havemeyer, the only Timber Pointer with real influence, didn't seem really interested; Macy did, but Macy had little influence of his own. The Taylor estate, the Republican leaders agreed, could be sacrificed.

Smith, with his park plans stalled and the potentially embarrassing Taylor-estate court fight hanging over him in an election year, was not averse to a compromise. In a secret meeting with Hewitt, the Senate Finance Committee chairman, and Eberly Hutchinson, chairman of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee, the Governor agreed that he would not ask for funds to acquire the right-of-way for the Northern State Parkway until Moses came up with a route acceptable to the barons, and he also agreed that after the right-of-way had been acquired he would not ask for funds to begin construction until the Southern State Parkway had reached the point at which it would connect with the Jones Beach Causeway—a point about twelve miles into Nassau County. In return, Hewitt and Hutchinson agreed that the Southern State Parkway could be built and that the entire proceeds of the park bond issue, fifteen million dollars, would be segregated in 1926. Work could therefore begin immediately on Moses' upstate park program and on his Long Island projects, including Jones Beach, the causeway leading to it from the Southern State Parkway, and Deer Range (soon to be August Heckscher) State Park.

Macy got his first hint of what was happening when he learned that the segregations of the fifteen million dollars included an item of twenty-five thousand dollars for "Deer Range Park, permanent improvement of buildings," and a hundred and seventy thousand dollars to begin the purchase of right-of-way for the Southern State Parkway, the strip of concrete that Macy had been afraid would reach out toward East Islip. Rushing to Albany, he confronted Hutchinson, and the Assemblyman answered his questions evasively. The amateur in politics realized that the professionals had betrayed him.



Hewitt and Hutchinson had been pleased with the compromise with Smith. They thought that by postponing work on the Northern State Parkway until twelve miles of the Southern State was built they were consigning the former road to some distant limbo. And since they could outvote Smith two to one on the committee set up to supervise park expenditures, they assumed they could keep the pace of construction on the Southern State slow. If delay was important to them, so was economy. Their upstate conservatism had been affronted by the thought of spending even a million dollars on parks and parkways in a single section of the state; they could see that the actual amount involved would eventually be far more than a million, but they wanted to keep it as low as possible.

But no sooner had Hewitt and Hutchinson given Moses a hundred and seventy thousand dollars for Southern State right-of-way—confident that that amount would allow him to buy only a mile or two—than the Nassau County Board of Supervisors, suddenly and mysteriously enthusiastic over Moses' projects, purchased additional miles and presented them to the Long Island State Park Commission as a gift. Playing on the greed of real-estate developers who owned land in the parkway's path, Moses persuaded them, too, to donate right-of-way, so that the rest of their property could be opened to development. Abruptly awakened to the fact that the New York City water-supply properties could be used as right-of-way, Hewitt and Hutchinson realized with a shock that the land for the Southern State was almost all in Moses' hands—all the way out to that magic point where it would trigger the start of work on the Northern State.

Although no funds had been appropriated for surveying and engineering, there were suddenly surveyors and engineers out on the right-of-way, men furnished by the State Department of Public Works—whose Long Island office just happened to be situated in Babylon, near Moses' headquarters. Moses had acquired as parkland the estate of the late financier August Belmont, named it Belmont Lake State Park, and turned the Belmont mansion into Long Island State Park Commission offices. These D.P.W. men, Hewitt and Hutchinson were told, were drawing up plans with unprecedented speed.

The parks on Long Island were also being developed at a rate that Hewitt and Hutchinson could hardly believe, since they had kept appropriations for such development small. When they checked, they found that park roads were being constructed by D.P.W. crews and that park buildings were being refurbished by Department of Conservation crews. They took a look at the bills that Trubee Davison had introduced for Moses in 1924, and found in them a specific provision that while the Long Island State Park Commission would have final say on the design of parkways, as well as full control of them when they were completed, their physical construction could be financed out of D.P.W. allocations. They learned that the landscaping was being financed out of "routine" 1926 Department of Conservation requests for "tree nurseries," and that the Lloyd Neck property was being developed with a Conservation Department appropriation for "oyster culture." When they indignantly protested, they were told that the property could certainly be used for oyster culture. There was nothing the slightest bit illegal about anything Moses was doing. The best bill-drafter in Albany, they realized, had been at work again.

And when they protested to the Governor, he bourbon-coated the pill he was making them swallow. Inviting them to see for themselves what Moses was doing, he suggested that they come to New York City, sleep over at the Biltmore, and go on to Long Island in the morning. At the Biltmore, "the Governor got Hewitt and Hutchinson to stay overnight in his apartment," Moses later recalled. "They were drinking bozos, you know, and they were really putting it away. As the evening wore on, the Governor put some records on and he was teaching these two fellows to dance. I left at 2 A.M. Lutz stayed until five, and he told me that it was about then that the Governor and he and Hewitt put Hutchinson to bed. Hewitt got up at seven the next morning and ordered a big breakfast for himself and the Governor, and they went in to ask Hutchinson what he wanted, and Hutchinson sort of groaned, lying there in bed, and said, 'Governor, go away. The stomach revolts at the thought of food.'" During the tour, Smith was at his friendliest. "You see," Moses said, "in so many cases things come down to personalities, to the human factor. And they loved the Governor." And even if they hadn't, what could they do? The D.P.W. and Conservation Department budgets had already been approved. Money was being spent under them. If they tried to reopen the budgets, it would be a mess. And what would the press say? After all, there was the election coming. They decided not to interfere with the program.

"Must you work while we're eating?"

THE court fight still loomed ahead of Moses, but Smith was able to help him with that, too. During 1926, Moses continued his technique of stalling off the trial while talking as if there was not the slightest doubt about its outcome. In an article he wrote for the *Times* in May outlining the over-all progress of the Long Island park plan, he said blandly, "The state has acquired by eminent domain Deer Range park at East Islip." All through May, Moses' attorneys continued filing motions and, when judges overruled the motions, appealing their decisions to higher courts and, when the higher courts threw out the appeals, taking them to still higher courts. Three separate dates were set for the trial, and on each of them appeals were still pending and the judge had to grant a postponement. All through May, Moses' laborers were converting the old Taylor mansion into administration offices and other buildings on the estate into a cafeteria, comfort stations, and bathhouses, and hacking rough roads through the woods so that motorists could reach them. By mid-May, "Deer Range State Park" was open to the public.

On May 25th, State Supreme Court Justice Selah B. Strong received word from Albany that the Court of Appeals had thrown out the last of Moses' appeals, in a decision that supported every one of Macy's contentions, even to the point of saying that if the commission's right to peremptory appropriation was upheld "the conclusion logically follows that it has a 'charter wide as the wind, withal,' and it might seize for park purposes all the lands in Suffolk and Nassau Counties." Scheduling the trial for June 3rd, Judge Strong told Walter H. Pollak, who headed a team of five attorneys handling the case for the commission, that he would not postpone it again for any reason.

On June 3rd, Pollak was not in court. One of his four colleagues told Strong—falsely—that Pollak was occupied in another courtroom. Strong said the trial was going on anyway. "We will not participate," Pollak's colleague said, and all four commission attorneys walked out of the courtroom, leaving the commission without

"Would you mind turning down your damn alpha waves a little? I'm trying to read!"

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counsel. Strong adjourned the trial for a day to give Pollak a chance to appear. On the next day, Pollak and his colleagues were again absent. Strong again adjourned it for twenty-four hours—and again no attorneys appeared. On the fifth day, the Judge allowed a jury to be chosen and told Macy's attorney, Charles H. Tuttle, to present his case. The jury found that both appropriations of the Taylor estate had been illegal, the first because the commission did not possess two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the second because, while it had the money, the money came from a private gift instead of from a legislative segregation—the only legal source of funds for a peremptory appropriation. The jury assessed the three members of the commission—Robert Moses, Townsend Scudder, and Clifford Jackson—twenty-two thousand dollars in punitive damages. Strong "perpetually enjoined" the commission from entering the Taylor estate and ordered the state troopers removed forthwith. Watching the Judge sign the injunction and hand it to the Suffolk County sheriff, watching the sheriff leave the courtroom to serve the injunction on the troopers, Macy thought he had won at last.

The day after the verdict, Pollak, suddenly free of other court engagements, appealed on the ground that the Long Island State Park Commission had not been represented by counsel. A Brooklyn Supreme Court justice denied the appeal, calling the lack of representation a "deliberate and intentional" attempt to delay the proceedings. But the Appellate Division agreed to hear the appeal in its fall term, and stayed the Supreme Court justice's injunction until then. The troopers returned to the property. During the summer, Moses took reporters on trips to "Deer Range Park," and the reporters rhapsodized about the families enjoying its facilities. In the fall, the Appellate Division upheld Pollak's appeal and ordered a new trial. And this trial, which was the closest thing to a legal showdown that occurred in the case, contained a new factor: Al Smith's appearance as a witness for Moses.

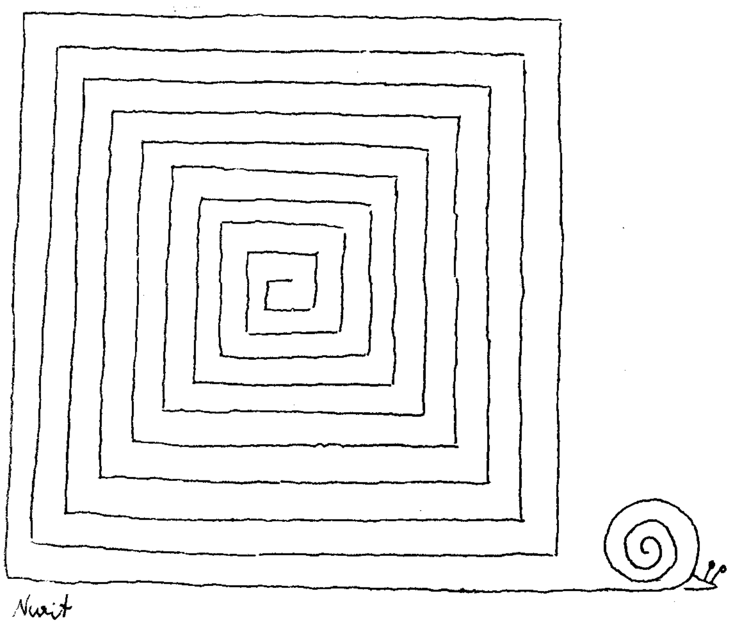
Platoons of reporters followed the Governor as he, Moses, and Mrs. Moskowitz boarded a private car on a Long Island Rail Road train for the three-hour trip to Riverhead. At the station, he was met by a delegation from the American Legion, which sang his theme song, "The Sidewalks of New York." At the courthouse, where he was met by another crowd, Smith was escorted to the chamber of James A. Dunne, the judge presiding at the trial. Dunne talked with the Governor in private and then escorted him into the courtroom so that he could give his testimony; he was on the stand for only fifteen minutes, spent most of the time recounting the Biltmore hearing, and was cross-examined only cursorily. As soon as he stepped off the stand, the Judge adjourned court. The Judge joined the Governor in the private railroad car for lunch.

In the newspapers, Smith's appearance dwarfed the legal issues involved in the trial. Whether it had the same effect in the mind of Judge Dunne is unknown, and that is unfortunate—because the Judge, not the jury, decided the case, and his directions to the jury, which precluded it from making a decision on the essential point at issue, were rather sharply at variance with those of the many other judges who had been involved with the case. Dunne directed the jury to find that the first appropriation of the Taylor estate had been illegal but that the second had been legal, and that the property therefore now belonged to the Long Island State Park Commission. The only function of the jury, he told it, was to decide whether Pauchogue had suffered substantial financial damages as a result of the first seizure. If it had not, he said, the jury should fix the damages against the commission at six cents. The jury did so.

Macy believed until he died that Smith's entrance into the case had played a role in the Judge's removal from the jury's hands of the right to make a decision on the key point in the case: the legality of the second appropriation. "The Governor came down and took the Judge out to lunch—what chance did we have?" he said later.

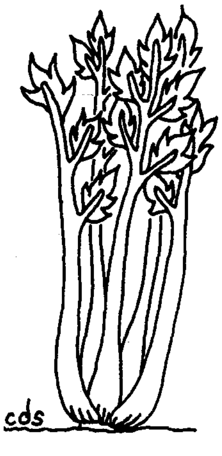
Whether Dunne's decision would have remained the binding legal word in the case if the two sides had continued the legal battle on equal terms, making use of all their remedies at law—if the Pauchogue Land Corporation had been able to press its appeals through higher courts, as the Long Island State Park Commission had pressed *its* appeals—is impossible to determine. For the two sides weren't equal. Lawsuits take money. The state's supply of money is ample. The private citizen's is not. And now W. Kingsland Macy was running out of money. When he and Havemeyer agreed to split all legal expenses up to a limit of twenty-five thousand dollars, Macy had thought that this amount would be sufficient. But even before the trial before Dunne began, the twenty-five-thousand-dollar mark had been reached. To Macy, the idealist, the case represented something that was more important than money. Appeals attorneys told him that if he was willing to press the fight vigorously he would probably win, although the victory might not come until the case had been transferred out of the state courts and into the United States Supreme Court, which would focus on the basic Constitutionality of the use by a state agency of one individual's money to seize the property of another. Macy authorized them to proceed. But Moses' attorneys continued to make motions and file briefs, and when Macy's appeal from Dunne's decision finally reached the Appellate Division, in July of 1928, legal costs had mounted to more than forty-three thousand dollars—a burden beyond Macy's financial resources. By April of 1929, his attorneys were dunning him for payment of a bill for eleven hundred dollars. Although the case was eventually brought before the Court of Appeals, which upheld Dunne's decision, and an attempt was made to bring it to the United States Supreme Court—Justice Louis Brandeis brought the legal fight to an end on January 21, 1929, four years after the Biltmore hearing, by refusing to issue a writ of certiorari, which would have enabled the Court to hear the case—it was obviously not pressed vigorously in these last stages.

Moses had never stopped developing the Taylor estate, as if its acquisition were a *fait accompli*. By the spring of 1927, he had laid concrete for access roads and parking fields, set out scores of stone fireplaces and picnic tables, erected wooden bathhouses with showers and lockers, and finished renovating the mansion and outbuildings, at a total cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. During the summer of 1927, the estate had tens of thousands of visitors. By the time the higher courts came to rule on the question of whether or not the Taylor estate was a park, it *was* a park. What was a judge to do? Tell the state to tear up the roads and tear down the buildings—to spend tens of thousands of dollars of the public's money destroying what hundreds of thousands of dollars of the public's money had been spent to build for the public's benefit? Tell the people who had visited the Taylor estate that they could visit it no more? In theory, of course, judges should not be influenced by such considerations. But judges are human, and their susceptibility to such considerations was undoubtedly increased by Moses' willingness to attack publicly those of them who ruled against him, as he had done in his reference to the "local judge"—thereby letting the public know exactly who it was who was closing the park to them.



THE final hearing, before the State Court of Appeals, was the twenty-fifth separate appellate proceeding in the Taylor-estate case. The case was, the *Herald Tribune* said, "a landmark in eminent domain." It was also a landmark in the lives of two men. W. Kingsland Macy, who before it arose had vaguely wanted to enter politics, had been precipitated by it into the political arena, and had found he enjoyed fighting there. And he had learned many tricks in his first bout. After fighting Robert Moses, he said later, fighting anyone else was easy. Becoming active in 1925 in the Suffolk County Republican organization, Macy had within a year thrown out its leader and seized his place. When the Depression loosened for a moment the barons' stranglehold on the state's G.O.P. organization, Macy tore it from their grasp, and by 1930 he was Republican state chairman. Later, the G.O.P.'s Old Guard closed ranks and ousted him from the state chairmanship, but he ruled Suffolk County unchallenged for twenty-five years. When he decided it would be useful to him to be in the State Senate, he sent himself to the State Senate; when he wanted to go to Congress, he sent himself to Congress. While he was regarded as a conservative, many of his views were liberal, and he made progressive innovations in the Suffolk County government, but to achieve his aims he ruled the county like an old-time political satrapy. Ruthless and cunning, he seemed to know every trick of bending men to his will, and he bent them so successfully that he came to be called the King of Suffolk County. When, after Macy had fought his way to power, Moses needed his help and made overtures of friendship, Macy accepted them. Although the strength of their personalities often led to clashes, the onetime "amateurs in politics" were for more than thirty years the closest of political allies—so close, in fact, that in 1961, when Macy knew he was dying of cancer, Moses was the only person outside his immediate family whom he wanted to see.

Moses, too, had learned from the Taylor-estate fight—his first use of power—lessons that would govern his behavior for the rest of his life. One, hammered home in his consciousness by the results of his accommodation with G. Wilbur Doughty, was that the simplest method of accomplishing his aims was to use his power in all its manifestations, including those that as recently as a year previously he had shrunk from using. So thoroughly did he embrace this concept—and its embodiment, the "creature of the machine"—that when a vacancy occurred on the Long Island State Park Commission in 1927 he persuaded Smith to appoint Tom McWhinney to fill it. What difference did it make if the state bought the right-of-way for the Meadowbrook Parkway from a bunch of Republican insiders instead of a bunch of farmers? What difference did it make if he gave a road-building contract to Uncle Andy Weston? What difference did it make to the public, and what difference did it make to him? What did he care if Doughty's friends profited from his dream? If they did, he had learned, the dream had a good chance of becoming a reality. If they did not, he had learned, it had no chance. And the dream was the important thing—the dream was what mattered. This lesson Robert Moses translated into phrases that began to appear in his letters and, according to associates, in his conversation as well: “*The important thing is to get things done.*” “*You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs.*” “*If the end doesn't justify the means, what does?*” Another lesson Moses learned from the Taylor-estate fight was that, in the eyes of the public, if the end didn't justify the means it did make them unimportant. Al Smith had succeeded in blurring the public's understanding of the legal technicalities of the fight by focussing the public's attention on the end of the fight: parks. The value of parks as an issue was still another lesson. As long as you were on the right side of that issue, you couldn't lose, apparently; it didn't matter what methods you used to get parks, the public wouldn't care. As long as you were fighting for parks, in fact, you could hardly help being a hero. When the Taylor-estate fight started, Moses himself had been all but unknown. During the fight, he was portrayed in a hundred front-page stories and a hundred editorials as a hero, as a man “acting in the interest of the people at large and of all future generations.” This lesson Robert Moses would often recite to associates. He would put it this way: As long as you're fighting for parks, you can be sure of having public opinion on your side. And as long as you have public opinion on your side, you're safe. “*As long as you're on the side of parks, you're on the side of the angels. You can't lose.*”

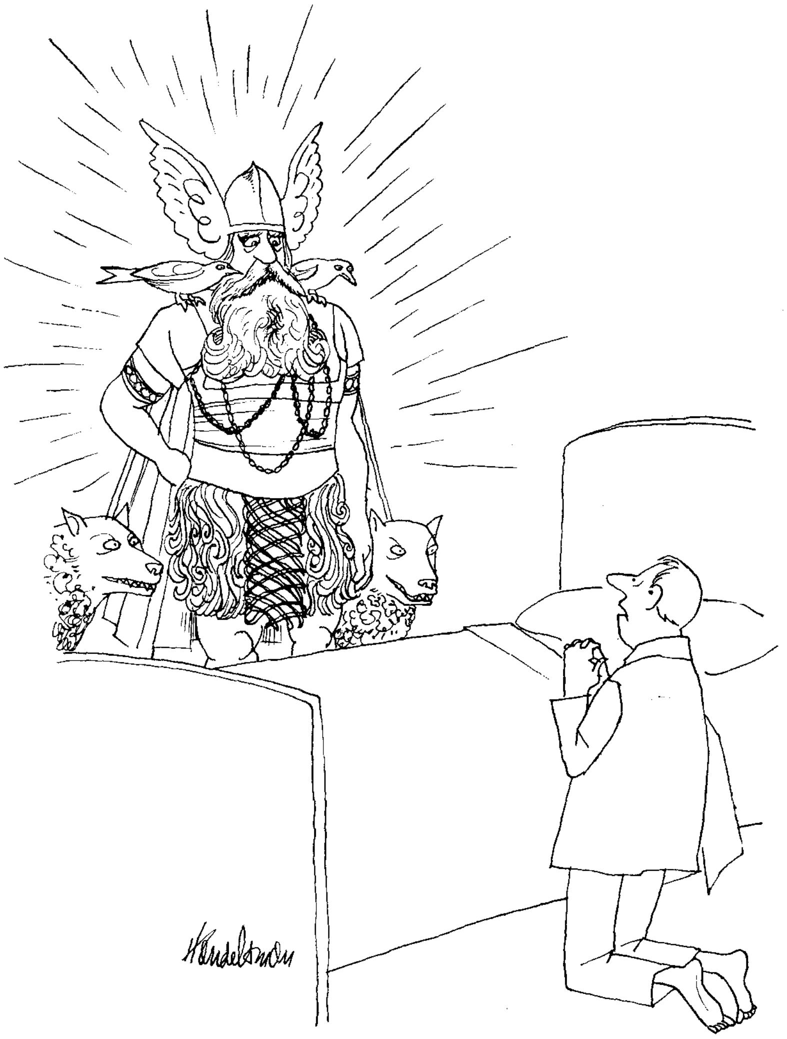


There were other lessons, too. Whatever had impelled him to take the risk of starting to transform the Taylor estate into a park while the courts still seemed likely to rule that it was not a park—whether a fearless determination to do what he thought was right, regardless of the consequences; a blind faith in Smith's ability to rescue him from consequences; an utter disregard, amounting to contempt, for the law and legal processes; a desperate desire to see at last the beginning of the realization of one of his dreams; or, perhaps, an insight, the insight of a political genius, that physical development would help rather than hurt his cause—the risk had been magnificently justified. And he had understood the significance of that justification. Once you did something physically, it was very hard for even a judge to undo it. If judges, who had to submit themselves to the electorate only infrequently, were thus hog-tied by the physical beginning of a project, how much more so would be those public officials who had to stand for reëlection more frequently? If he had needed a gift from August Heckscher to make victory certain, what did that prove? Only that once you physically began a project, some way would always be found of obtaining the money to complete it. “*Once you sink that first stake,*” he would often say, “*they'll never make you pull it up.*”

If the important thing in building a project was to get it started, and if ends justified means, then any means that got it started were justified. Furnishing misleading information about it was justified; so was underestimating its cost. In fact, misleading and underestimating might be the only way to get a project started. Since Moses' projects were without precedent in their vastness, one of the major difficulties in getting them started was fear on the part of public officials—not only upstate conservatives but liberal public officials as well—that the state couldn't afford the projects. But what if you didn't tell the officials how much a project would cost? What if you let the legislators know about only a fraction of the project's ultimate expense? Once they had authorized that small initial expenditure and you had spent it, they would not be able to avoid giving you the rest when you asked for it. How could they? If they refused to give you the rest of the money, what they had given you would be wasted, and that would make them look bad in the eyes of the public. And if they said you had misled them—well, they were not supposed to be misled. If they had been misled, that would mean that they hadn't investigated the project thoroughly and had therefore been derelict in their duty. The possibilities for a polite but effective form of political blackmail were endless. Once a Legislature gave you the money to start a project, it would be virtually forced to give you the money to finish it. The stakes you drove should be pointed—wedge-shaped, in fact. Once you got the tip of the wedge for a project into the public treasury, it would be easy to hammer in the rest.

Yet another lesson Moses learned from his first use of power was the latitude given him by its possession. In the Taylor-estate fight, Moses had broken the law. On this point there had been no judicial disagreement: every court that had ruled on his first appropriation of the estate had ruled that it was illegal. But what had happened to him as a result? He had been fined six cents—two cents, actually, if he wanted to insist that the two other Long Island State Park commissioners pay their share of the fine. The Heckscher gift, of course, was one factor in this outcome. But a more basic one was that power—specifically, the power that came with the money he could dispose of as a state official—insulated him from the law's retribution. He had been able to employ lawyers numerous enough and clever enough to use the technicalities of the law to frustrate the intent of the law—lawyers who could throw enough sand into the machinery of justice to slow its gears until they could not mesh and produce the conclusion that the spirit of justice demanded. Even an opponent as determined—and as well equipped with money—as W. Kingsland Macy had had to abandon his search for ultimate justice. Justice delayed, the Taylor-estate case proved, was truly justice denied. And Moses must have realized (he demonstrated the realization in subsequent actions) that as long as he had public power, as long as he was representing the state, he would have the means of employing as many lawyers as he needed to delay, and thereby deny, justice to his opponents, and to shield himself from its punishments. If there was one law for the poor, who had neither money nor influence, and another law for the rich, who had both, there was still a third law for the public official with real power, who had more of both. After the Taylor-estate fight, Moses knew that he could, with far more impunity than any private citizen, defy the law. He gloried in the knowledge; he boasted about it. For the rest of his life, whenever a friend, an enemy, or one of his own lawyers protested that something he was doing or was proposing to do was illegal, Moses would throw back his head and grin, and say, with more than a touch of pride, “*Nothing I have ever done has been tinged with legality.*”

There was one more lesson. It was one he had started learning years before, and now it had finally sunk in. Would dreams—dreams of real size and significance and scope—ever be realized by the methods of the men in whose ranks he had once marched, the reformers and idealists? He asked the question of himself, and he answered it. No. The method he had adopted to turn his Long Island dream into a reality was the way to accomplish something. It was the way to get things done. It was, he concluded, the only way.



"I'm so sorry you've been inconvenienced, Wotan. I just naturally thought when I said 'God' that I would get—you know—Jehovah."

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A MILLION dollars was the amount allotted to Long Island out of the fifteen-million-dollar bond issue. Moses had told the Legislature that a million would be the cost of the Long Island program. He knew that actually the million would pay for only a small fraction of the program. But he had learned how to get things done. With the million, he drove a lot of stakes.

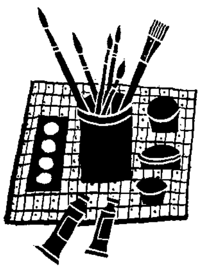
Instead of spending the million to complete a few parks, he spent it to acquire land for many—for Montauk Point State Park, Hither Hills State Park, Wildwood State Park, Sunken Meadow State Park, Wading River State Park, Orient Beach State Park—and to at least begin development of all of them, and also of the previously acquired Fire Island State Park, Hempstead Lake State Park, Valley Stream State Park, and Jones Beach State Park. By the end of 1926, the beaches of Long Island, once reserved for the rich, were dotted with wooden bathhouses open to everybody, and families that weren't interested in ocean swimming had to travel along Merrick Road only two miles beyond the city line before they came to the ninety-seven wooded acres and calm blue lake of Valley Stream State Park, with its hiking trails, picnic tables, fireplaces, floats, diving boards, and rowboats awaiting their use.

By the end of 1926, moreover, the road was begun that would free city drivers from the tyranny of Merrick Road. By the time the surveying for the route of the Southern State Parkway was completed, it was August. D.P.W. engineers protested that it was too close to the cold, damp Long Island winter to begin construction. But there was plenty of time to drive stakes. To show the public quickly how beautiful his parkways would be, Moses decided that the first segment would be a 2.78-mile loop around the huge reservoir in Hempstead Lake State Park, the prettiest portion of the whole route. On August 28, 1926, with members of the State Council of Parks, a handful of engineers, and an uninterested construction gang as an audience, Moses dug a spade into the soil near the reservoir and jerked it out. The earth that came up with it was the first ever turned for a Robert Moses road. As he stood there, still holding the spade, a foreman gave a signal and laborers began to shovel dirt into the small, spoke-wheeled dump trucks that in the nineteen-twenties served as earthmoving machines. Moses stepped back and watched the work begin.

Hutchinson and Hewitt were amazed and angered by Moses' progress in 1926. Counting the D.P.W. and Conservation Department funds he had used, he had already spent on Long Island parks far more than the million dollars that was supposed to pay for the whole Long Island park-*and-park-way* system, and now he submitted park-improvement requests that totalled another million dollars or more. And who knew what innocent-appearing items in 1927 D.P.W. and Department of Conservation budget requests concealed additional funds that Smith was planning to make available to Moses? A wholly disproportionate share of the state budget was being spent on Long Island. In a private confrontation with Smith and Moses, Hutchinson and Hewitt said that Moses' plans were too grandiose. The cost was beyond the ability of the state to pay, they said, and parks were simply not needed on the scale he proposed.

The conflict came to a head over Jones Beach. More and more, Moses' dreams centered on the desolate strand. Often in the late afternoon, he would tell the skipper of the Apache, the commission motor launch, to take him across the bay, and, alone except for the gulls, he would stride restlessly beside the waves. In 1926, public bathing beaches in America fell into two classes: ill-equipped huddles of shabby, unpainted wooden bathhouses that contained nothing but toilets, showers, and lockers; and "boardwalk beaches," such as Coney Island and Atlantic City, which had surrendered the beauty of their seascapes to roller coasters, weight-guessing games, fun houses, bawling barkers, three-throws-for-a-dime-and-win-a-dolly booths, and other carnival concessions. But Moses was thinking neither of unpainted wood nor of carnivals.

One day, he invited to Jones Beach Gilmore Clarke, Harvey W. Corbett, and several other distinguished architects, landscape architects, and engineers, and a handful of younger staff members from the commission whose work had impressed him. As the little group of men stood on the vast, empty expanse of sand, Moses began pointing. One bathhouse would be over there, he said, and the other over there. But they would be almost a mile apart, the men with him remarked. Yes, he said, and it should be understood at once that he wasn't talking about ordinary bathhouses. These were going to contain fifteen thousand lockers. In addition to lavatories and shower rooms, they were going to contain pools for swimming, diving, and wading, and the swimming pools were going to be large enough to accommodate hundreds of bathers at a time. There were going to be canopied terraces above the pools, so people could sit in the shade and watch the swimmers, and there were going to be other terraces, on which people could eat at tables set beneath gaily colored umbrellas. The bathhouses were going to contain solaria. They were going to contain restaurants in every price range. Although they were at a bathing beach, they were going to be constructed not of wood but of stone and brick, and the stone and brick were going to be of the finest quality. They were going to be surrounded by landscaped lawns, shrubbery, and flower beds. And he wanted the bathhouses designed with as much care as the finest public buildings in America. With this difference: Most public buildings in America were too heavy and stodgy, designed only to impress and awe. The bathhouses would have to be quite large, of course, but they were buildings for people to have a good time in; the architecture must encourage people to have fun. They must be airy and light, gay and pleasant. There must be a thousand little touches to make people feel happy and relaxed. And he didn't want the bathhouses to spoil the panorama, to dominate it. The panorama was long, low lines of sand and dunes and the sweep of the ocean. Let the lines of the bathhouses be long, low, and sweeping, he said—horizontal rather than vertical. One other thing, he said. The bathhouses were going to have at least one innovation never included in any public or private building in America: diaper-changing rooms. He had designed them himself, he said. They would be divided into cubicles, and each cubicle would contain only a wastebasket, a washbasin, a mirror, and a shelf for a mother to lay her baby on. And the shelf shouldn't be table height, he said. He had watched mothers changing diapers, and higher shelves would make it easier.



Yanking an envelope from his pocket, Moses began to sketch on its back: two "X"s to represent the bathhouses, lines to show how they would be connected on the beach side by a wide boardwalk, on the bay side by an Ocean Parkway. Midway between the two "X"s, where the causeway from the mainland would join the parkway, he drew a large circle between two squares. The causeway would end in a circle, he said. People who didn't want to use the bathhouses could drive around it and into the squares—parking lots large enough to hold ten thousand cars—and then walk with their families to the beach through underpasses below the parkway; or they could drive around the circle, stop on the beach side, drop their families off, park, and walk back to the beach to join them. Or, if they didn't want to go to the beach at all, they could simply keep driving on the parkway, east or west. The families that got out at the circle would walk to the beach along a broad mall that ended at the boardwalk, and along the boardwalk would be open-air cafés serving inexpensive meals and a restaurant with cuisine, atmosphere, and service equal to the finest in America. And stretching off to either side would be outdoor games: pitch-and-putt golf, table and deck tennis, shuffleboard, roller-skating rinks, softball fields set in little stadia. For the evenings, there would be bandstands and dancing under the stars. He sketched in restaurants, parking lots, playing fields, and bandstands until there was no more room on the envelope.

One of the architects standing around Moses said, "Are you crazy?" The others knew what the architect meant. One later said, "It was the scale of the thing—nothing on a scale like this had ever been done in public recreation in America. Here we were on an absolutely deserted sandbar—there was no way even to get there but by boat—and here was this guy drawing 'X's on the back of an envelope and talking about bathhouses like palaces and parking lots that held ten thousand cars. And landscaping? Landscaping on a sandbar? We weren't even sure anything would *grow* on a sandbar. We thought he was nuts."

The men gathered around Moses included some big names in American architecture, but those men didn't think big enough for him. When they began drawing up tentative plans, the plans naturally included a water tower, since fresh water had to be provided in great quantities in any large park. But their water towers were conventional water towers: aluminum storage tanks set on four spindly uprights, they were exactly like the towers that in other parks were invariably the most unsightly feature of the landscape. Moses determined to turn the potentially ugliest part of the park he had planned into its most beautiful. He already knew that he wanted a focal point for the beach—a beautiful centerpiece, big enough to be seen from miles away, that would be a symbol of Jones Beach; something that visitors could identify with—and it might as well be the water tower. But he had a hard time getting the architects to think in his terms. "I was very anxious to have this water tower mean something architecturally," he said years later. "I got the top people out there and I asked them about it. The first suggestion came from our chief engineer, and I said, 'That's the Goddamnedest stupid thing I've ever heard.' And then someone suggested a lighthouse, and I said, 'No, God damn it, we're not going to have any lighthouse.' We already *had* a lighthouse, for God's sake." He was referring to the Fire Island lighthouse, which was visible from the eastern end of the strand. On the next trip to the beach, Harvey Corbett suggested that the water tower be designed like an Italian campanile, or bell tower. There were many different types, Corbett said, and he started to reel them off. Among them he mentioned the one in Venice. "I like the one in Venice best," Moses said. One of the men there has recalled, "He pulled out another one of his envelopes and sketched the campanile in Venice right there—and that's how the water tower was done. And that's the way almost everything was done. He had the architects and engineers there, but he was the architect and the engineer of Jones Beach. He's more responsible for the design of Jones Beach than any architect or engineer or all of us put together."

Finding the bathhouse designs submitted by the architects unimaginative, Moses selected those of an unknown young member of the commission staff, Herbert Magoon. Magoon had designed two vast pleasure palaces to sit upon the sand. One was a long, low, sweeping expanse of brick and stone and green-tinted glass. Its central portion—an open terrace raised just five feet above the beach, behind which there were wide expanses of green-tinted glass separated by thin stone columns that held another, setback terrace, surmounted by canopies—was separated from two long wings of glass and brickwork by two plain, square, flat-topped medieval turrets. It was simple, almost austere, from a distance, but Magoon's detail drawings showed Moses that the turrets and the walls had been cunningly worked with a thousand little devices of stone and brick. The other bathhouse was also of stone and brick but was much gayer; it was Middle Eastern—in fact, almost Moorish. If the first bathhouse, despite its lack of height, resembled a medieval castle like those from which knights rode forth to join the Crusades, the second looked more like one of the castles the knights saw when they reached the Holy Land. Each of its two towers—sixty feet high, which seemed very tall against the dunes—was topped with a green turret that swirled upward into a little spear point, suggesting the helmets of the sultan's warriors whom the knights might have had to fight. Moses was ecstatic over the designs. He loved them, he said. But the morning after he first saw them he called Magoon in and gave him endless lists of small changes he wanted to make.

Moses decided for himself how the bathhouses should be faced. He was determined to have the stone and brick of the façades blend in perfectly with the beach on which they stood. One of the samples brought to him was obviously the perfect type of stone—Ohio sandstone was gray, tinged with just enough tan and blue to catch the colors of sand and sea. Selecting the brick was harder. Nothing seemed exactly right. Then one day, passing the Barbizon Hotel, on East Sixty-third Street, he noticed that it was faced with brick in a random pattern of beige, brown, and brownish red that would catch the color of the sand and complement it. He decided that, to give the Jones Beach development unity, every structure of any size built there would be faced with Ohio sandstone and Barbizon brick. The architects hastened to explain to him that Ohio sandstone and Barbizon brick were simply not used on public buildings. They were among the most expensive of all facing materials. Why, if they were to be used on structures as large and elaborate as the ones he wanted, each bathhouse would cost what Moses had originally said would be the cost of the entire Long Island park system—a million dollars. Ohio sandstone and Barbizon brick it was going to be, Moses replied.

Hutchinson and Hewitt were not impressed. "These were guys from the backwoods," a man who knew them recalls. "When you said 'water tower,' to them that meant a tank on four skinny poles. A bathhouse was a little wooden thing you put up for fifty or a hundred bucks so the boys couldn't watch the girls undressing. And here Moses comes along and tells them he wants to spend a million dollars on one." They flatly refused to give him anything like a million dollars for a bathhouse. Only after the Governor had pleaded with them for hours did they consent to appropriate a total of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to cover the water tower and both bathhouses.

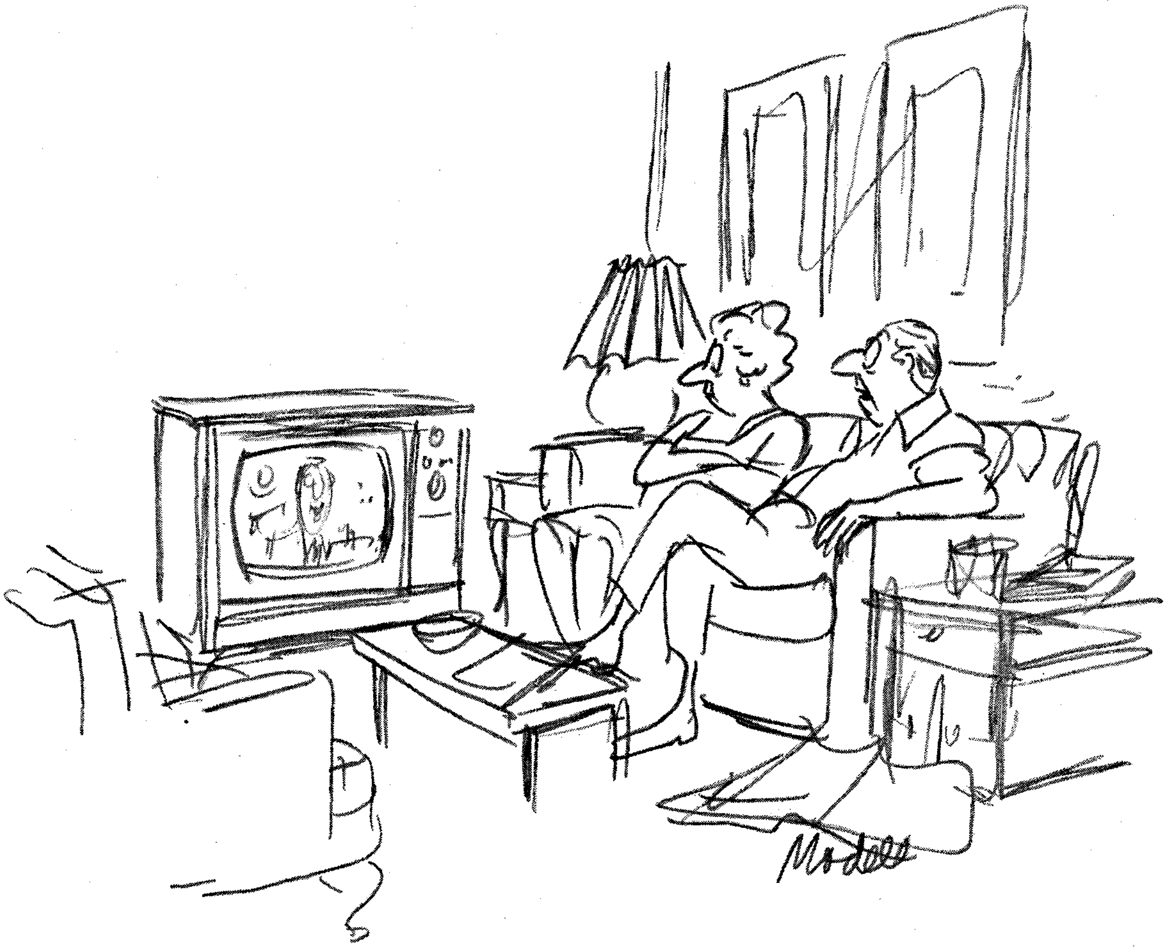
Moses' architects expected him to tell them to scale down their plans. "You just go right on the way you were doing," Moses told them. "You forget all about what the appropriation is. I'm *never* going to put up just a tank on poles." He had already informed Smith of his plan. "I told him, 'We'll put all the money into the foundation for one bathhouse, and then when it gives out we'll go back and tell them they'll have to give us more or leave the foundation just sitting there with no building on top of it.' The Governor thought it was kind of a good joke."

The foundation laid, Moses invited Hewitt and Hutchinson down to see what he had done. To make matters stickier, blowing sand had completely buried the foundation the night before the party arrived, and there was not a trace of it visible. All that existed, as far as the two legislators could see, was a godforsaken sandbar that could be of no conceivable use to anyone—and the fact that somewhere on it, *on their authorization*, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money had been spent. They raged. They demanded that Smith fire Moses. In Moses' words, "They went to the Governor and said, 'Get rid of that son of a bitch and we'll go along with something reasonable.' " When the Governor refused, Hutchinson and Hewitt said they would see that Moses was impeached. And they guaranteed the Governor that every appropriation for every park in the state would be cut off until this mess was cleaned up.

But Moses had applied his lessons well. When his antagonists began to think about the situation, they realized that they were trapped. What, exactly, for all their power, could they do? Charge that he had misled them—thereby admitting that they hadn't investigated the project thoroughly in

Wm Hamilton

"Say, Dad, is it true you were born before jet airplanes, the atomic bomb, TV, and everything?"



"The metropolitan news was depressing, the national news was depressing, and the international news was depressing. That leaves it all up to Dr. Frank Field."

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advance? Deny him further funds—thereby insuring that the hundred and fifty thousand already spent would be utterly wasted? And wasn't the overriding issue the same one—parks vs. no parks—with which Smith had defeated them in 1924? Did they want to make him a hero again? There was, really, very little they could do. Trying to salvage some revenge, they refused, in making the 1927 budget appropriations, to give Moses any money at all for the second bathhouse, for which the foundation had not been laid, and they saw to it that the funds they gave him for other Long Island park projects were far less than he wanted even to complete the buildings already begun. But these were small satisfactions. They knew that the money needed to complete the projects to Moses' specifications could easily be provided by Smith out of appropriations to other state departments.

DESPITE its outcome, the battle over the bathhouses filled Moses with a sense less of triumph than of dread, of a need for haste so frantic that it was almost desperation. Time was running out on his dream, he was afraid, and it was running out fast.

The battle had shown him how little chance he would have of completing his dream without the unflinching support of Al Smith in the governor's chair. Though he had obtained from Hutchinson and Hewitt more money than they had ever imagined they would give him, he knew that all he had obtained was only a fraction of what the dream needed for full realization, and he knew that he could never hope to receive anything near the full amount from the Legislature, for the public itself might well waver in its support for park projects if it knew the full cost. Al Smith was going to be a candidate for President in 1928, and that meant that he could not, under state law, be a candidate for governor. On January 1, 1929, there was going to be a new governor. If he was a Republican, he would be hostile. And even if he was a Democrat, he would not be Al Smith. January 1, 1929, was less than two years away. And two years was far too short a time for full realization of a dream that encompassed three long parkways and a score of huge parks. His only hope, he knew, was to complete enough of the parks and parkways before Smith left office so that the public could see how great they were going to be and would demand that they all be completed. So Moses drove himself, and he drove his men.

Moses filled the upstairs bedrooms of the Belmont mansion with engineers and architects. He himself worked downstairs. "Belmont had had this tremendous dining room, and there was this huge table there, and Moses made it his conference table," William J. Junkerman, an attorney who had been hired to assist Raymond McNulty as commission counsel, recalls. "The conferences would start at nine o'clock in the morning, and sometimes you couldn't leave until after midnight. And you just worked like hell all day long. Supper was a matter of dashing out and getting a bite to eat as quick as you could." Having insisted that the engineers in charge of a project prepare a schedule showing the date on which each of its phases would be completed, Moses would move up the deadlines—by days, by weeks, sometimes by months—until the engineers felt it was absolutely impossible to meet them. And then he insisted that they be met. "The time was never long enough," Gilmore Clarke recalls. "But that was all the time you were going to get, and he let you know it." The men who stayed didn't resent Moses' methods. "If he drove other men hard, he drove himself harder," Junkerman says.

Moses was also supervising a dozen non-park projects for Smith, and had to commute to Albany—four hours away by train. During legislative sessions, he tried to make his trips on Mondays, because the Legislature convened each week on Monday evening and it was then that G.O.P. strategy became apparent, and the Governor liked to have his advisers gathered in

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the Executive Chamber ready to counter it. In order to get in a full day's work in Albany before the Executive Chamber session, Moses left his New York apartment at 6 A.M. to catch the early train to the capital, for the car trip was made tortuous by the lack of a through road. When the session broke up, usually well after the last train back had left, at midnight, Moses would ask Smith for the use of a state car and chauffeur. He had a lot of work to do back on Long Island, he'd say, and if he drove back at once he'd be able to start in the morning. His Albany duties weren't the only ones that pulled Moses away from Long Island. To supervise the State Council of Parks, he had to spend at least part of three days a week in New York City, and to inspect the regional commissions' upstate projects he was constantly being driven to or from Watkins Glen or Chittenango Falls or Letchworth State Park.

But when his car pulled up in front of the Belmont mansion, Moses never seemed tired. Junkerman says, "He might have been working in New York and not arrive out at Belmont until three o'clock in the afternoon, but then he would work from three until ten o'clock or midnight." Saturdays were no different. "Hours didn't mean anything to him," William H. Latham, who was then a young staff engineer, says. "Days of the week didn't mean anything to him. You worked when there was work to be done, that was all." And there was always work to be done. Since none of the staff members dared leave the mansion until Moses did, they longed for him to get a telephone call from his wife, Mary, which usually got him away from the big table and back to his summer house, in Babylon. "Sometimes Ray McNulty would slip out and call her and put her up to calling," Junkerman says. One Saturday night, repeated telephone calls from Mary failed to bring Moses home, and at ten o'clock she showed up at the mansion. Striding into the conference room, she "just took him by the ear in a very nice but firm way" and pulled him to his feet, Junkerman says. "He laughed and went along—and then we could all go home." For Moses, however, going home did not necessarily mean stopping work. He gave Arthur Howland, his general manager, a key to the house in Babylon and told him to stop by every morning on the way to the mansion. Almost invariably when Howland arrived, at about seven-thirty, there would be waiting for him on the flat-topped bot-

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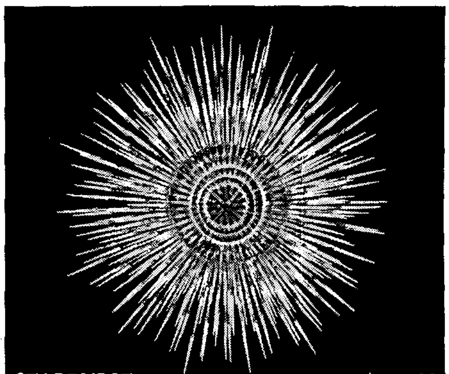

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tom post of the bannister a large manila envelope crammed with notes, memos, and handwritten letters ready to be typed and mailed—an envelopeful of testimony to what Moses had been doing during the night, while his men slept.

There were other reasons, too, that the men who stayed didn't resent his driving them. "It was exciting working for Moses," one of the commission staff members explained once. "He made you feel you were a part of something big. It was almost like a war. It was you fighting for the people against those rich estate owners and those reactionary legislators. And it was exciting just being around him. He was dynamic, a big guy with a booming laugh. He dominated that scene in the mansion. He would sit there with people running back and forth around him, and he would be banging his hand down on that big table and giving orders—and when he gave orders, things happened. Howland would go hurrying out of the room, and twenty-five draftsmen would hurry to their tables and start drawing, or surveyors would jump into their cars and head out on the road."

And, some former employees have recalled, incongruous as it might seem to use the word "fun" in connection with unremitting work, it was fun to work for Bob Moses. "There was a very informal atmosphere in the mansion," one engineer says. "Everyone worked in shirtsleeves—my recollection of Moses is of him sitting with his tie pulled down and over to one side and his sleeves rolled up—and there was always a lot of joking going on." And the joking, according to the engineer, went both ways. "You weren't afraid to kid him."

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He and Mary organized outings and insisted that Howland, Latham, Shapiro (the engineer in charge of the Jones Beach development), W. Earle Andrews (a staff engineer), McNulty, and Junkerman—and Tom McWhinney, with whom Moses was getting along famously—bring their wives and children along. The outings were very informal—fishing trips on the Apache, or clambakes—and they were fun. McWhinney's daughter, Dolie Adams, who was in her late twenties at the time, recalls, "We used to go over to Fire Island for the whole weekend. There was an old frame building at the Coast Guard station there, and we'd sleep in it on cots—all the men in one room and the women and kids in another. There weren't any stores on Fire Island, so we'd bring most of our food along and go trolling from the Apache or clamming for the rest." While the women were cleaning the catch, the men would dig a great hole in the sand, cover its bottom with logs, and light a fire for the clambake. There would be bonfires on the beach at night, and singing.

Moses set the tone. His clothes were a great source of merriment. His pants were khakis faded white, or corduroys only some of whose holes had been patched. Possibly because his hairline was beginning to recede, he wore, no matter what the weather, a hat—the same hat. "Robert!" Mary would cry. "Take off that hat!" Everyone would laugh. "It was one of those fedoras with a big brim, and it was completely shapeless and all stained," Dolie Adams says. "It was the funniest hat you ever saw. And Bob would never take it off except when he went swimming." He helped arrange the logs for the clambake, helped clean up afterward, helped with the children. Because an outing would keep Charlie Smisek, the Apache's skipper, away from home all weekend, Moses insisted that Mae, Charlie's wife, come along, and went out of his way to make the Smiseks feel at home. "There was no side to Bob Moses at all then," an acquaintance says. The only thing that set him apart was his swimming, which had been extraordinary since his college days and still was: hurling himself through a big roller, he would appear on the other side of its tumult, heading straight out into the Atlantic, far beyond where even Latham, an athlete and outdoorsman, would dare to go.

Of all the reasons that Moses' men didn't resent his driving them, the one most frequently mentioned in their reminiscences is that he brought out the best in them. Moses was forever encouraging his architects and engineers to use their imagination, to make their designs different from and better than any similar designs done before. When the men designing a drawbridge for the Meadowbrook Parkway submitted their first design, he said, "I know you can do drawbridges. Can you do beautiful drawbridges?" In their second design, the bridge operators' quarters were no longer the standard ugly

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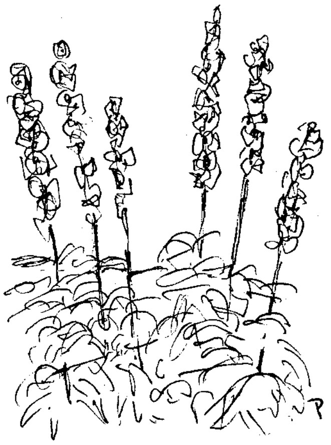
shacks but turrets faced with stone worked with the silhouettes of sailing ships. One architect thought he had surpassed himself in designing bridges for other roads, but when he came to design bridges for the Long Island parkways he found that Moses had some new standards. Moses wanted variety, he told him. Not only were the bridges to be designed to harmonize with the landscape, and not only were they to be faced with stone, but every bridge on every parkway on Long Island—more than a hundred of them—was going to be different from every other bridge. Engineers assigned to design guardrails and light poles for the parkways expended tremendous effort making iron poles graceful. But iron wouldn't blend in with a rustic setting, Moses said. Guardrails and light poles would have to be made of wood. But it had been proved that no form of wood guardrail would resist the impact of a speeding car, the engineers said. Moses sent them back to ponder the problem again, and this time one of them thought of drilling holes in wooden rails and inserting strong steel cable. Then all the rails on all the parkways could be of wood.

As always, it was on Jones Beach that Moses' imagination focussed. If the political difficulties involved in creating a park there were enormous, the physical difficulties were of a size to match. Building on a barrier beach proved to be a very different proposition from building on the mainland. Commission engineers found themselves faced with a succession of problems such as engineers never encountered on mainland jobs. Cleveland Rodgers, Moses' first biographer, later wrote that sometimes it seemed as if Nature herself had "joined forces with the skeptics and obstructionists who had fought Moses all the way from Albany to the beach." But Moses refused to let Nature stand in his way.



None of Moses' engineers had expected work on the barrier beach to continue in winter, because drifting ice packs that kept boats off the Great South Bay for days at a time could maroon anyone caught on the strand. But, with Smith's time as governor running out, winters could not be wasted. Moses told the engineers taking surveys for the causeway to cache emergency supplies of food in a shack on the beach and keep working. Even on mornings when the wind whipped the bay into waves and ice coated the piers, Shapiro led his hip-booted surveyors into boats for the trip across. One day while they were on the strand, ice packs closed the bay. It stayed closed for ten days. All the cached food ran out except pancake batter, and the surveyors lived on pancakes. For the rest of his life, Shapiro was never able to stomach another pancake. But when the ice cleared and the surveyors returned to Babylon, Shapiro could tell Moses, who was standing on the dock waiting for a report, that ten days' more work had been completed.

The completed surveys contained the worst possible news. The mean level of the existing barrier beach, Moses was told, was only two feet above mean sea level. During storms, the ocean rose six, seven, or even eight feet, and covered the strand almost completely. This did not matter as far as the portion of the beach that was to be a *beach* was concerned, but the portion that was to hold Moses' buildings and parking lots and parkway would have to be built up to a mean height of fourteen feet if all these were not to be submerged in every storm; and if he wanted a road seventeen miles long along this portion, it would have to be built up to that height for seventeen miles. The job could be done, of course—floating dredges, huge pumps mounted on barges, could suck up from the bay bottom hydraulic fill, which would become sand when it was dry, and pipelines could spill it out over the strand. But approximately forty million cubic yards of fill would be required. The job would take months, and it would be expensive. Even Smith quailed at this, and Moses had to talk fast and hard to persuade the Governor to go along. But he did persuade him, and in 1927 the largest floating dredges in the United States were brought in as soon as spring cleared the ice from the bay. The job could not be completed by the time ice set in again in the winter, but Moses refused to let the dredges leave. Their crews could live on them, he said, and all through the winter of 1927 they did, and the pumps kept working. "Night after night, they kept working till midnight," Shapiro later recalled.

When the sand from the bay bottom

was spread on the barrier beach, it proved to be the worst problem of all. It was beautiful to look at, dazzling white and fine-grained, but the fineness meant that when it dried it blew. Even the lightest breeze stirred it into the air in swirls so thick that the strand looked like a desert during a violent sandstorm. "It was always blowing in your face when you worked," Shapiro recalled. "When it got bad, it would fill your eyes, your ears, and your nose as fast as you could clean them out. You'd be choking and coughing. You'd be talking to somebody not three feet away and an especially violent gust would come and you couldn't even see him anymore. You couldn't even see your hand in front of your face." During the day, workmen would dig an excavation. At night, the sand would fill it in—so thoroughly that the workmen couldn't even find its edges. After the causeway was finished, sand piled up on it waist high. The sand sifted through the radiators of workmen's cars and clogged their carburetors and chipped paint from their bodies. One workman who left his car with its rear end turned into the wind for a few days came back to find all color completely erased from its rear license plate.

Moses dispatched landscape architects to other Long Island beaches to find out why the sand on natural dunes was more stable. They reported that it was because of the presence on those dunes of a form of beach grass whose roots, seeking water in the dry sand, spread horizontally rather than vertically and thus held the sand around them in place. But to be effective, they reported, the grass had to be planted thickly—hundreds of thousands, even millions, of clumps would be required to hold down the new dunes on Jones Beach—and it could be planted only by hand. In the summer of 1928, on the desolate sandbar on the edge of the ocean, amid half-completed buildings that looked like ancient ruins, was a panorama out of the dynasties of the pharaohs: scores, hundreds, of men, spread out over miles of sand, kneeling on the ground digging little holes and planting in them tiny bundles of grass.

HANGING over Moses was the realization that every battle he won in his fight for Jones Beach brought him closer to one that there seemed no way of winning, and whose loss would mean that his dream would remain substantially incomplete. Every step he took to develop the land ceded him by Hempstead and Oyster Bay brought him closer to the day when

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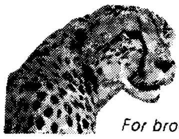

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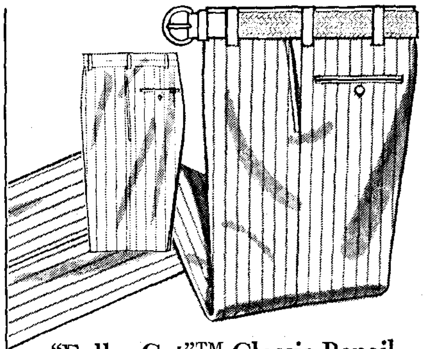

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he must face up to the fact that the rest of Jones Beach was not his. Its eastern half—six miles long and occupying twenty-four hundred acres—still belonged to the Town of Babylon. Hutchinson and Hewitt might think that the park he was laying out was already too big; he knew that if it was to serve the metropolitan area adequately it would one day have to be far bigger, and that the only place for expansion was onto Babylon's land. He also knew that if he didn't get that land before the Wantagh Parkway and the Ocean Parkway made it accessible and immensely valuable, he would never get it. And unless he got it, there was nothing to prevent Babylon from building a road to connect with the parkway and lining it with hot-dog stands, gas stations, and tiny, ugly summer bungalows that would march right up to the edge of his great park and spoil forever its pristine beauty.

Babylon's baymen had never forgiven Moses for his attempt to grab the town's "sacred birthright." When Mary went shopping in town now, the tradesmen eyed her coldly. Sounding out the town-board members again about a referendum, Moses found them still fully aware of their constituents' feelings. The town board assured its constituents that there was not going to be any referendum. And without one there was, under the state constitution, simply no way in which Moses could get the Suffolk township's land.

But Moses at last found a weak spot in the defenses Babylon had erected against him. "I heard about it by the sheerest kind of accident," he has recalled. "I was *thinking* then about learning to drive—I never really did—and I was practicing one morning in a Model T in the driveway of this big estate out in Babylon owned by a guy named Willard Reid, whose father, who had been dead for years at this point, had been a Democratic county-court judge in Suffolk, the *only* Democrat on the county court, at the time Grover Cleveland was elected for the second time. I saw Willard sitting on the porch rocking and drinking, and he called to me and said, 'Come on up and have a drink.' So we sat rocking away there and talking, and after a while he said, 'I *hear* you're having some trouble getting some land.' I said, 'Yes, we are.' And he said, 'The Babylon fellows don't want to coöperate?,' and I said, 'No.' And he said, 'I remember a story my father told me once. You know the whole question of the ownership of the bay bottom in Babylon Town came up a long time ago, and my father and a fellow in Amityville named Samuel Hildreth were appointed to pass on it. And I think you'd be interested in what was found. You'll never find the decision in Riverhead [the county seat, where court records were kept], because the supervisors will have made sure it's missing. But Hildreth is alive.' I said, 'Tell me more, Willard.' He said, 'I think I've told you enough. You go and see this Hildreth fellow in Amityville, and you tell him I told him to talk to you.'

"I did, and Hildreth said that way back—in 1848, maybe, or 1856—two bills had been introduced in the Legislature. See, before that, the underwater rights in the bay, the bay bottoms, had belonged to the state. But one of these two bills transferred the rights in Nassau County to the various towns in Nassau along the bay, and the other transferred the rights in Suffolk to the various Suffolk towns. Well, everyone on Long Island always just assumed that both of these had passed, but Hildreth told me that when he and Judge Reid looked into it they found that, for some reason no one seemed to know, maybe just an oversight, *only* one passed—the Nassau one. I said, 'Do I gather, then, that half the bay bottoms belong to the state? That Babylon doesn't own its bay bottoms at all?' And I put all our bloodhounds on it, and I found those bills, and I found that Hildreth's story was *true*. Well, in all this time the supervisors could have gotten the ownership of those lands transferred without any trouble, but I guess they had just decided to let things lie and had kept issuing licenses to fish the bay bottoms when they had no right to. And so I blackjacked them. We told them that we'd trade them the Jones Beach land for the bay bottoms. Well, they didn't want to trade. They didn't want to give the land. But we told them that if they didn't, we'd let the people know that the town didn't own the bay bottoms after all, that they'd been issuing licenses when they had no right to, that in all the years that had been available to remedy the mistake they had never taken the simple step of obtaining title to the bay bottoms, that they had been negligent in their stewardship of the town's 'sacred heritage.' " To be convicted in the public eye of such negligence would have been even worse for the supervisors than to give away the barrier beach. The bay bottoms were much more important to the baymen; that was what their livelihood depended on. "We blackjacked them, that's all. We threatened to tell. And we said, 'Now, there's one way to adjust this thing.' "

The way—the ultimatum that Moses presented to the town board—was to authorize a referendum on ceding Babylon's portion of Jones Beach to the state and to issue a ruling that would give Moses a real chance of winning it: the voting would not be restricted to the town's taxpaying property owners but would be open to everyone who lived there, including the several hundred Long Island State Park Commission and D.P.W. employees who had recently moved into Babylon apartments. This ruling would violate common sense and common practice—generally only property owners, a town's taxpayers, were allowed to vote in referenda involving the permanent removal of town property from tax rolls—but Moses did not leave the board members much choice. If the referendum passed, giving the beach land to the state, he told them, the state would, in turn, quietly give the bay bottoms to the town, and they could go right on issuing licenses; if the referendum passed, he would never tell their constituents about their negligence. And if it didn't pass, he would.

To lull the town's baymen and property owners into overconfidence, the town board did not explode the bombshell about voting eligibility until shortly before the election. Everything, in fact, was done so fast that the old-time residents never had a chance to organize. Without warning, at a routine meeting held on March 14, 1928, with few residents present, the town board, saying for the record that it was opposed to the beach-ceding but felt that "the people's voice" should be heard, authorized the referendum and scheduled it for the same day as the party primary elections—April 3, 1928, less than three weeks away. "Judases!" cried Judge James B. Cooper, the editor of the Babylon *Leader*. Nonetheless, the Judge could not conceive that, even with the voter-eligibility ruling, the transfer of the beach property would be approved. No politician, he didn't understand certain other tactics that the town board had adopted; for example, he saw no sig-

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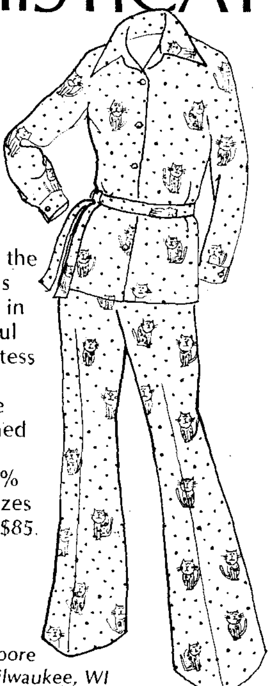

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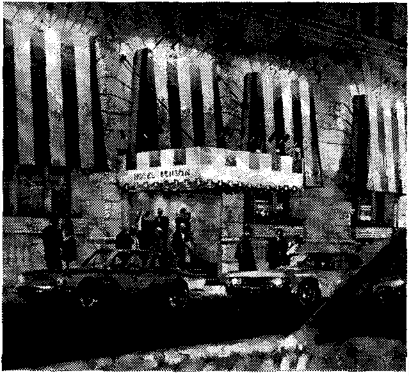

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nificance in the fact that while the hours for voting in the primary were from noon to 9 P.M., the hours for voting in the referendum ended at 6 P.M.

None of the older residents of Babylon were prepared for what happened on the day of the vote. As they strolled to the polls, they saw cars bearing state shields and filled with men racing through the streets of the quiet village. These were Park Commission and D.P.W. vehicles carrying employees to vote. Undoubtedly, many of these employees were, under the suddenly relaxed eligibility ruling, eligible to vote. But opponents at the polls said that many were men who did not have even apartments in the town and were therefore ineligible. However, when election inspectors tried to check the men's names against the list of eligible voters in the election registers, with which election inspectors were customarily provided, they found that somehow the town board had neglected to provide registers this time, so the inspectors were unable to deny any state employees the right to vote. Real-estate agents had cars out, too, rounding up voters known to favor the proposal and transporting them to the polls. But Moses' overconfident—overconfident because hoodwinked—opponents did not have a single car in operation. In addition, many potential "no" voters, confused by the fact that the polls remained open until nine, showed up after six, only to be told that they could vote in the primary but not in the referendum. The final tally showed that Babylon Town had ceded its portion of Jones Beach to the state by seven votes. Judge Cooper wrote, "The verdict was nothing short of a crime and the method by which it was obtained is scandalous." Moses issued a statement, too. He called the referendum results "a vote of confidence in the Park Commission."

Al Smith's governorship was drawing to an end. Moses' construction crews did not quit for the winter in 1927; their grading machines pushed aside not just earth but snow as they smoothed the path for the Southern State Parkway. The Great South Bay froze solid; the men stretching the Jones Beach Causeway across it pitched tents on the ice and lived in them. In the summer of 1928, Hutchinson and Hewitt realized with astonishment that the completion of the Southern State Parkway and the Jones Beach Causeway, on which they had hinged the beginning of the Northern State Parkway and which they had assumed was years, if not decades, away, was rapidly approaching. Frantically, they tried to delay it. In another year, Al Smith wouldn't be governor. From Moses' 1928 budget request, for four *million five hundred thousand dollars*, they slashed six hundred and twenty-six thousand. But Smith found the money in the departmental budgets, and the construction crews kept working.

Moses had not been given funds for his Long Island parks and parkways until the spring of 1926. By the end of the summer of 1928—a period of less than three years—every foot of right-of-way for the thirty-four-mile Southern State Parkway was in his hands, and a seven-mile stretch, from near the New York City line to and around the Hempstead reservoir, was completed. Long rows of newly planted elms and maples lined it, and stone-faced bridges, every one different, were carrying crossroads over it so that nothing should interrupt the swift passage of its users. A second stretch, from the reservoir to Wantagh, was completed except for the landscaping. A third stretch, from Wantagh to Babylon, was graded and ready for paving. And the fill for the Wantagh Parkway had been laid, a pavement laid on top of the fill, and three of the four bridges that would carry the parkway across the bay completed.

On April 18, 1924, when Moses became president of the Long Island State Park Commission, there had been one state park on Long Island—the almost worthless two-hundred-acre tract on Fire Island. By the end of the summer of 1928, there were fourteen parks, totalling ninety-three hundred acres. Because more than sixty-seven hundred of those acres had been acquired—from Hempstead, Oyster Bay, Babylon, the federal government, New York City, and private individuals—as gifts, the land for the Long Island parks had cost the state a total of about a million dollars. At 1928 land values, it was worth more than ten million.

By the end of the summer of 1928, the water-supply properties off Merrick Road had been filled with bathhouses, baseball fields, and bridle paths. Picnic areas with hundreds of tables sat under their trees. Slides, swings, and jungle gyms dotted their clearings. Their lakes were decorated with floats, diving boards, rowboats, and canoes. Deer Range State Park contained miles of paved roads for cars and dirt roads for horseback riders, acres of athletic fields, bathhouses holding thousands of lockers, a boardwalk, a bathing pavilion with restaurants and snack bars, an inland canal a thousand feet long for rowboating, and a marina where sailboats could be moored. There were more bathhouses, more boardwalks, more playing fields, more snack bars, more picnic areas, more campsites at Sunken Meadow, Wildwood, Orient Beach, Montauk Point, and Hither Hills State Parks. On Jones Beach there stood now, awaiting only the finishing touches, to be added in 1929, a bathhouse like a medieval castle, a water tower like the campanile in Venice, a boardwalk, and two restaurants.

And Long Island was only one segment of Moses' state-park system. By the end of the summer of 1928, the scattered little historic reservations that Moses had inherited had been expanded into a system that included fifty parks, totalling more than a hundred thousand acres. When he had the parks, Moses built roads to link them with the nearest highways, and suddenly families in Rochester and Syracuse and Albany were visiting places they had hardly heard of before—not only Letchworth State Park and Watkins Glen but Boonville Gorge, Rudd Pond, Roaring Brook, and the Copake Ore Pit. It is probable that in the history of public works in America never had so much been built so fast. —ROBERT A. CARO

(This is the second of four articles about Robert Moses and the uses of political power in New York. The third article will appear in a forthcoming issue.)

◆

Q. How do I use a quartered lemon that comes with the fish course?

A. Spear it with your fork and squeeze, protecting your dinner partner from squirts by cupping your palm around the lemon. Discard the dinner plate.—*Manila Times.*

And leave in a huff.

◆

DETROIT—(AP)—Negotiators reached a tentative agreement yesterday to end a 12-day strike by communist guerrillas at the Fisher Body Fleetwood plant in Detroit.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Fastest Anachronism in the West

IN "My Name Is Nobody," written by Ernesto Gastaldi from an idea by Sergio Leone, Henry Fonda plays Beauregard, a sharpshooter of the eighteen-nineties who is already out of date and knows it. He wears steel-rimmed glasses to read, write, and concentrate, and you feel he would like to have them on even for aiming at people if spectacles didn't defeat the debonair look of an unbeatable gunman that he tries so hard to preserve.

We are somewhere west of New Orleans. Fonda, who is one of the rare actors who always look as if they were thinking, has the air of Chekhov's eternal student. It has dawned on him that his time has passed, long before the same realization has come anywhere near hitting any of the Wild Bunch, a hundred and fifty men who ride like a line of outmoded cavalry ranged against half-tracks and tanks. In one scene, Beauregard goes to the grave of his brother. The headstone identifies the dead boy simply as "The Nevada Kid." No name. The Nevada Kid was killed in a clash over a gold mine. There is a long moment when it seems that Beauregard feels he is looking at his own grave. What point, any longer, he thinks, in taking on a cluster of louts with saddlebags full of dynamite? What reward, for a man of his age, in the respect handed out to sharpshooters, like the hero worship of the young drifter (Terence Hill) who proudly calls himself Nobody? Possibly there is still a way to be Somebody, but it is not this. What lies ahead?

Beauregard is one of the few characters in a Western who visibly use their minds and who have a sense of cause and effect. We see him first in an adobe village that is white with blowing sand. It has the famous wide Main Street of Westerns, and women in big, flower-freighted hats, whose piety is as much about manliness as about God. Beauregard goes into a barbershop, where a cutthroat razor is held against his throat by a false barber. The barber is as surprised as we are by the fact that Beauregard, one jump ahead of him, has planted a revolver against his groin. The shaving proceeds in an atmosphere spiked with hysterical calm. Soon after, the drifter called Nobody is paid to carry a basket into a shack where Beauregard is munching something. What's in the basket? A bomb, probably, says Beauregard. The young Nobody respects Beauregard's insouciant instinct and throws the basket at the men who paid him, and they are blown up. The drifter is under the very misapprehension that Beauregard has exhaustedly outgrown. Beauregard is a national monument, thinks Nobody; as the fastest draw in the West, his hero, he believes, is uniquely equipped to bring law and order to the place. He wants his idol to die gloriously in challenging the Wild Bunch.

It takes a while to edge the Nobody character of this sage, slightly over-sophisticated film into growing older. Beauregard himself still retains his high regard for risk—"If the risk is little, the reward is little," he says—but a doubt about the kind of risks he himself has taken all his life is stealing up on him. Meanwhile, Nobody continues showing off his own fast draws, like his small-boy feat of shooting his squint-eyed way out of a saloon after knocking back two full tumblers of whiskey in defiance of someone or other. Beauregard has spent his whole life pitting himself against impossible obstacles. There must be another way, he seems to be thinking unconsciously, but the new way is not one he knows, and the old one links him in friendly competition with Nobody, who administers the supportive admiration of a boy for a man whose course of life is rising up in front of him like the past of someone drowning. Struggle to escape. But where to? What to?

Tonino Valerii, the director, has turned the film from a Western story of comic-strip bravery into one about skepticism, the pull of stardom, and a reluctant alliance between a dubious, aging sharpshooter and a young man hellbent on calling the sharpshooter's life a great one that has had a pacifying influence on the West. Beauregard himself sees his career as puny and probably mistaken, but he goes along with the alliance and with Nobody's insistence that Beauregard chance his life in a one-man stand against the Wild Bunch, even though Beauregard now knows that "the only way to become a nobody is to die." The exaggeratedly famous nobodies get into frontier history books. Beauregard would rather be a small somebody at the price of not being accorded a chapter. But he carries through his three-rifle attack on a horde of the approaching Wild Bunch—single-handed blowing them sky-high because of the dynamite in their saddlebags—with Nobody driving a stolen train and chalking up the number killed. Then Beauregard opts out of Western folklore. He would rather not be in the record books as a riotous dead man but alive somewhere, boring and unknown. Our last sight of him makes him look spidery and citified, writing a letter about his life in a courtly hand, and wearing the look of a clerk.

"Good God! I said I was sorry I called you a mutt!"

TRAINS: the hypnotic trains of India. "Nayak the Hero" was directed and written by Satyajit Ray, and most of it happens on a train from Calcutta. A film star called Arindam (played by an enormously popular real Indian film star called Uttam Kumar) is going to Delhi to get a prize. He begins at home, restlessly: making fun of a serious man who talks about horoscopes and says that it's a good day for contracts; sending a telegram; talking to a girl on the telephone. Arindam has a horror of signing contracts, of being tied down, of being recognized. He unconsciously puts on dark glasses when he is making excuses to the girl on the telephone.

On the way to Delhi, we are in the beguiling world of long-distance trains. People move in and out of compartments. The rich dine in the *wagon-restaurant.* Lying asleep in his clothes to the thrum of the engine, the actor has a dream about drowning in money. Later, a distinguished old passenger, epicene with near-senility and wearing a shawl over his head, asks the actor with the abrupt rudeness of age if he drinks. He can't bear the smell of alcohol, he says, brooking no protests. The actor is asked for autographs, and he is admired for being a champion at everything. A young girl comes shyly into the restaurant car to interview him. Thin faces at a station press against the window. The girl shrinks back. The actor, who seems more lordly than he really is, tells her to behave as if they were on location and she were his heroine. His life is a blur of techniques. In the vertiginous hours between sleeping and waking, his nerves jump. His interview with the girl takes us into flashbacks of the burning at a ghat of someone he loved. Tears run down his cheeks from the heat of the flames. There is the vexing idea of reincarnation: true or not true? "If I am reborn, how will I know I am me?" The question is the actor's dilemma.

Arindam washes his face to wake up, and looks at himself in a cracked mirror. At whom? At a man with a fractured and fear-riddled temperament, he thinks. He speaks twice of something's being too risky. Once, the risk is contained in a crowd of autograph hunters who have been waiting twenty-four hours for a glimpse of him. The actor won't even get out of his car. This is Ray's ironic hero: a man of straw endowed with mistaken kingship, prone to bad dreams and to steps of caution.

The picture was made in 1966. It is the achievement of a great film director working outside his usual style, fumbling sometimes with surrealism, using flashbacks that flaw the usual concord of his sense of storytelling, but sometimes illumining it by lines that suddenly show character in movement, like the glare of a torch catching a figure on a staircase. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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LETTER FROM MOSCOW

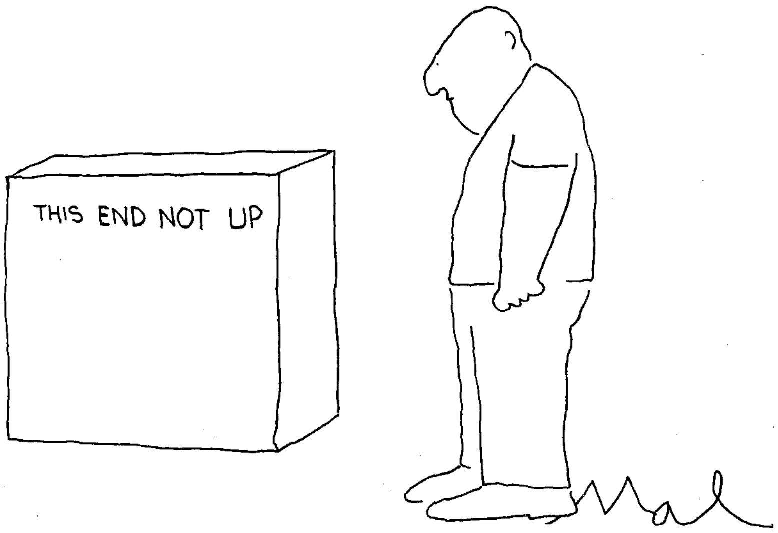
WHILE flying from the Crimea to Moscow during the recent summit talks between President Nixon and General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, Andrei Gromyko essayed some small talk with Henry Kissinger. Mr. Gromyko reported that the weather in Moscow was unusually warm—thirty degrees Centigrade, or about eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Dr. Kissinger, with an acerbity that seems to come easily to him in the presence of Russians, asked what comment he could possibly be expected to make on the receipt of such news. Gromyko glumly replied, "Well, you could say that it is better to have that temperature than no temperature at all."

You could also say that it was better to have the third Nixon-Brezhnev summit meeting than no summit meeting at all. The already considerable traffic between Russians and Americans was extended by new agreements in the fields of trade, health, and construction. Previously arranged limits on the deployment of anti-ballistic-missile systems and the testing of nuclear weapons were strengthened. There was a thorough exchange (which Ron Ziegler said the President called "very intensive and extensive," and which Dr. Kissinger said would have previously violated intelligence secrets) between Nixon and Brezhnev on the whole topic of nuclear weaponry in the arsenals and in the planning stage on both sides. Most important, the Big Two dialogue at the summit was continued, with another meeting set for next year, and the lowering shadow of impeachment was officially ignored. As a Soviet journalist put it, "Détente was carried around Watergate."

Still, the sense of disappointment on both sides was unmistakable. To me, the final reception, on Wednesday, July 3rd, in the Great Hall of the Kremlin seemed sombre. The caviar ration was less generous than it was after the 1972 summit here in Moscow, and the *shampanskoye* flowed only like *shampanskoye*. Mr. Brezhnev, in a toast at the last banquet, the night before, said flatly that the agreements reached "could have been broader still." Mr. Nixon, in his responding toast, acknowledged that "our goal will not be accomplished in one meeting or two or even three." In a press conference just before the signing ceremonies on Wednesday, Dr. Kissinger, instead of claiming credit for success, seemed to be assigning blame for failure when he said, "Both sides have to convince their military establishments of the benefits of restraint, and that is not a thought that comes naturally to military people on either side." In line with this thinking, an exchange of visits between Marshal Andrei Grechko, the Soviet Defense Minister, and Dr. James Schlesinger, the American Secretary of Defense, has been discussed.

The principal reason for disappointment was the meagre progress (some would even say the setback) registered in the attempt to limit offensive nuclear weapons. The agreement reached during the first round of Strategic Arms Limitation Talks and signed at the 1972 summit provided that the United States could have no more than 1,054 land-based strategic missiles and 710 sea-based missiles. The Russians were allowed 1,618 land-based missiles and 950 sea-based missiles. Since the Soviet missiles are much more powerful (or, as military men say, have more "throw-weight"), the accord seemed at first glance to favor Moscow. But—apart from the question of whether anybody can be favored when each of the existing arsenals has more than enough explosive power to wipe out the other side several times over—Washington had three good reasons for accepting the 1972 accord. First, the part of the treaty covering offensive weapons was an interim agreement, due to expire automatically in 1977 unless replaced by a permanent agreement. (The 1973 summit pledged such a permanent agreement this year.) Second, the United States has well over four hundred long-range bombers capable of carrying more than sixty per cent of the American nuclear explosive punch, while the Russians have less than a hundred and fifty such bombers able to carry less than ten per cent of the Soviet explosive power. And, third, back in 1970 the United States began deploying multiple warheads, or MIRVs (officially, multiple independently targetable reëntry vehicles), for both land-based missiles (the Minuteman III) and sea-based missiles (carried by the Poseidon submarine), while the Russians had not even begun to test MIRVs when the 1972 agreement was signed. Thanks to the bombers and the MIRVs, the United States will have a considerable lead in the number of warheads—10,120 to 3,950, according to an estimate by the Brookings Institution—by 1977, when the interim agreement expires. As an indication of what would happen if the Russians didn't make the interim agreement permanent, the United States began developing an updated Poseidon submarine, the Trident, with MIRV-equipped missiles capable of going forty-five hundred nautical miles—the longest known range for submarine-based weapons.

During 1973, however, the Russians tested three new land-based missiles (known in American parlance as the SS-17, the SS-18, and the SS-19), all capable of carrying multiple warheads. The new missiles are monsters. The SS-18 is estimated to have a throw-weight of sixteen thousand five hundred pounds, as against a figure of about a ton for the Minuteman III. The SS-19 is supposed to have a throw-weight of six thousand pounds. Because of these huge throw-weights, the new missiles can carry many warheads. The Pentagon estimates that the Russians are phasing out single-warhead missiles and concentrating their strategic force around something like a thousand MIRV-equipped SS-19 missiles and three hundred MIRV-equipped SS-18 missiles. Many Pentagon analysts believe that such a concentration could give the Russians a decisive advantage in the destructive capacity of their nuclear force—perhaps shortly after the interim agreement runs out.



In response to these developments, some months ago Defense Secretary James Schlesinger began expounding a doctrine known as "essential equivalence," which held that any sudden advance by one side or the other in any category of nuclear weapons would upset the balance. To avoid such an imbalance, he announced plans for retargeting American missiles so that they would be directed at Soviet missile sites as well as at cities and other nonmilitary targets, and he generated pressure for negotiations to limit the extent to which the Russians equip their SS-18 and SS-19 missiles with multiple warheads.

Dr. Kissinger made a first stab at limiting Soviet MIRV deployment when he visited Moscow in March of this year. He took with him a proposal that would put a ceiling on the throw-weight of the missiles that each side could employ for MIRVs. Earlier, seeming assent from Anatoly Dobrynin, the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, had caused the Secretary of State to describe the proposal as a "conceptual breakthrough." But when he got to Moscow he found that the Russians would have no part of it. Mr. Brezhnev later described it to an American as a "Pentagon proposal." During the summit meetings, various Soviet defense authorities told me that the "conceptual breakthrough" was "one-sided," and "too favorable to the Americans, because it limited throw-weight, which is the one place we have an advantage." The unwillingness of the Russians to accept the March proposal stimulated new fears in the Pentagon that the Russians had no intention of supplementing the interim agreement with a permanent accord but were only playing for time while they built up their own arsenal. The Pentagon apprehensions had special importance for the Administration, because they were shared by conservative senators, such as Barry Goldwater—men whose continued favor would be essential to Mr. Nixon's survival if impeachment came to a vote in the Senate. So when Mr. Nixon made the trip to Moscow he was under truly intense pressure to get an understanding on MIRV limitation which would not give away the American lead in warheads. On the plane to Moscow, Secretary Kissinger told reporters that the key to the negotiations would be "how to relate warheads to number of missiles."

The negotiations on MIRVs started in Moscow on Saturday, June 29th, the third day of the summit talks, and continued in the Crimea, where Mr.

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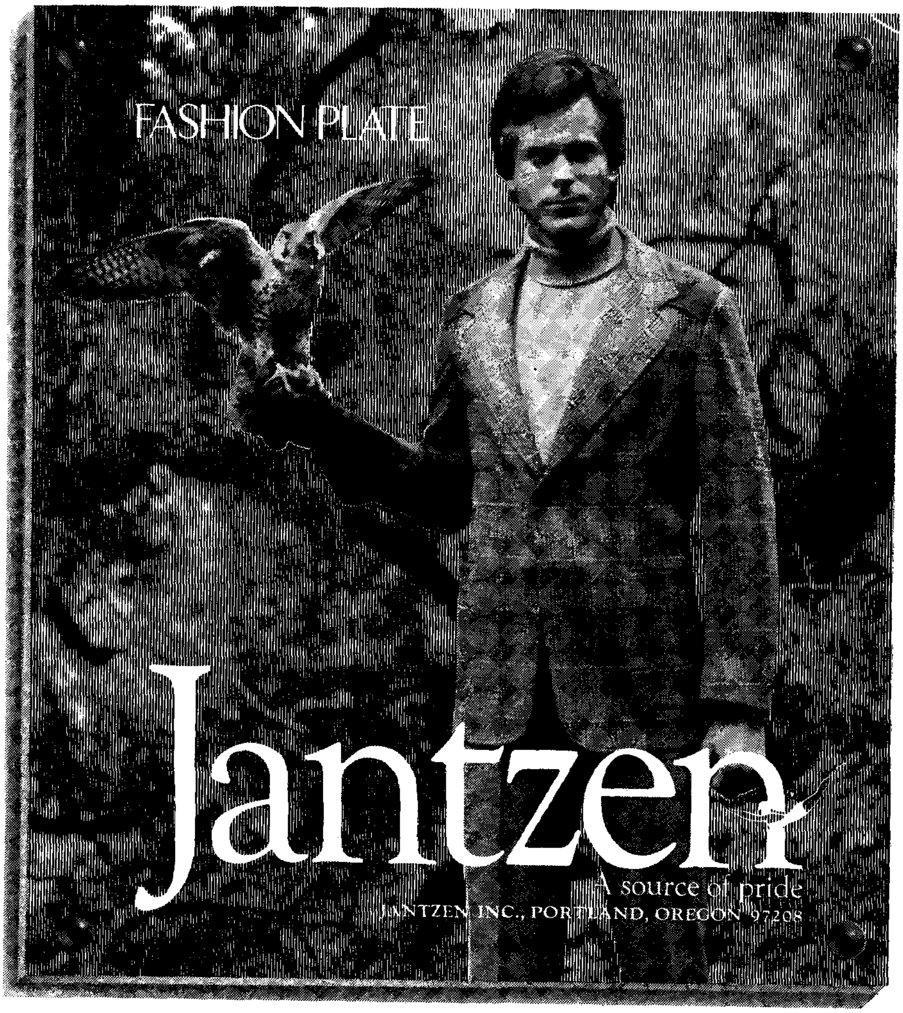

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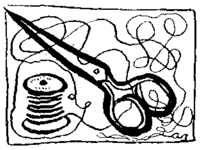
Nixon met alone for several hours with Mr. Brezhnev. They returned to Moscow for the last two days of the talks, on the second and third of July. Mr. Brezhnev led off with a Soviet analysis of the American nuclear arsenal. He emphasized the advanced American MIRV weapons, the overwhelming American superiority in bombers, and Secretary Schlesinger's retargeting program—which, according to Brezhnev, meant accepting the possibility of nuclear war. He expressed the view that the United States had a tremendous lead already, and was seeking to achieve a first-strike capability that would disarm the Soviet Union. He indicated that the Russians had to follow through with their program for putting multiple warheads on the newer missiles. Although he suggested some ceiling on MIRVs, he set the figure at the number that the Russians are expected to deploy by 1980 anyway—MIRVs for about a thousand missiles.

The Americans were disheartened. One of those present said he thought that Brezhnev had been "sold a bill of goods" by the Soviet military. Subsequently, the Americans checked the Soviet assessment and discovered that it was technically justifiable, provided all the optimistic statements made by American admirals and generals about our new weapons were taken at face value and interpreted in what would be from the Russian point of view the worst possible fashion. On the next day, Sunday, Mr. Nixon set out to reassure Mr. Brezhnev. He went through the list of American strategic weapons, indicating weaknesses and strengths, the better to show that the United States had no intention—and, indeed, no rational interest—in starting any kind of nuclear war. Mr. Nixon presented a proposal whereby a limit would be placed on the number of weapons that could be equipped with MIRVs. The limit would have required the Russians to cut back by twenty-five per cent the production schedule that would give them the estimated thousand multi-headed missiles (a major retreat from proposals by Secretary Schlesinger which would have resulted in a Soviet production cut of at least forty per cent).

On Monday afternoon, while Mr. Nixon was visiting Minsk, Mr. Brezhnev took the proposal up with the Politburo, in Moscow. After a meeting between Gromyko and Kissinger on Monday night, Mr. Brezhnev put the matter up to the Politburo again on Tuesday. It was no deal. A major problem appeared to be the ongoing production schedules. The Russians were too far downstream on their MIRV program to want to turn back—especially just for the sake of tacking a few years onto the interim agreement. Moreover, the pace of technological advance appeared to reduce to nil any possibility of reaching a permanent agreement. So the two sides decided to go for a ten-year extension of the interim agreement, and to avoid insisting that all improvements in it would have to be made now or never. The hope is for a resumption of arms-control talks in Geneva soon and the conclusion of an agreement sometime in 1975, to last until 1985. That hope has a solid foundation if, as Dr. Kissinger keeps saying, the problem is to assert political rule over the military staff on each side—and Dr. Kissinger has expressed the view that Mr. Brezhnev has his own Pentagon to deal with. But a lot of evidence suggests that the Russians are simply trying to catch up in MIRVs. In keeping with that strategy, Mr. Brezhnev could well be giving American negotiators the impression that he wanted to make a deal but that his hands were tied by his own military men. It was, after all, standard practice for both Stalin and Khrushchev to blame their subordinates for disagreements while themselves coming on as the good guys.

A SECOND major disappointment at the summit centered on human rights—a term that has come to mean, in the Big Two context, the treatment of Soviet dissidents, especially Jews who want to emigrate to Israel. After the 1972 summit here, a trade agreement was reached whereby the Russians would be given favorable credit terms and most-favored-nation status when it came to selling goods in the United States. Both the credit terms and the M.F.N. status are important to the Russians because of the current state of their economy. As Georgiy Arbatov, the head of the U.S.A. Institute, the Moscow think tank devoted to matters American, said in an interview, "Conditions have never been better in the Soviet Union." Economic growth is currently advancing at about a seven-per-cent clip annually. Construction projects are everywhere—even in Red Square, where renovation is in progress. Vast development schemes for the underpopulated stretches of Asiatic Russia are afoot. So, as never before in peacetime, the Soviet economy is tight. There are shortages of material, equipment, and investment capital, and there is even a manpower pinch; Soviet statistics show that ninety-two per cent of the work force, including women, is employed. This means that only the lame, the halt, the blind, and some pregnant women are not on the job. If the Russians wanted to meet their ambitious goals for growth by using only their own resources, their leaders would have to undertake basic reforms to tap the resources and manpower now wastefully tied up in such backward sectors of the economy as agriculture.

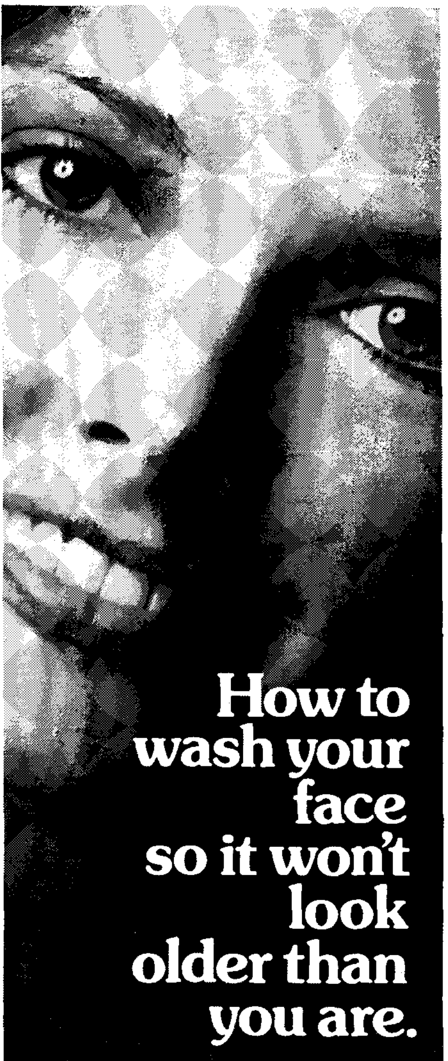
Instead, the Russians have turned to Western Europe, Japan, and the United States for credit and equipment. The meshing of their state-controlled economy with Western market economies has not proved simple—particularly since the Russians, being highly conservative in matters of credit, have a horror of accumulating an unfavorable trade balance with any country. In order to hold the balances even, the Russians have pushed for barter agreements, whereby foreigners provide credit and equipment for Soviet development and are paid off by taking specified amounts of the products to be generated by such development. A typical example was a deal announced here in Moscow by Dr. Armand Hammer, the chairman of the Occidental Petroleum Corporation, on the second day of the summit meetings. Under the terms of this latest of several Hammer deals, American capital and know-how will be used to build four ammonia plants, the products of which the American investors will undertake to buy over a twenty-year period.



Cheap credit, plus the possibility of selling on the American market, is plainly crucial to such exchanges. So there has been almost an obsession in the Soviet Union with the so-called Jackson amendment to the Trade Reform Act now being considered in the Senate. The amendment, sponsored by Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington, provides that most-favored-nation status and special credit terms be accorded only to countries that allow free emigration. A version of that amendment put forward by Representative Charles Vanik, of Ohio, was approved by the House in 1973, and three-quarters of the Senate has indicated that it favors such an amendment. The Administration long ago accepted the principle that it could win Senate approval of the trade bill only by a compromise on the Jackson amendment. Senator Jackson, in discussions with Dr. Kissinger last month, indicated that his terms for compromise would be commitments from the Russians on an annual quota of emigrants, plus promises not to harass those who applied for exit visas. A major item on the summit agenda, accordingly, was the working out of terms on emigration which could be sold to Senator Jackson.

The auspices seemed favorable as the summit talks began. The Russians suddenly let out some of the best-known people who had earlier applied for exit visas and had not received them. Valery Panov, the ballet dancer, and his wife, Galina, were allowed to leave on June 14th. Three days later, Alexander Galich, a poet and film scriptwriter, was given an exit visa. The number of those being allowed to leave seemed to justify one of Galich's most famous lines: "My hand has grown thin shaking hands farewell." In 1972, when the Jackson amendment first surfaced, the Russians let thirty thousand Jews emigrate to Israel. Last year, the number was more than thirty-five thousand. The rate declined by about twenty-five per cent during the first six months of this year, but at the State Department, at least, the theory was that the Russians were only trying to set a lower baseline for an eventual bargain. One story circulating just before the summit began was that there had been an agreement between the United States and Russia on a total of forty-five thousand emigrants per year. To be sure, in the prelude to the meeting several prominent Jewish dissidents were taken into custody in Moscow and other cities, but that was supposedly a precaution against demonstrations during the meeting—particularly in connection with a scientific congress that dissident Jews had tried to organize. Several Jewish scientists with whom I was in touch during the first days of the summit said that conditions had actually eased for persons seeking exit visas, and that the only serious difficulties they themselves had recently encountered were slower advancement in the academic world and more trouble getting their children into the best schools.

Then, on the evening of Friday, June 28th—the second day of the summit—the well-known physicist Andrei Sakharov announced that he was going on a hunger strike. Its exact purpose never became clear. Sakharov speaks only a little English, and American reporters who met with him in his three-room Moscow apartment had to communicate in writing through his stepdaughter. Some reporters emerged



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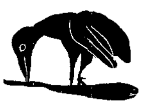
with the impression that Sakharov had tied his hunger strike to a movement to improve conditions for political prisoners in Russia. Another impression was that of a man bent by the enormous burden of being a dissident in Russia—a lonely figure in a vast country with a huge population famous for its capacity for suffering in silence. Sakharov seemed to be acting in a resigned way, as though the fast were something forced upon him for purposes only dimly understood. In answering phone calls from journalists in Sweden, Norway, Israel, and Britain on the eve of the fast, he said that he did not know exactly what concessions he sought. In an obscure way, his family situation seemed to play a part in the fast. His wife, who is in the hospital with glaucoma, came to see him for about ten minutes before he began it. Her son and daughter by her first marriage and her daughter's husband have all been forced to leave schools in Russia. Through the offices of Jerome Wiesner, President Kennedy's former scientific adviser, all three have been offered places at M.I.T. They applied for exit visas fifteen months ago but have heard nothing from the authorities. (Apparently because of his concern for their situation, Sakharov has not committed himself on an offer to come to Princeton.) My impression was that by fasting at the time of the summit he wanted to call attention to the government's callous indifference in such matters.



Whatever Sakharov's purpose, he rattled Russian officials. Leonid Zamyatin, the head of the Tass news agency, who served as the Russian spokesman in joint press conferences with Ron Ziegler—which became known as the Zig-Zam Show—was asked about Sakharov on the day after the hunger strike began. He shuffled his papers, and read out a prepared answer in English: "Sakharov himself is trying to bring pressure to bear on our laws. But, gentlemen, we have our own laws, like any other country, and we uphold and protect our laws. For our public, it is strange that such a well-educated person . . . behaves in such a manner."

When the American TV networks began gathering material on the Sakharov hunger strike, they were warned that Soviet technicians would refuse to participate in the sending of such material. On the last night of the summit, Tuesday, July 2nd, A.B.C.-TV tried to send a special report on Sakharov. Russian technicians pulled the plugs that carried the transmission for all three networks. Later that evening, radio broadcasts were also cut off.

American officials gave shorter shrift to Sakharov than Russian officials did. The question that Zamyatin answered had first been addressed to Ziegler, in the form of a query as to whether the President knew of the hunger strike. Ziegler replied, as if he had to do with a thing unclean, "The answer to the question is that the matter you referred to was published in the newspaper and the President reads the newspapers and is informed of what is published." Henry Kissinger had previously indicated that the question of individual rights in Russia was "a very delicate and sensitive subject," and that "to publish the results of these discussions would defeat the purpose we are trying to achieve." The final communiqué asserted that it was the purpose of the United States and the Soviet Union to develop coöperation "on the basis of the principles of sovereignty, equality, and noninterference in domestic affairs." Despite subsequent claims by Secretary Kissinger, that almost Russian-sounding formula seemed to offer no hint that Mr. Brezhnev had given the President enough leeway for a compromise on the Jackson amendment.

FAILURE to reach agreement in these substantive matters was to some extent masked by a determined public-relations program. Mr. Nixon, who had seemed so sad as he bathed in adulation during his visit to the Middle East ten days before, exuded euphoria as he took his lumps in the Soviet Union. His return to the United States—where he immediately delivered a speech, at Loring Air Force Base, in Caribou, Maine, which sounded almost as though he had just come back from winning the Second World War—was the closing act of a consistently upbeat performance. The Everest of hyperbole was scaled when Mr. Nixon characterized as "a rare evening of perfection" a mediocre medley of songs and dances presented by a second-string ensemble at the Bolshoi Theatre. (Its first company was in London.) But not even P. T. Barnum on his most ebullient day could have glossed over the President's inability to put his own private brand on the summit. He made two notable bids—in his toast at the opening banquet and in his toast at the final banquet—to emphasize the importance of the "personal relations" between himself and Mr. Brezhnev. The first effort was impaired when Tass, in the official translation, left out the word "personal" in one of Mr. Nixon's three

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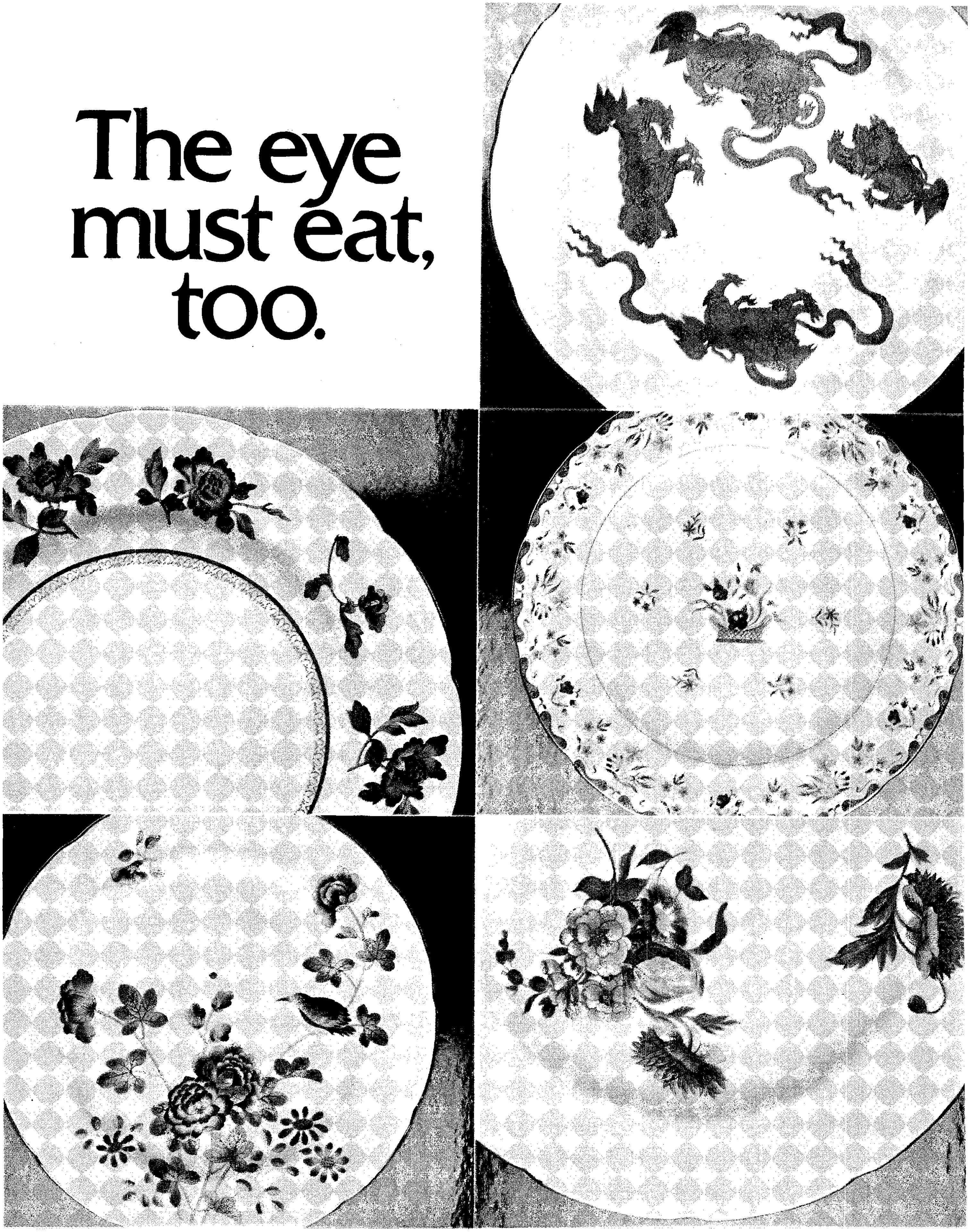

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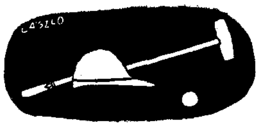
references to "personal relations." The second backfired when Mr. Brezhnev, *in his toast*, stressed the importance of the Soviet Union's relations with the Congress and the American people.

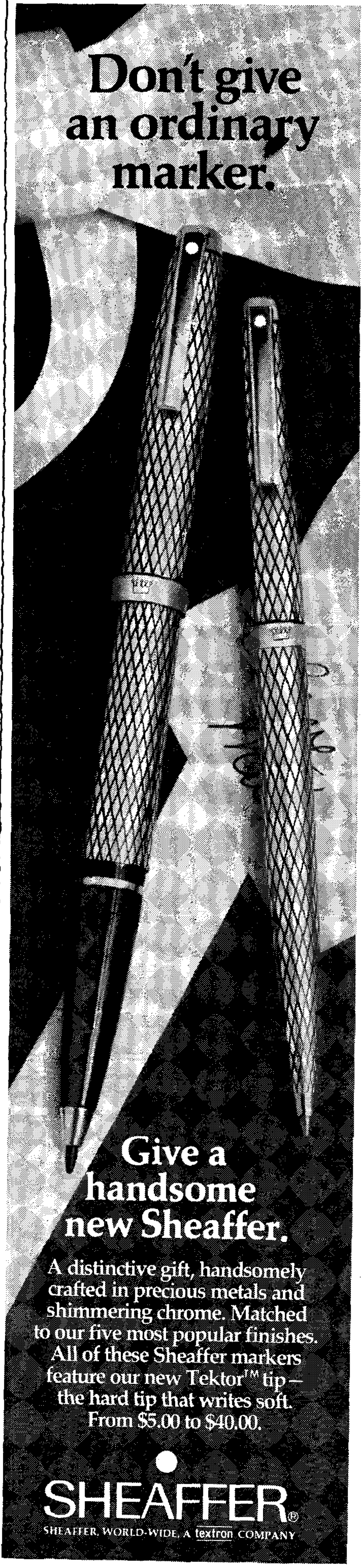
Behind this Soviet refusal to play up the "personal relations" was a wish to reach around a President in obvious trouble to a broader American audience. The reaching around is possible because of the thick web of connections between Russians and Americans which has developed over the past few years. Signs of these connections kept cropping up all through the summit meeting. The Big Two talks overlapped a Moscow conference of Western businessmen and Russian officials organized by the Stanford Research Institute and the Soviet State Committee on Science and Technology. There was also in progress a Soviet-American conference of theoretical physicists. Several Americans were entered in the Tchaikovsky Prize competition, and, in the most widely publicized part of this competition, second prize for violin, the top award given this year, was shared by one American and two Russians. (Van Cliburn won first prize in the piano division in 1958.) Two days before Mr. Nixon left Russia, there opened in Moscow a documentary film covering Senator Edward Kennedy's recent visit to the Soviet Union.

These multiplying contacts have broken up the *we-them* pattern of the attitudes of Russians and Americans toward each other. Each side now perceives the other less monolithically—as a more complex and differentiated society. Between some groups in each country there has even grown up a kind of interpenetration, a hidden harmony across national lines. A Canadian at the Stanford Research Institute conference observed wryly that "the Russian officials dressed like American businessmen, while the American businessmen spoke as though they were Russian officials."



Perhaps the most striking example of interpenetration emerged from the Tass translation of Mr. Nixon's opening toast. Robert Kaiser, the Moscow correspondent of the Washington *Post*, was rebuked by Zamyatin when he raised the matter of the translation at a press conference. After asking Kaiser to read the text in both English and Russian, Zamyatin observed with heavy sarcasm, "I cannot agree with Mr. Kaiser's view of the translation matter, because everybody present here has observed his fluency in Russian." Almost immediately, there occurred a gesture that aligned Soviet and American journalists against the official spokesmen. Sergei Vishnevsky, of *Pravda*, launched a query with an obvious poke at Zamyatin: "I have a question for Ron Ziegler, so I will speak in English, although it is worse than Mr. Kaiser's."

THE sense of sympathetic harmony that increasingly binds certain Russians and certain Americans, independent of governments and leaders, was driven home to me one day during the summit meetings—a day that I spent outside Moscow, at the country home of a well-known physicist. There was swimming in the Moscow River, and tennis (not bad tennis, considering that the net was full of holes and that on almost every third point there was a question of whether the ball had gone over or through it), and a round-table lunch, with vibrant talk among family and friends. The previous day, the daughter of the host had finished the Russian equivalent of high school, so there was something to celebrate—something important, in fact, for the Russians attach vast importance to education, and one of the families present had even cancelled its summer-vacation plans so that a son could take a makeup examination. At lunch, the host raised a glass of vodka and toasted "the natural sciences, and the unnatural sciences (by which I mean politics), and the supernatural sciences." The last term led to a discussion of modern survivals of witchcraft. A brother of the host asserted that there had been an anti-scientific reaction in the world—a very strong one in the United States and a lesser one in Russia—which took the form of belief in all kinds of magic. Only, superstition nowadays had modern trappings; it found expression in faith in unidentified flying objects, extrasensory perception, and all kinds of pills and medical "miracles." A mathematician said that the tendency toward superstition was much worse in the United States than in the Soviet Union, because in Russia the government protected the place and the reputation of science. I said that part of the reason that anti-scientific feeling in the United States had gone so far was disillusion with the hopes of the early nineteen-sixties, when all savants were riding high. A woman translator said that she wished her son would pay attention to United States scientific developments instead of bluejeans (which, she said, were very hard to get) and Pepsi-Cola (which was just coming on the mar-



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ket). Someone said that tonic water was much better than Pepsi, because it contained quinine, which helped to protect one against malaria. Someone else added that Russia should invent a cola that had medicinal virtues particularly useful in the Soviet Union, and there ensued a kind of competition as to what the new drink might be. The imaginary prize was won by a cola containing penicillin—to be called Pen-Cola.

After lunch, I took a turn in the garden with the host. I asked him what he thought of Sakharov and the hunger strike. He quickly dispelled the doubts officially cast on Sakharov's sanity: "He knows what he's doing. He's very sincere. He believes he has a mission—a mission more important than what he can do in physics. Not that he is not a first-rate physicist. There is not a decoration he has not won. Certainly it would be wrong if his protests interfered with progress in arms control. Arms control is central to the survival of civilization. It is a cosmic issue. He knows that, and he has done what he could to limit, and even reduce, armaments. But trade is something else. It is a matter of price, which is negotiable. Personally, I think Sakharov has a positive influence. He reminds us that there are such things as human rights, which are more important than economic development. Every country needs a Sakharov."

I asked him about the tactical impact of protest—whether it might not make matters worse in Russia, particularly for Jews. He acknowledged that pressure for emigration presented special difficulties for the Soviet Union. He said, "Personally, I would let everybody who wanted to leave the country go right now. But emigration does not have a good name here. The first emigrants were the White Russians, who opposed the Revolution. The next emigrants were those who collaborated with the Germans in the war—regarded as a far worse bunch. So people do not understand why the Jews want to leave. It is easy for those who oppose détente and progress in human rights to make a reactionary issue out of emigration. Still, I repeat that we all need a Sakharov. He makes a kind of bet. Nobody can say now whether he will win it. We may know in ten years."

—Joseph Kraft

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Marlon Brando's physician denies that the actor almost died recently from obstructing justice. Page 4A.—*News summary in the Charlotte (N. C.) News.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Chris by Fifty

WELL! Chris Evert, the best three-year-old filly in the East, won that $350,000 match race, winner take all, with Miss Musket, her opposite number in the West, by fifty lengths at Hollywood Park last Saturday. Frankly, it was something less than thrilling, as most of the match races I've seen have been, but the purse was the richest that has ever gone to the winner of a horse race. Carl Rosen, who makes sports clothes for women and owns Chris Evert, and Aaron Jones, an Oregon lumberman, who owns Miss Musket, put up $100,000 each, and the track added $150,000 to make up the record prize; the margin of victory—those fifty lengths—was also a record for a match race, as far as I know. I watched the race on television, and, as I saw it, Chris Evert was away on her toes but Miss Musket swerved to the rails as she came out of the gate, and by the time Pincay, who rode her, had straightened her out, Chris Evert was well ahead. Miss Musket also went wide on the first turn, and lost more ground. The only high moment came when she caught up with Chris on the backstretch and the two went together for a few strides. But as they rounded the far turn Chris drew away again, and a little later Pincay, knowing that his mount was beaten, eased her up. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:02—almost four seconds off the track record of 1:58 3/5.

As soon as Miss Musket left the track, veterinarians gave her an examination to find out if anything was wrong with her. Their report was negative. As for Chris Evert, she is now the leading horse in training this season, having won a total of $602,801. Next stop Saratoga and the Alabama Stakes! By the way, Chris Evert was 7–10 in the betting; Miss Musket was 3–5. The happiest person in the winner's entourage—and that includes the tennis star she was named for, who, incidentally, was seeing her in action for the first time—was Joe Trovato, her trainer. A Brooklyn boy, he broke into racing as a jockey's agent at Delaware Park in 1959, and then rubbed horses for Bobby Frankel until he went up for a trainer's license of his own, in 1971. The following year, he met Rosen, who was getting together a stable, and one of the yearlings they picked was Chris Evert.

AS had been expected, Agitate followed up his victory in the Swaps Handicap with one in the Hollywood Derby Sunday before last. Taking the lead after the first few furlongs of the mile and a half over the turf course, he beat Stardust Mel by a couple of lengths. Top Crowd was third. Agitate's share of the $150,000 purse was $90,000. Jimmy Jimenez, who trains him, says, "He's the best three-year-old in the country. Didn't he beat Little Current in the Kentucky Derby?" The day before the Hollywood Derby, Hot n Nasty won the Hollywood Lassie Stakes by three lengths from Miss Tokyo, the favorite. What followed was more surprising. Pincay, who rode Miss Tokyo and was crowded on the backstretch by Fleet Courage, who finished fourth, had weighed in and was on his way to the jockeys' room when he encountered Harris, Fleet Courage's rider. Pincay lost his cool and took a swing at Harris, who responded, and Pincay finished second again. In fact, he was so mussed up that he had to cancel his remaining rides that afternoon and the next day.

FOR the second time in eight days, John Galbreath's True Knight won a $100,000 race—the Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. In his usual lazy manner, he took his time about warming up, but when he did he moved fast, overtaking the leaders and going on to win by a length and a half. Plunk, who had been running in California and had come East specially for the race, led almost from the start and looked the winner all over as he turned into the stretch, but when True Knight sailed past him, the best he could do was save the place by a head from Forego, the favorite. True Knight is a remarkable animal. Though he has had a lot of racing this year, he looks better every time I see him. When they were in Florida, Forego beat True Knight three times. The tables seem to be turning.

WISH I'd been at Hollywood Park last week. —AUDAX MINOR

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JAZZ

New York Notes

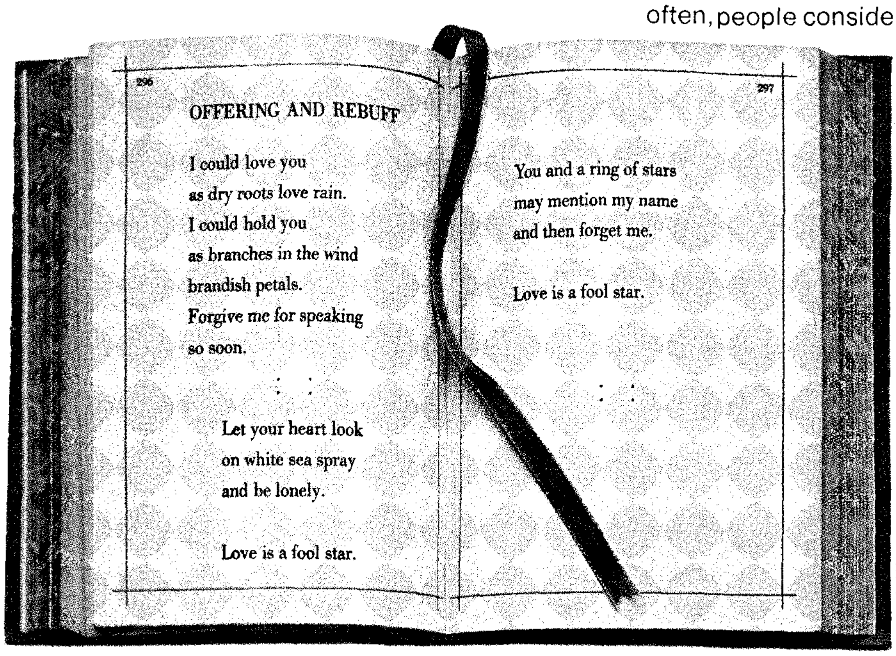
FRIDAY, JUNE 28TH: When George Wein brought his Newport Jazz Festival—long a four-day, seven-concert baby—to New York in 1972, he surveyed his new domain, with its Radio City Music Hall, its stadiums, its great concert halls, and his Napoleonic tendencies locked into place. The first Newport Jazz Festival-New York lasted nine days, involved forty-five events, and employed close to six hundred musicians. Emboldened by a tiny profit, he added one more day in 1973, a dozen events (two in Shea Stadium), and three or four hundred musicians. But then his cuff landed in the soup, and he lost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The result is that this year's festival, which opened this evening in Carnegie Hall, will be as long but will have just thirty-five events, played by five hundred or so musicians. The opening affair was also the next-to-last of the fifteen Wein-sponsored repertory concerts during the past six months. These were, with few exceptions, erratic and poorly thought out, and they failed to catch on, either because of their artistic wobbles or because of the public's unreadiness for such semi-scholarly jazz ventures. Tonight's concert attempted to recapture the sound and feeling of Charlie Parker—an endeavor that has been steadily pursued with partial success by hundreds of musicians ever since Parker's death, in 1955. Parker was at once a complex and a simple musician; he broke new rhythmic and harmonic ground while steadfastly preserving the emotional beauties of such predecessors as Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet. His tone and attack are not inimitable, but his emotional depths remain unplumbed. His best imitators sound like him, though he invariably sounds better. The concert was a lumbering trek through his career which began with four Jay McShann 1941-42 big-band numbers played by a seventeen-piece New York Jazz Repertory orchestra. Three of Parker's most resilient students—Sonny Stitt, Phil Woods, and Charlie McPherson—took the solos. A duplicate of Earl Hines' big band of 1942-44, which had included Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Sarah Vaughan, was scheduled next, but Hines' plane was stacked up and the N.Y.J.R. orchestra went into a handful of re-creations of the mid-forties Billy Eckstine band. At one time and another in his original group, Eckstine had Parker, Gillespie, Fats Navarro, Dexter Gordon, and Art Blakey, but instead of instrumentals, which would have been invaluable, since the band was inadequately recorded during its best days, we were given Eckstine vocals. (His famous baritone voice and rococo phrasing have wilted, but they still make it plain that he influenced more singers than he is generally credited with.) Parker's small-band days, which lasted from the mid-forties until the end of his life, were celebrated by Dizzy Gillespie's group (Earl May on bass, Al Gafa on guitar, Mickey Roker on drums), with Sonny Stitt sitting in. There were high-flying passages, mostly from Gillespie in "Be-Bop," "I Can't Get Started," " 'Round About Midnight," and "Salt Peanuts." He had everything going—the silences, the fat connecting phrases, the serpentine runs, and the shouting, somersaulting breaks. (The original recording of "Salt Peanuts," made with Gillespie, Parker, and Sid Catlett, will never be surpassed; Catlett, in exhilarating form, nailed every note and nuance forever in place.) Then Hines appeared, and, presumably suffering from jet lag, played two of his pre-Parker big-band numbers and a Burt Bacharach song. The evening ended with a reworking of four of Parker's recordings with strings—"Just Friends," "Everything Happens to Me," "I'll Remember April," and "If I Should Lose You." McPherson and Woods split the solos. The lights went down, and suddenly Parker's great slow blues record, "Parker's Mood," began. The effect was the reverse of the one intended: it eclipsed almost everything we had just heard.

LUST
Sloth
PRIDE
ANGER
envy
GLUTTONY
GREED
Sauers

JUNE 29TH: Three helpings of the avant-garde and one of the midi-garde were handed out in Carnegie Hall this afternoon. The first avant-garde group was led by Michal Urbaniak, a Polish violinist and soprano saxophonist, who had been inspired by listening to Willis Conover's "Voice of America" programs. In company with his wife (a remarkable soprano named Urszula Dudziak), an electric pianist, a Fender bassist, and a drummer, Urbaniak droned through four or five free-jazz selections embellished with electronic echo effects, ostinato figures, and his own romantic solos. Some of the numbers sounded like music on a weak shortwave band. Dewey Redman, a tenor saxophonist and a staunch admirer of Ornette Coleman, played five Colemanlike numbers that had mourning melodic lines, lots of double-time episodes, and interminable solos. One of the numbers, though, began as a slow, old-fashioned blues, a preaching blues, and it was quite beautiful until

he real
eople become obsolete before their time in
ur assembly line culture.

We no longer grow old gracefully. Years of experience are not always valued. Instead of using the wisdom of age to help solve our problems, we have turned the aged themselves into a problem. Our preoccupation with youth has made us forget that, often, people considered "too old" have the youngest ideas of all.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OFFERING AND REBUFF

I could love you
as dry roots love rain.
I could hold you
as branches in the wind
brandish petals.
Forgive me for speaking
so soon.

: :

Let your heart look
on white sea spray
and be lonely.

Love is a fool star.

297

You and a ring of stars
may mention my name
and then forget me.

Love is a fool star.

: :

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Carl Sandburg, age 85, "Offering and Rebuff."

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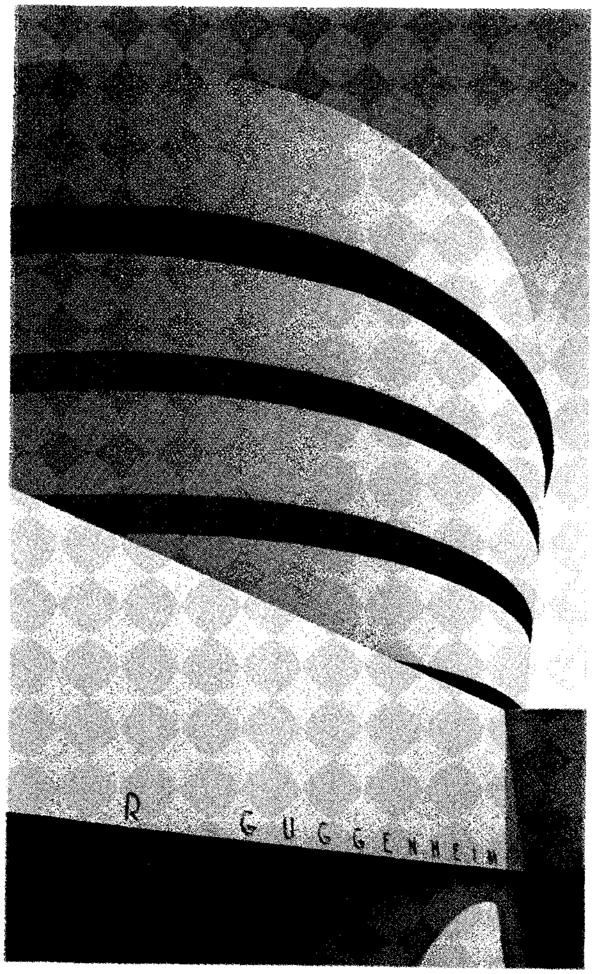
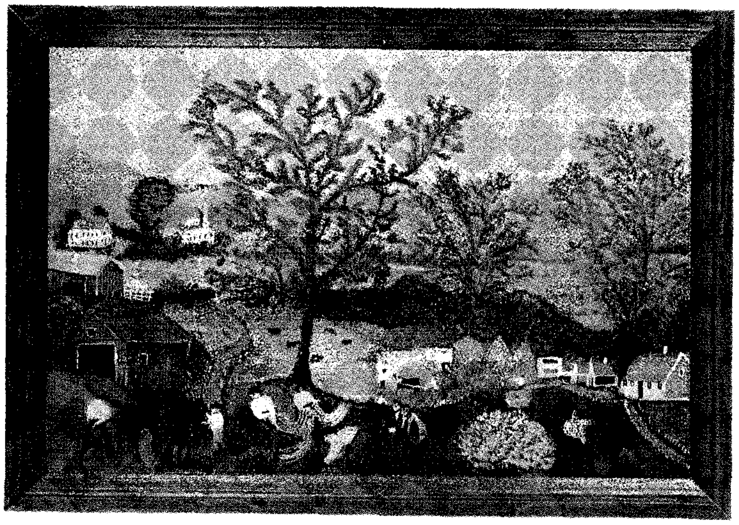
Winston Churchill, age 77,
re-elected British Prime Minister.



Frank Lloyd Wright, age 76, "Guggenheim Museum."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Grandma Moses, age 101, "The Rainbow."

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, age 68, "Nobel Peace Prize."

The ideal

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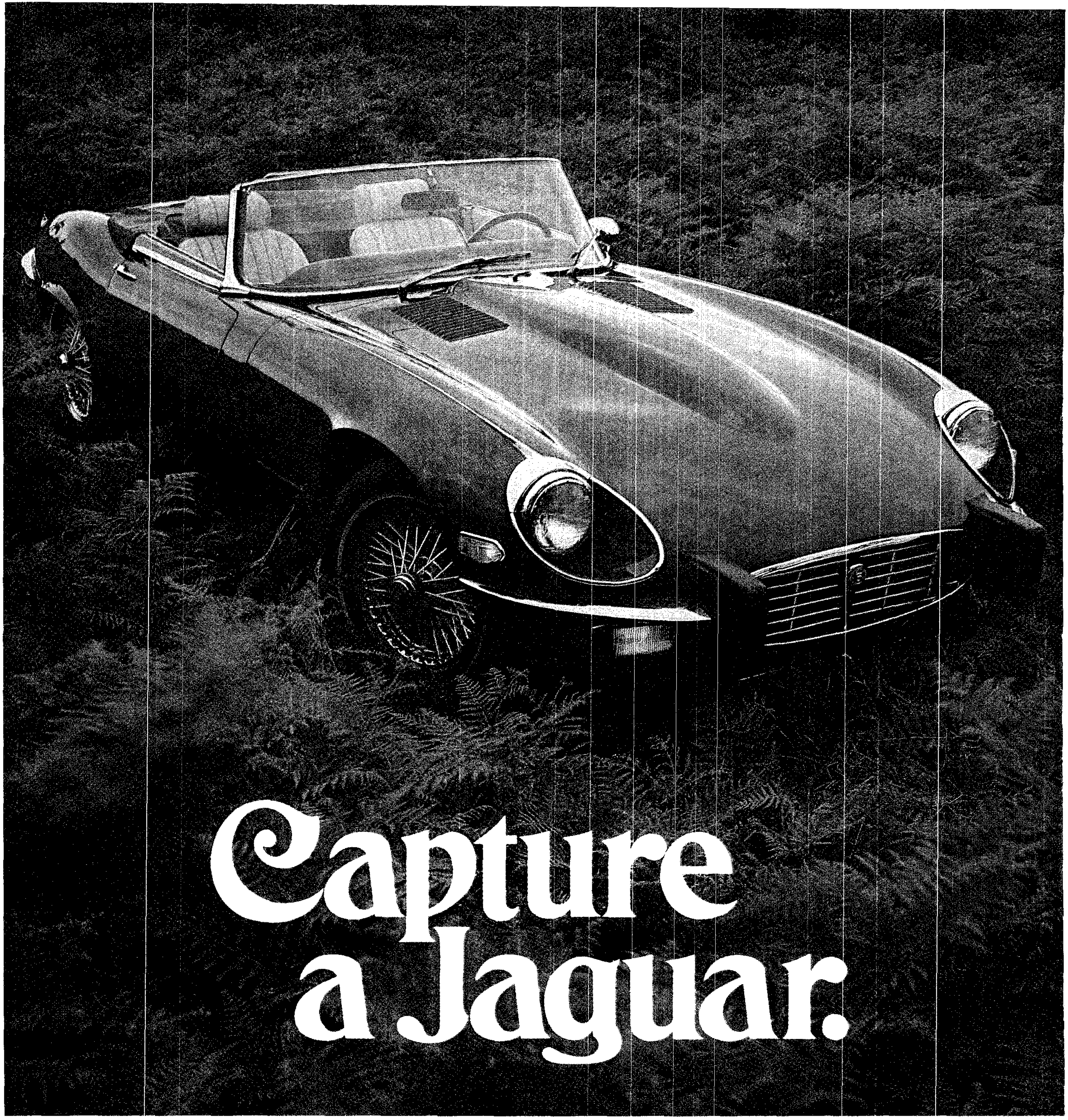

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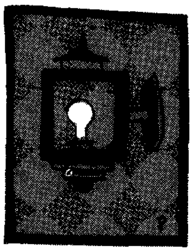
the tempo doubled. The avant-garde section of the program was rounded out by Norman Connors' Dance of Magic, a sideshow made up of another soprano (Jean Carn), a trumpeter, a tenor saxophonist, several percussionists, and three African dancers. The lights went up and down, Connors, a drummer, swam steadily through his cymbals, the dancers made semaphore motions, Jean Carn pretended she was Sarah Vaughan, and there were John Coltrane tenor solos and the usual ostinato background figures. The midi-garde was represented by the New York Jazz Quartet (Frank Wess, Roland Hanna, Ron Carter, Ben Riley), which played Hanna's "Wistful Moments," Sonny Rollins' "Oleo," and Miles Davis's "All Blues." It was the sort of safe, treading-water music that filled the lacuna from the death of Parker to the arrival, five years later, of Ornette Coleman.

Between 1938 and 1947, Barney Josephson, who owns the Cookery, in the Village, ran Café Society Downtown and Café Society Uptown, and they were the best night clubs New York has ever known. They were also revolutionary, for it was Josephson's intent to present integrated entertainment to integrated audiences in the pleasantest possible surroundings. With the help of John Hammond, Josephson launched some famous people, among them Imogene Coca, Josh White, Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, Nellie Lutcher, Sarah Vaughan, and Lena Horne, and he also furthered the careers of such luminaries as Art Tatum, Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, Mary Lou Williams, Teddy Wilson, Red Allen, Joe Turner, Jimmy Savo, and Pete Johnson. All of which brings us to this evening's unbelievable concert in Carnegie Hall. When George Wein was a stripling, he, too, went to the Café Societys, and he, too, has never forgotten. But his attempt tonight to repay Josephson with a "Salute to Café Society" decried almost everything Josephson accomplished. Tables had been set up on a platform along the back of the stage, and behind them was a screen painted with the outlines of a dozen musicians. This tableau had nothing to do with either club, nor did much of the show. Three of the attractions (the Dixie Hummingbirds, a gospel group; Dorothy Donegan, a somewhat overweight pianist who appeared in a see-through body stocking; and the singer Thelma Carpenter) never worked for Josephson at all, while two others (the boogie-woogie and blues pianist Sammy Price and the comedian Timmie Rogers) were incidental members of his original troupe. (Rogers was the m.c. of the evening, and he was crude and unfunny. In the old days, Josephson edited Rogers' materials, weeding out the tasteless jokes and Uncle Tomisms.) Only Teddy Wilson, who appeared with a sextet that included Vic Dickenson and Doc Cheatham (both Downtown alumni and both in fine form), and Rose Murphy were solid reflections of what Josephson wrought. Josephson and his family were seated onstage throughout the evening. It was, he later reported with his customary politesse, an embarrassing experience.



The first of this year's two midnight jam sessions at Radio City Music Hall did little to dispel the miasmas of the Café Society concert. It was suggested in these pages last year that these jam sessions be run along the lines of the non-stop Kansas City ones of the thirties—i.e., that a group of musicians play one tune as long as its juices flowed and that tiring musicians be replaced en route by fresh ones. A similar approach was used tonight, but, by and large, the session went by in slow motion: a rhythm section of Earl Hines, Larry Ridley, and Freddy Waits started Billy Strayhorn's "Take the A Train" in a medium tempo. They were joined by Budd Johnson on soprano saxophone. Art Farmer, long absent in Austria, played several exquisite choruses on flugelhorn. Teddy Wilson replaced Hines and soloed, as did Ridley. Vic Dickenson appeared, and suddenly one realized that something was wrong: instead of remaining onstage to laugh and scratch and play inspirational riffs, the earlier horn players had vanished, leaving only soloists backed by rhythm. Richard Davis, a bamboo grove in a stiff breeze, replaced Ridley, and John Blair, the freak violinist, came out. Patti Bown took over from Wilson and soloed at length in an agitated Cecil Taylor manner, and Dickenson and Budd Johnson reappeared and *did* play riffs, which were largely inaudible. Gary Burton soloed and Art Blakey supplanted Waits. Jimmy Owens took a couple of choruses, and he was followed by the virtuoso trombonist Bill Watrous, whose hair-raising figures caused the first signs of ferment. Jimmy Smith sat down at an organ at stage right, and John Blair, escaping from backstage, came on again. Smith played sharp, staccato single notes that sounded like pecans bouncing down a

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staircase. Then Stan Getz ambled into view and played three soft and impassioned choruses. He was joined by Gerry Mulligan, jammer *extraordinaire.* These two went into a rocking duet, and the place began to jump. Sonny Stitt appeared, and the number continued to ascend as Dizzy Gillespie soloed softly as in a morning sunrise, with Getz and Mulligan and Stitt behind him, but Art Blakey erupted, breaking the continuum. Many of the soloists reappeared, and there was an ensemble, an awkward pause, and the tune was carried jerkily forward again by Charlie McPherson, James Spaulding, and the gypsy violinist Elek Bacsik before it simply petered out. What ought to have been a noble hour and ten minutes had gone by.

JUNE 30TH: Jazz pianists are a kingly crew. Because of the nature of their instrument, they are one-man bands, and Art Tatum or James P. Johnson or Earl Hines in full flight is like a highballing express. Last year, George Wein presented a concert of ten unaccompanied solo pianists, and there were beautiful flashes from Ellis Larkins and Jimmy Rowles and Art Hodes. And tonight, in two Carnegie Hall concerts, he offered eleven pianists. (Eubie Blake and Bill Evans were the only repeats.) One suspects that a good many people came to the first program to hear Jess Stacy, who has been in retirement on the Coast for fourteen years. It was an auspicious moment when he stepped onstage (after a witty Dick Wellstood performance and an unconscionably rambling Eddie Heywood one), for it was the first time he had been back to the hall since that January night in 1938 when, as a part of the celebrated Benny Goodman concert, he took an unscheduled solo toward the end of "Sing, Sing, Sing" that, with its floating, ascending single notes and bell chords, remains one of the peaks of jazz. A little heavier, a little slower (he will be seventy later this summer), but with his handsome Irish face and sleek dark hair intact, he sat down at once and reeled off "How Long Has This Been Going On," "Lover Man," and "I Would Do Anything for You." Some of his fingering was uneven and his harmony went out of whack once (Stacy calls lapses of the kind "meatballs"), but the famous style was all there—the little tremolos, the light, upper-register chords, the inner runs, and the easy, enfolding rhythms. Johnny Guarnieri, another West Coast exile, performed two of his best stride-piano extravaganzas—an accelerando "Stealin' Apples" and a "Tiger Rag" that was faster than a hummingbird's wings. Marian McPartland, who acted as the m. c., offered a striking version of Duke Ellington's "Clothed Woman," with its odd mixture of ragtime and atonality, and ninety-one-year-old Eubie Blake, declaring that he was "happy to be anywhere," played, among other things, a number, "Kitchen Tom," that he wrote in 1907.

The second concert, which involved Keith Jarrett, McCoy Tyner, and Herbie Hancock, was fascinating. It demonstrated that for the first time a heavy strain of romanticism has crept into the new jazz. Jarrett played a forty-five-minute number that was a well-ordered array of held single notes (achieved by pressing a perpendicular index finger hard against a key and then wobbling it from side to side, as if to cause a vibrato), lyrical passages, gospel and boogie-woogie figures, deep bass patterns, and furious arpeggios. It drove through several rhythms and tempos, and it had an intensity that kept bringing Jarrett to a half-standing position. He is a percussive melodist, but Tyner is a percussive rhapsodist. He favors the loud pedal and dense chords and demonic single-note storms that are—in a contradiction of terms—staccato arpeggios. His four numbers, among them "Summertime" and "In a Sentimental Mood," had a deep-green sea sweep, and after a time one longed for Jarrett's crispness or even for the worn filigree work of Teddy Wilson. Hancock played his own "Maiden Voyage" and "Dolphin Dance," mostly on an electric piano surrounded by synthesizers and other gadgets, and he filled the hall with Tinker Bells and Peter Pans. All music—and jazz in particular—abhors cuteness.

JULY 1ST: Very little took place at the festival this evening. Six organists organed in Carnegie Hall, and the mighty Jimmy Smith and the delicate, searching Jack McDuff were the winners, and from nine until one Sy Oliver, Tito Puente, and Harry James, who will appear in Carnegie tomorrow, played for a pleasant, uncongested dance at Roseland Ballroom. But from around midnight until 2 A.M. a stunning impromptu session took place at Bradley's, in the Village. It was what George Wein wishes would happen at his Radio City parades, and what used

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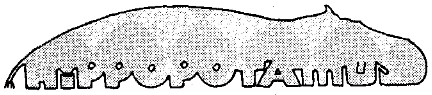

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to happen almost nightly at the clubs on Fifty-second Street. Earlier in the evening at Bradley's, Stan Getz had sat in with Jimmy Rowles, who, with the bassist Bill Takas, is in the middle of a three-week gig there. Getz had packed up and was about to leave when Zoot Sims arrived with Sidney, his soprano saxophone. Getz and Sims, through attrition, are now the best and almost the last of the crowd of white Lester Young admirers who appeared in the forties, and a distinct if unspoken rivalry has grown up between them. In two minutes, they were unpacked and into a quiet, exploratory "That Old Feeling." A curving "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You" followed, and it was notable for Getz's high, soft lyricism, for Sims' stop-time chorus, and for a rich, dodging closing ensemble. Rowles got up and Horace Silver sat in. The group went into a medium-fast version of "Tickle Toe," and the tension began to build. Getz played as hard as he ever has, but Sims, driven by the very limitations of his soprano saxophone, played just a little harder. The room, which was rapt, filled with thick, arching reed sounds—the creamed, light tone of Getz and the smoking medium sound of Sims—and the occasional piano and bass solos were oases. A cooling "Gone with the Wind" went by, there was a rolling blues, a swaying "All the Things You Are," and a final, crowning fast blues that ended with Sims and Getz, who was now caroming around wildly in his highest register, exchanging long, punching stop-time choruses that were finally gathered into a blazing ensemble. And that was it. Nobody present mentioned a cutting contest, as friendly encounters of the sort are known, but Sims, with Sidney his only weapon, had won.

JULY 2ND: In the late thirties and early forties, Harry James was it. Everybody listened to his virtuoso exhibitions in "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" and "Trumpet Rhapsody," and everybody dug such jazz items as "Night Special" and "Feet Draggin' Blues" and "Back Beat Boogie." But there were nagging doubts: were his bravura solos *that* hard to play, and what was wrong with his jazz solos, which had a squashy, illogical sound, a superabundance of flourishes and flauntings? Then Dizzy Gillespie came along, Louis Armstrong revived, Roy Eldridge grew famous, a host of other sterling trumpeters bloomed, and everybody forgot Harry James. But there he was tonight at Carnegie Hall, leading a solid, creditable big band through

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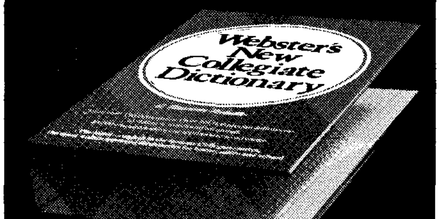

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such anthems as "Ciribiribin," "I'm Beginning to See the Light," "Tuxedo Junction," "Caravan," and "Don't Be That Way," and one wondered what all the fuss had been about. He looks much the same and he plays much the same, the frazzle of the years notwithstanding, and he is what he always was—a trumpeter with a circus-band background, a good technique, leather chops, an admiration for Louis Armstrong, and a weakness for melodrama.

The second half of the concert was surprising. Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Milt Hinton, and Buddy Rich got together and played ten flawless, gentlemanly numbers, among them "Avalon," "Moonglow," "Flyin' Home," "The Man I Love," and "Indiana." Hampton didn't hog the solo space or do any of his high jinks; the sometimes somnolent Wilson played with a sharp, affecting authority; Rich did a lot of delicate, feathery things with his wire brushes; Hinton, forsaking his Uncle Tom slapped-bass solos, raced the tempo only once or twice. It was delightful music, and the group managed, as Hampton wryly pointed out, to "fill the house without Benny."

Sarah Vaughan has long been revered as a remarkable popular singer, and in many ways she is. She has a voice of operatic dimensions, and she uses it with a breathtaking fluency and control. But she has been dogged most of her career by a love of the rococo, by a tendency to cram ten notes into one syllable when one or two would do; she has an almost uncontrollable desire to dazzle. In this respect, she has much in common with Art Tatum, and, like Tatum, she is difficult to categorize; in another time and place Tatum might have become a peerless classical pianist and Sarah Vaughan a supreme diva. It was said tonight that the second half of her concert at Avery Fisher Hall (which I unavoidably missed) was Sarah at her best. She was controlled and lucid, her admirers contended, and she sang her materials rather than herself. (Jimmy Rowles reports that he recently made a tape with her on which she is in the same modulated fettle.) But she was at her most florid during the first half of the evening. "I Remember You" was all melismatics, and so was "I've Got a Crush on You." There were phrases that took as long to get there as some of Proust's sentences. "I Cried for You" was less congested only because it was taken at a fast tempo, and a closing medley of her old hits (among them "Moonlight in Vermont," "Street of Dreams," and "My Reverie") was largely in hand because she allowed herself just one chorus for each number. In her sometimes empyrean fashion, she represents one of the last grand masters of jazz baroque. It is common knowledge that a thousand notes can be played or sung in a chorus, but it has mostly been forgotten that the same thing can be got across with greater effect by using a tenth as many.

JULY 3RD: The late concert at Carnegie Hall tonight was, for a time, unsettling. Max Roach and a quartet played three numbers, two of them given over to long, static drum solos. And his compeer, Art Blakey, led a quintet through two ponderous selections, the second being Benny Golson's "Blues March." Charles Mingus, using a quintet, closed the concert, and though the textures and tempos and flow of his three numbers seemed jagged and aimless, he himself was not. His brief solos were full of his astonishing runs and double-stops, and his backgrounds were driving and inescapable. One simply shut out his colleagues and concentrated on him, and the result was a long and marvellous Mingus bass solo. During the past decade, the bass has come bursting into its own as a solo instrument, and there is a legion of young and masterly bassists. But Mingus can still edge every one of them.

One of the best concerts during last year's festival was devoted to the American popular song, and earlier in the evening, at Avery Fisher Hall, George Wein gave a second edition (it was repeated at eleven-thirty). A group composed of Bobby Hackett, Vic Dickenson, Dave McKenna, Larry Ridley, and Freddy Waits paid delicate and glistening homage to four Irving Berlin songs. They were followed by the extraordinary Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, who sang four Alec Wilder numbers ("Mimosa and Me," "It's So Peaceful in the Country," "Walk Pretty," and "While We're Young"). Together and separately, they extracted the specific beauties in each tune, and the only lapse came in the last tune when Kral went into a jazzy, jolting double-time passage that all but wiped out the mood of high lyricism Jackie Cain had established in her vocal. (She is, it is safe to say, one of the best singers alive.) The Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet (Wayne Wright and Michael Moore round it

out) saluted four Fred Astaire-associated tunes ("I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "Isn't This a Lovely Day," and "Cheek to Cheek") with precision and wit. Since its first public appearance, at the festival last year, the group has become even more telling and streamlined, and it is a pity that it remains practically unknown in New York. Bobby Short, accompanied by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, sang six Ellington or Strayhorn songs, two of which—"Love Like This Can't Last" and "I'm Satisfied"—have long been concealed somewhere in the massive Ellington oeuvre. A couple of years ago at the festival, Short, an old friend of Ellington, miraculously transformed himself into his idol, Ivie Anderson, and sang an unforgettable "I Got It Bad." But something went askew tonight, and he sounded nervous and bombastic; sorrow sometimes wears strange masks. Gerry Mulligan, accompanied by Hank Jones and Jack Six, was graceful and just to Kurt Weill's "Lost in the Stars," "September Song," and "My Ship." He gave way to an unaccompanied Jimmy Rowles, who dropped without ado into a long, intense, inner-ear rendition of Jerome Kern's "Remind Me," topping it off with a short, flowing version of Kern's "Yesterdays." Then Johnny Mathis, a popular singer with a slight, slippered voice, sang six Richard Rodgers tunes, and brought on an unscheduled Mabel Mercer, who, in remarkably good voice, did half a dozen Bart Howard songs alone and with Mathis. She unwittingly made him transparent, but she has been doing that to singers for four decades.

JULY 4TH: The early concert tonight at Avery Fisher Hall was presciently called "A Cool One." Gerry Mulligan played four workmanlike numbers with a sextet (Jones and Six were along again), and finally came fully to life in a slow, eloquent "Waltzing Matilda," a song he suffuses with keening and melancholy. Bill Evans, accompanied by Eddie Gomez and Marty Morell, fell into a reverie that lasted at least an hour. He played seven ballads, and he sounded as if he were wearing blinders. His hands, following each other ceaselessly around, never moved from the middle registers, his tempos never moved from the middle range, and his emotional speed never passed a walk. Then Stan Getz (Al Dailey on piano, Chin Suzuki on bass, Billy Hart on drums) gave us six selec-

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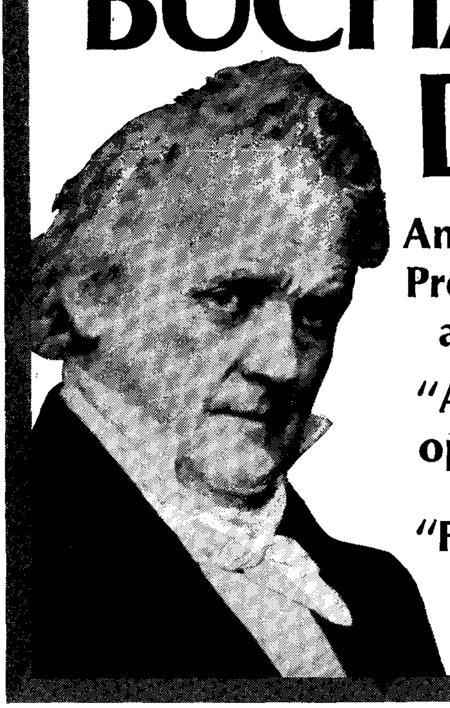

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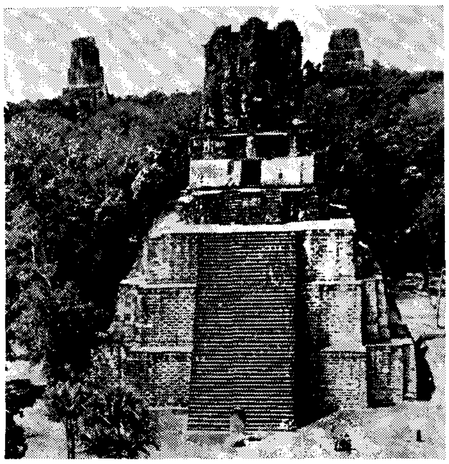

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tions, including a blues, a bossa nova, "Lover Man," and a Chick Corea number. The Getz who had battled so mightily at Bradley's was nowhere in sight.

JULY 5TH: The spirit of Duke Ellington has been invoked countless times this week, and tonight, in Carnegie Hall, Ben Webster and Eddie Condon were summoned up in an affair titled "Friends of Eddie Condon and Ben Webster." The two men would have been surprised for several reasons—at being lumped together, since their origins, styles, and musical peregrinations were totally dissimilar; at the general disorganization of the concert (Condon, at the very least, was a good musical batman); and at its frequent lassitude (Webster never took a lazy solo). Condon's Friends were divided into two small bands (Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Yank Lawson, Bob Wilber, Barney Bigard, Joe Venuti, Vic Dickenson, and Jess Stacy), a duo (Stacy and Bud Freeman), and a vocalist (Maxine Sullivan). There were good moments—Davison's red-cheeked ensemble shouts, Hackett's egret sallies in "Baby Won't You Please Come Home," Dickenson's back-door approach to "Lady Be Good," and Maxine Sullivan's unfailing, tilted-chin ease. But the best came from Stacy, who, relaxed and all together, kept Bud Freeman's mind on his work (Freeman is wont, these days, to read aloud to anyone who will listen from his new autobiography, "You Don't Look Like a Musician") and played an accompaniment to Bigard's "Mood Indigo" that was a beautiful solo in itself (his accompanying was the one light that never failed in the Goodman band of 1935-38). Condon, though, would have been absorbed by a "Sweet Georgia Brown" in which the horns started in one key and the rhythm section in another—a problem that Stacy said he solved by staying with Joe Venuti's key of F because Venuti was standing right beside him. Ben Webster's Friends came in three groups: a trio (Milt Buckner, Illinois Jacquet, Jo Jones) that was notable for Jones' incomparable brushwork, a flossy Clark Terry sextet, and a tenor-saxophone quartet (Zoot Sims, Buddy Tate, Budd Johnson, Lockjaw Davis) that got so entangled at one point that Davis and Johnson were unknowingly playing each other's horns. Absent, though, was the one musician in town who perhaps knows and understands Webster's music better than anyone else—Jimmy Rowles.

The second concert of the evening, called "A Hot One," had a predictably hard-handed performance by Freddie Hubbard and three long, dispiriting numbers by McCoy Tyner's quintet. Tyner seemed to cover much the same ground in his solos that he did several days ago, but his work was overlaid by garrulous John Coltrane statements from the tenor saxophonist Azar Lawrence and by a tintinnabulous percussionist whose hardware, suspended from a kind of clothesline, resembled the jewelry sold up and down the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue.

JULY 6TH: Big-band time arrived today. The first half of a one-o'clock afternoon concert at Carnegie was played by a Detroit group called the New McKinney's Cotton Pickers, which was led by the alto saxophonist Dave Hutson, an estimable Charlie Parker disciple who used to be visible at sessions around New York nine or ten years ago. The original Cotton Pickers flourished mostly in the Midwest between 1928 and the early thirties, under the tutelage of Don Redman and Benny Carter, and its personnel numbered at various times Claude Jones, Joe Smith, Sidney de Paris, Cuba Austin, Coleman Hawkins, and Rex Stewart. It was a spirited, swinging band and an important early seed ground for Redman's and Carter's arrangements. The new group is made up of Detroit musicians, some of them young, and some old professionals, like the Jimmy Lunceford alumnus Ted Buckner, and Dave Wilborn, who sang and played banjo with the original band. The brass section had bite, the ticking after-beat rhythm section was just right, and the saxophones expertly maneuvered Redman's complicated melodic figures. One only wishes the group had stayed closer to the Cotton Pickers' materials instead of introducing numbers by Lunceford, Fletcher Henderson, and Bessie Smith. Then a New York Jazz Repertory orchestra, alternately led by Sy Oliver and the trombonist Warren Covington, and including such as Joe Newman, Norris Turney, Panama Francis, Eddie Bert, and Haywood Henry, re-created the Tommy Dorsey band of the late thirties and early forties, and held aloft again were Oliver's tweedy arrangements, the Pied Pipers, Dorsey's leaden rhythm section, and those peculiarly stolid solos (Dorsey's nonpareil melodic trombone excepted).

Maynard Ferguson and his former boss, Stan Kenton, shared the first evening concert in Carnegie. Ferguson, a high-note trumpeter, is primarily a showman, and, got up in a de-rigueur safari outfit, he spent his six numbers shooting off stratospheric bursts and racing around and through his twelve-piece group (mostly brass). He also indulged in rocketing exchanges with a couple of his young, tender-lipped sidemen which suggested a heinous lobsterman keeping three-quarter-pounders. It was a spitfire spectacle, and the decibel level, even at the back of the hall, was shattering. Then old Kenton came on with one of his twenty-piece behemoths, and it was a stirring time. He is in his sixties now and has been infirm for several years, and he spent a lot of time onstage sitting down or leaning like a tree against the piano. His music, too, displayed a weary grandeur, particularly in a slow, august version of "Body and Soul," in which the reeds and trombones, both massed and separate, had a cathedral intensity. Such metaphors as this have always flocked to Kenton; one has long suspected that if the musical visions he has pursued all his life ever crystallized they would take the form of a supersonic dirigible or a Frank Lloyd Wright skyscraper.

It was too bad when Count Basie gave up his short-lived small band for another big band twenty-five years ago. He doesn't, as Ellington did, *need* a big band. Nor does his band appear to need him. Whether he plays with it or merely rests his hands on the keyboard, it goes its perfunctory, stainless-steel way. How fine it would be to hear Basie again with a six- or seven-piece group in which he would have plenty of solo space and his ingenious, rumbling accompanying figures could shine eloquently through! But a nickel for such logic, for there he was tonight at the eleven-thirty Carnegie Hall concert, getting off just ten solo choruses, each of them a burnished beauty, and the rest of the time leading the band with a variety of resigned nods, pointing fingers, half smiles, and blank stares through no fewer than twenty-four numbers, nine of them vehicles for the hallooing singing of Joe Williams.

JULY 7TH: The last day of the festival was ethnic. There were three Hudson River ferryboat rides, heavily attended by middle-class whites and enlivened by a Preservation Hall band and The World's Greatest Jazz Band. There were two Carnegie Hall con-

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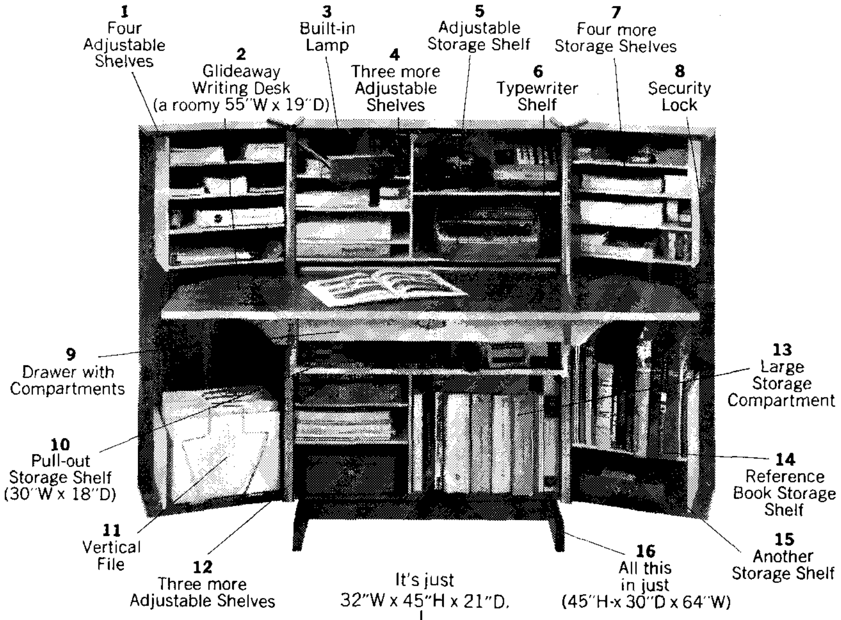
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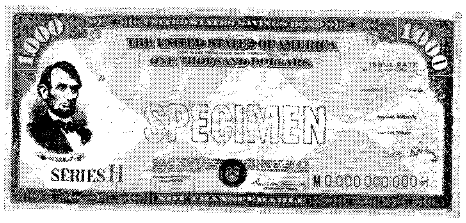
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certs of Latin music that drew stomping, hats-off Puerto Rican crowds. And there was a midnight "Jam Session for Diana" at Radio City Music Hall, in which Diana Ross, accompanied by a squad of jazz musicians, sang eight Billie Holiday numbers as well as some of her own materials for an audience made up largely of young middle-class blacks. She was preceded by three jam-session numbers played by Joe Newman, Urbie Green, Charlie Rouse, Milt Buckner, Charlie Byrd, and Lockjaw Davis, and by a drum battle between Art Blakey, Max Roach, Buddy Rich, and Elvin Jones. This consisted of ever-lengthening solos, which settled down to ferocious exchanges between Rich and Jones. Toward their end, Jones made an immense, kaleidoscopic statement, his tones clear and ringing, his complex polyrhythms surging easily back and forth, and it was hypnotic. Then Rich plunged through his alphabet of crescendo-and-diminuendo rolls, bass-drum explosions, double-time multi-drum cascades, and congested, gobbling snare-drum figures. All four drummers played a massive mumbo-jumbo ensemble, and the fray was over. Jones picked Rich up and carried him around like a log, and when he put him on end Rich raised Jones' hand in the air, properly crowning him champion, and they staggered offstage together. There was a long delay before Diana Ross appeared, and George Wein splashed into it by announcing, incongruously, that the festival had finally made a bundle in New York. Diana Ross sang as she did in "Lady Sings the Blues," echoing Billie Holiday's middle-period mannerisms, and giving Billie's emotional thunder a light sugar coating. But the audience was not there to hear her sing Billie Holiday; they were worshipping a symbol who had made it big even in her twenties. They flowed onto the stage during her finale, and when a new jam-session group, made up of Charles Mingus, Joe Farrell, Roland Hanna, and Howard McGhee, began "All the Things You Are," they flowed right out of the hall, making the faithful still on hand feel like squares.

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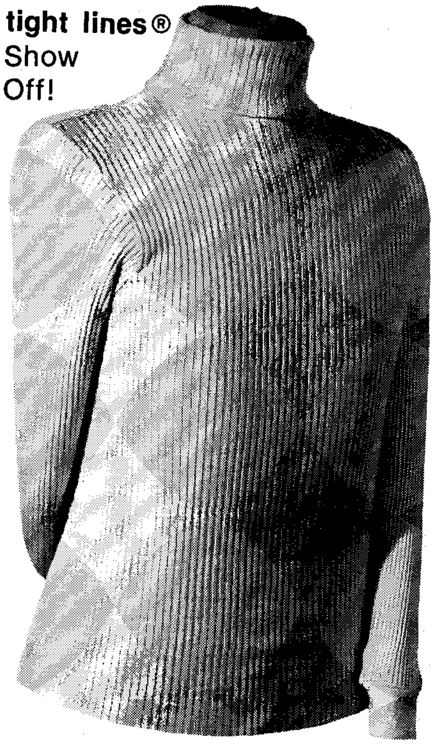

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